

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY



*The Story of the Canadian
World Hockey Victory*



by

Stan Obodiac

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...THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY...

From the cablegram that General Douglas MacArthur
sent to Army in its annual football game with Navy.




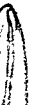
Other books by Stan Obodiac

PENNFIELD RIDGE

A SOUL SPEAKS

TO ALL THE
HOCKEY PLAYERS
IN YORKTON—
PAST,
PRESENT
AND FUTURE






FOREWORD

Some of the articles of this book have appeared in edited form in the Lethbridge Herald and the London Ice-Hockey World, but were so expurgated that those who read those will not recognize these.

It is so easy to write daily... You remember everything. If I had waited until I arrived home I would have remembered very little. I wrote everywhere, on board ships, planes, trains, buses, in hotels, rinks, and just anywhere where a typewriter would sit for an hour before fatiguing me and agonizing the rest of the team. Whitey Rimstad, with whom I roomed most of the trip, would say, "There goes that woodpecker again."

Stan Obodiac, Yorkton, Saskatchewan.





The City Hall welcome from Senator Buchanan and Mayor Turcotte.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY

THE TOUR BEGINS

REGINA—This is undoubtedly the cinderella hockey club of all time.

IMAGINE... Here we are representing the Dominion of Canada, and on our way to the world hockey championships in Paris.

And just last year the hockey players themselves organized this club chiefly for exercise, and to play in the Lethbridge district! They sharpened their own skates, used their own equipment, practised at hours that only night watchmen knew... Later on the club was shaping up, the players looked good even when they fooled around... The club entered the playdowns, and it is now history that this band of hockey ragamuffins swept to the Western Canada championship.

Then to the beggars fell the plum... Dr. W. H. Hardy, president of the International Hockey Association, mused over the possibilities of sending the Lethbridge team to Europe to represent Canada.

And here we are, on our way.

It is a distinct honor for Dick Gray, our coach. At first Dr. Hardy thought Dick was too young a man to lead a team to Europe, what with all the diplomacy and ambassadorial knowledge needed to voice satisfactorily Canada abroad.

But now Dr. Hardy suffers no queasiness in regard to Dick... Dick is a determined young man. He is extremely conscientious. He not only wants to win but he is cocksure that he is going to win. Gray is a taskmaster. He demands the utmost from his players; there is no fooling around... He is not chummy. He is somewhat aloof, therefore he maintains discipline even though he plays and consequently makes mistakes that he reprimands others for.

In 1947 Dick Gray captained the Vancouver Canucks to the United States amateur title. He is thoroughly convinced that this year he will coach the Lethbridge Maple Leafs to the World Championships.

* * *

Now remember these names... These are the fellows that are going to represent 14,000,000 Canadian people. It is like war when they went to fight for them—now they go to play for them.

Mallie Hughes, Karl Sorokoski, Dick Gray, Don Vogan, Shorty Malacko, Whitey Rimstad, Rob McGregor, Billy Gibson, Hec Negrello, Don McLean, Tom Wood, Bill Chandler, Stan Obodiac, Lou Siray, Napper Milroy, Bert Knibbs, Jack Sumner, Ken Branch.

War is a period when young men are world travellers. Of these 18 men Mallie Hughes, Hec Negrello, Ken Branch Dick Gray and I have been to Europe before. Since being a part of that war generation I have also been to Europe twice more, so this is my

fourth trip to that continent. But all of us, whether we knew it or not, are excited about this trip. Very excited.

The fellows still rave about the send-off Lethbridge fans gave them... With train departure two hours late there was more time for tension, sentimentality and emotion. There were more jokes, too. With the wives there, someone asked one of the players, "Taking your wife along on this trip?" And he replied, "Would you take a bucket of water to the Atlantic?"

* * *

When we travelled across the base of the Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces we noticed—as if for the first time—the number of places that are named doubly: Grassy Lake, Seven Persons, Bow Island, Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Swift Current, Moose Jaw. Settlers must have habitually done this as early pioneers in California brought with them the Spanish San and Santa.

Our exhibition game in Melville... Melville were out to prove to us that they should have been Canada's representatives and we equally were determined to show them with authority that we were the Western Canadian champions. The Melville fans gave us a terrific applause. All of us were introduced. The production line was going well and Billy Gibson led us with three picture goals... Bill Prestie of radio station CJGX came into the dressing room for an interview that he tape-recorded. Melville photographers were around.

* * *

Melville was magnificent to us... After the game the Board of Trade and the hockey club gave us a banquet. Mayor Peter Blake spoke, wished us well in Europe. Speaking with a distinct Scottish burr he drew a laugh when he said, "However, you are making a decided mistake by landing in London, not in Glasgow." Mr. Walters, another prominent citizen, spoke... Fiery Red Hunter, manager of the stadium, also did... and Dick Gray who almost has to make a speech every day, left a good impression with a talk about the fine way the Melville team behaved in Lethbridge last year.

* * *

We rode a bus back to Regina over Saskatchewan roads that the Alberta boys don't think too much of.

Billy Gibson led a group of singers. Modern ditties and even carols... The gang kid Gibson, Rimstad and Hughes a great deal, toss continual asides at them; that's a sure-fire indication that they are liked.

Yesterday we mused over the fact that we bear a name—the Maple Leafs—that is truly representative of Canada. We noticed too that we have won all our exhibition games on this side of the Atlantic... It's the other side, however, that counts.

We are definitely on our way...



ROLLING EASTWARD WITH THE MAPLE LEAFS

MONTREAL... "Is it an ill omen?" Some of the Maple Leafs were asking this question just after we had left Regina... At Sintaluta, a little village to the east of Regina and across the flat plains, our train had struck a truck. The engineer took some time to halt the 55 mph. speeding train... There was over an hour's delay. Bill Chandler, Lou Siray, Napper Milroy and Shorty Malacko went back to inspect the damage. The engine had been hurled completely out of the truck; the driver was dead.

When a ship makes a maiden voyage and there is some sort of disaster, they say that its future trips are hexed. But, of course, this train has made many Dominion trips. The boys laughed at the druidistic thought... and that was all.

What does a group of men do when they travel a long distance? They behave like boys. Or like the military guys would... Most of the Maple Leafs have been reading. I have seen no Tolstoy, Shaw, Rand, Hemingway titles however. There seems to be more of Look, Peep, Glance and so on.

Hec Negrello organized a cribbage tournament. Karl Sorokoski has been enjoying unprecedented success on this trip. He played splendidly at Melville, and now he won the cribbage tournament. He said, "I'll teach you rookies."

Tuesday was Jack Sumner's 24th birthday anniversary. His wife's telegram was received en route. The gang celebrated. Whitey Rimstad said, "There's always something to celebrate on this club. When we win a game we celebrate our victory. When we lose, we drown our sorrow."

At Winnipeg we were met in the concourse of the C.P.R. station by a sport reporter of radio station CKY. He tape-recorded another interview of all the men. It is supposed to be re-broadcast in Winnipeg and sent on to Lethbridge.

Man of the world Ken Branch was entertaining a couple of female friends at Winnipeg. The boys kidded him, and the girls were not embarrassed in the least. But why should they be?

We make few faux pas on this trip. Before we left Lethbridge, moralists, cautioners and etiqueticians gave us lectures. If we observe it all we will make good Canadian ambassadors in Europe.

All the Alberta boys dislike the rugged country of Western Ontario. The roughness is appealing though. From roughness you can sculpt the greatest of beauty... The controversialists claim that this part is so far from any place. Secession or an eleventh Canadian province seems to be the only answer.

At Port Arthur and Fort William the world's largest lake was frozen. Near the shore that is. Navigation had long ceased. Many small vessels were frozen right into the ice. This is probably the only time that there is no sway to a water craft. "Should be on board now", was heard.

Bert Knibbs gets credit for the No. 1 bonehead gist on the trip. He said, "I would have liked to have brought my radio, but it

only gets Lethbridge, so at this distance from home what would be its use?"

Mallie Hughes' wife was at Winnipeg. She was the last wife to see us. And will probably be the first, when we return next spring.

From Lethbridge to Montreal the C.P.R. timetable says it is 2177 miles. They even give it closer than that—in tenths of miles. Add a few hundred miles to that figure and it is almost the distance across the Atlantic! And yet we have nearly a thousand miles to go to Halifax.

Canada is a big country.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE LEAF JOURNEY

SOMEWHERE between Montreal and Saint John.

This morning we were in Ottawa... There was a telegram from Lethbridge Chamber of Commerce; Fred King, the president, wired \$50 from the club—as a Christmas present.

That mention of Christmas is odd. On the train the season is not apparent at all... There are no trees. There are no busy shoppers. No bustling activity at all. No Christmas smiles. Or good wishes. In this train we are locked out from Christmas. It is worse than just being away from home at Christmas... it is being away from Christmas altogether.

And amongst this feeling of nostalgia I always thought that only small boys are homesick. They are the ones that miss their mothers. Well, the men of the Lethbridge Maple Leafs are missing their wives... and their children... already.

But a three-hour stop in Montreal dissolved most of this lachrymose feeling. All of us got out for a meal, a look around St. Catherine's, and some shopping. Shorty Malacko, Don Vogan and Bert Knibbs thought quite a lot of the electric eyes that open doors for you at Windsor Station. Rob McGregor and McLean thought the new Laurentian Hotel and Sun Life building were really something to behold.

At an intersection a Montreal cop blew a whistle and one of the hockey-conscious players said: "Everybody offside."

Most of the gang ate at Dinty Moore's. They liked this part of Canada where you can order a beer with your meals. The place was crowded with business men and students from McGill University.

Shopping... the fellows exchanged their dough for the American kind. Europeans seem to favor this American color... The single men of the hockey players bought some nylons... for their aunts in England. Whitey Rimstad bought some shirts to go with a new suit that he had purchased in Regina. Malacko bought a case of groceries for a needy English family.

Oh yes, a huge Christmas tree, wonderfully alight, in Gare de Windsor, reminded us that there really was a Christmas season.



Back on the train again on our way to Saint John, there is the flush of Montreal with us yet. Montreal to us was like a chinook to Lethbridge... We are back to our cards and reading. Today there are *Life*, *Time* and *Saturday Evening Post*... literary progression. And Tom Wood is even reading Faulkner!

With the big eastern newspapers screeching big war headlines, there is this talk also. Mallie Hughes says of Europe: "I am glad we are going over there to shoot pucks instead of bullets."

Someone said to Whitey Rimstad: "I guess you'll be too old for this war Whitey," and Whitey came back with, "In this war they'll take you as long as you are warm."

At this moment we are in St. John, Quebec. Tomorrow morning we will be in Saint John, New Brunswick. And tomorrow, if we wanted to, we could also be in St. John's Newfoundland.

THE MAPLE LEAFS ON BOARD THE SCYTHIA

OUR LONG TRAIN journey was over... We were at Halifax. It was night, but we could dimly see ships in the harbour.

One of the fellows—it was Hec Negrello—said: "One of those tubs is ours for the next 8 days."

We went immediately on board the *Scythia*. It is 18,000 tons, a Cunard liner. Whitey Rimstad said: "This boat would just fit on Henderson Lake!" But there are supposed to be only 150 passengers on board, and with 450 crew on ship we have two people looking after every one of us. The small passenger list is due to Christmas season—Canadians just don't want to be away from home at Christmas. And that includes the Lethbridge Maple Leafs... I have travelled with a great number of men, but I have never seen a group of men like these so longing for their wives, and Lethbridge... Another reason for the paucity of passengers is that most trans-Atlantic voyagers go west, to the golden America, than go east.

They were calling Dick Gray's name right and left, stewards, immigration agents, ship personnel, and so on. Some radio people then ushered us into the tourist lounge for a CBC interview that was tape-recorded for the Dave Price Toronto show, and also a Halifax radio announcer interviewed us all... You have probably heard this disc of Christmas wishes that we sent the people of Lethbridge. It was supposed to have gone back to CJOC. That was our last link with you.

All the players wish to thank the many people of Lethbridge who sent wires and special delivery airmail letters before we embarked.

As soon as we were settled the players wandered about the ship pell-mell, getting acquainted with the geography of it. Prairie hockey players who only know row-boats, are calling port, starboard, bow, stern, fore and aft. But someone slipped badly when he said: "A port hole is a hole to the left."

At present these are the sum total of our nautical expressions. Our first day at sea... In our ever eastwards travelling we had forgotten that there was a Christmas... Now at sea we forget that this is winter. There are limitless seas to the right and left. All this water does not give you the appearance and impression of winter, especially a Lethbridge winter.

Most of the hockey players feel woozy. None has been sick with eruptions like Vesuvius, but they are not as active and full of devilry as hockey players normally are... It's a funny thing about sea-sickness. The malady strikes you and no-one knows why. Like cancer that no-one can phathom. People are always courageous. They try to maintain their dignity. Not one of the hockey players will even admit that he is feeling slightly under the weather. They are he-men. It is like in war when most of warriors were terribly frightened, but still they went out to make heroes of themselves. Human nature behaves thus.

And the food... To eat is one of the sensate pleasures of the body. With sea-sickness you will have a paradoxical disdain for the choicest of foods. Some would even contemplate suicide before the pleasure of eating. That is probably far fetched, but I do mean to say that you become extremely despondent. Would it be so if you reached a comparable crux with the other senses? I don't think so.

Dick Gray jokes with Hec Negrello that it will certainly be a shame when the Christmas dinner is spread in all its Tiny Tim grandeur before us, and we will not be able to eat. That would be like having only 99 cents to pay for a dollar kiss from Ava Gardner.

Each morning a programme of the day's activities is printed on elegant stationery. There are games. A musical recital with the string section of a typical European orchestra. A dance, but there are too few girls on board. Movies... pardon me, the cinema. (Already the hockey players are learning English expressions. When they go to the canteen, they go to the kiosk—a nice word. Of course the humorists throw in: "I am going to the cinema, old chap.")

The boys are learning quickly about the translation of dollars into English funds. Roughly three of our green backs is worth a pound of English money. Don Vogan was amazed to get 6/8 of heavy silver for a dollar. He felt wealthy.

On board you can buy a carton of cigarettes for \$1.50. The boys buy them, for they are like women who sense a terrific bargain whether they need the material or not... Whitey Rimstad came out of the barber-shop with a two shilling haircut—30 cents. Wouldn't a Lethbridge barber die? A shave is an extra 15 cents. Some of the boys feel, what with these prices, and the obvious low wages of the crew, that if that is English Socialism, they want no part of it. They remember that they get a dollar an hour at the Shaughnessy mine.

On ship is the greatest place in the world to meet people... The hockey players are finding that out. Everyone wants to talk.

Some say also that everyone wants to drink... Are not the two synonymous?

All of the gang have met Cynthia White. She is an American from Vermont... Her dad and mother are with her. Her parents plan to retire and live on the island of Corsica. One of Napoleon's edicts proclaimed a tax-free isle there, and what with the Mediterranean sun, the Whites think this the ideal spot... Have they not heard of California?

Cynthia goes to Paris to study. But now she finds Canadian hockey players good company.

I myself have met a Swiss who has been in our country for 8 months. We found a language to converse in—French. He thinks Canada lacks something.

And of interest to you Lethbridge people is someone we all know. He is Andrew Szabo... Lethbridgian. 13 years ago he came from Hungary to Canada. Now he is returning for good. Odd? We always thought that people try desperately to escape from behind the iron curtain. I don't think Andrew is a Communist, but it shows us that we must not show too great of a smug complacency about Canada... It does not appeal to all people. He finds that there is nothing to do in Canada. And he means by that, Sunday afternoon in Toronto, and a general antipathy of society towards him. Andrew told me in Russian and French that Lethbridgians told him he was stupid going back. They said: "Look, you have an excellent job here; you drive a big car. Over there see if you will have those things!" Well, Andrew committed himself to me and said that he didn't care whether he rode a cheap bicycle in Budapest, but he would be happy. And that seems to be the important thing. In North America we are geared atomically. We have no time but to make the dollar. We work ourselves to death. We have all the ills and frustrations of fast living. We are neurotics. We need books like "Peace of Mind" and "Peace of Soul" to tell us why we are unhappy in this mad pace of living... And Andrew is not the only one that thinks like this. In the last couple of years hundreds more of fellow Canadians—even a generation that was born here, and should have a mother tie here—have gone back to Europe for this sort of tranquillity.

They say that once a passenger wrote a complete novel on a 15 day ocean trip... I could too. There is so much time, but at present there is this for you—our first day at sea.

THE MAPLE LEAFS' SECOND DAY ON THE ATLANTIC

OFF THE GREAT BANKS of Newfoundland... This voyage is interminable. The solacing prospect is for nine days. Christmas Eve (last night) on board, and New Year's Eve. The hockey players have never spent them like this before... I don't think they ever hope to again. With the few passengers

it is difficult even for a good party. Some regular peregrines are saying: "Old chap the most boring trip ever. I am in constant ennui."

The greatest solace is our own companionship. As a team we are more cemented. We even know the pent up aspirations of each other and usually hockey players are not so sentimentally categorized as to bare their souls.



The Leafs on the Cunard Scythia.

We keep in shape. Pace the decks. Play games... Billy Gibson has been teaching some passengers ping-pong. In return some English people were showing him the deck game of shuffleboard. Bill Chandler and Shorty Malacko had a jolly game of darts. Ripping fun. Don McLean is the best dart man though; they say he gets in much practice at the Legion

in Lethbridge. They say that weight lighting is one of the most beneficial of sports—some vouch for this, and are hoisting a few.

Our boys are friendly... The passengers hail them. As soon as I find that one of them is not Canadian, the passenger takes on a lustre of interest for me. My imagination is excited by Budapest, London, Shanghai, Singapore, Rio de Janeiro. In the lounge a group and I were trying to teach a Chinese doctor from New York, French. He is to visit Paris and he believes in preparation. We "professeurs" read it to him, spoke it to him. He seemed delighted with learning. It is good to see a man with this sort of joy when he is elder.

Then there is a British actor that travels considerably between America and England. Oddly enough he seems disillusioned with the British stage. Possibly because he has the itch for other countries with the grasses that appear greener. He has appeared in the famous Duke of York theatre in London in an Ivor Novello offering. Presently he is off for Algiers—to learn French! Says too many people speak English in Paris... Incidentally, he says that each time he grows more bored with Canada—its vastness and no refinement.

Ethel Labelle is a Montreal girl, and she goes to England for nine months—what a vacation for a young girl! But, even though she is aware of the allure of it too, right now she is disgusted with the trip and wishes she had stayed closer to Mount Royal... She is sea-sick.

Dick Gray and Hec Negrello think this is the ideal life on board. The meals are free. All entertainment too. There are people to constantly coddle you and to cater to your every wish. An utopia.

Christmas eve the hockey players enlivened the ship somewhat with a sing-song-drink-song until far into the night. Billy Gibson,

Whitey Rimstad and Tom Wood are natural song leaders. And they know them all... At midnight the hockey players, passengers and crew had a conga-line Christmas walk around the ship.

Above all, far surpassing this glee and shenanigans, the hockey players remember that it is much better to spend Christmas eve at home—in Lethbridge.

MAPLE LEAFS SPEND CHRISTMAS AT SEA

SOMEWHERE ON THE Atlantic—All of the Lethbridge Maple Leafs will probably never have a Christmas like 1950. Never so different anyway. People just don't plan ocean crossings for Christmas. Most of us never hope to have another one like it. Not that we didn't have a fairly-good time; on the contrary we enjoyed ourselves. But seemingly suspended on the earth's surface at some indefinite position is no one's idea of Santa Claus, a tree, a turkey, the greeting of friends and so on.

We began the day slowly... like a car that starts from a standstill but accelerates to great speeds with the change of gears.

In the morning Mallie Hughes led a group to a sea church service, veteran sailor that he is. It was undenominational, perhaps the best for a sea party.

Bill Gibson was in cabin A85 doing some laundry on Christmas morning with P and G soap. "If my wife could only see me now," he said. Don Vogan was another Rinso white man with hankies... That hour Billy had received an International Marine Cable from his wife and family... Everyone was delighted with the message for it was a touch with Lethbridge... We were not far away if modern means could so contact us on the high seas.

During the day the gang played deck games and I photographed Dick Gray, Hec Negrello, Don McLean, Whitey Rimstad, Rob MacGregor and Lou Siray at shuffleboard.

There were a couple of jokes circulated. One was: We had travelled across Canada by rail, and now some of us were still at the rail on the sea.

Christmas Dinner

We sat down for Christmas dinner at 7:30 p.m.... and what a dinner it was... the ship's crew and galley did everything to make it a success... The table had a decorated Christmas tree and it was heaped with all the choice fruits imaginable... There was also a towering Christmas cake... I imagine Tiny Tim's eyes were not any bigger than ours to behold such.

But about the meal... the Maple Leafs, myself included, consumed three helpings apiece... turkey, pudding, mince pie, cranberry sauce, nuts... we lacked nothing.

After dinner we all went up to the lounge for the Atlantic horse races. There is even betting in the pari-mutuel way, everything

there to represent the races... Dick Gray helped the man in charge throw dice by which a horse's speed down the green carpet track is governed... The odds sometimes reached 10 to 1.

All this horse racing took place in the first class lounge and it was the first time we were permitted there... There is a difference to our tourist class one... Of course it was more luxurious... The service is better. Incidentally, some of the crew raised eyebrows because we are in the tourist class... They say that all international teams or champions travel first class... always.

Christmas Day was finished by dancing in the garden lounge... We enjoyed ourselves.

This was Christmas Day 1950, one that we shall remember for a long time... It was an odd Christmas day, one you can picture possibly better than I can inform you by letters.

To end the day with a laugh the steward said to Bill Chandler, who has been in bed considerably, "We will have to perform an operation on you—to get the bed off your back."

THE SIXTH DAY AT SEA

FRENCH COAST seven miles off... The Scythia sails away ahead of schedule—few passengers, the season, and a very smooth crossing. Saturday afternoon we dock at Tilbury, just outside London. We were not originally expected to until New Year's Day.

Early evening today (Friday) we call at Le Havre to discharge continental passengers. 34 of them are bound for almost every country, including two Indians who are New Delhi bound.

We know that we shall be slightly out of shape for the first couple of hockey games. The trip has been long... over 6,000 miles. We seriously think of hockey... Billy Gibson says: "No hockey player should be stricken with T.B.—tobacco and beer."

But there has still been ship amusements. The ship's concert was held last night. That's a Cunard old faithful. The crew and the passengers participate... A young steward, Frank Warner, captured the applause of everyone. He has a beautiful voice. Some thought that he was wasting his time on the Scythia. He looks better—at least more endearing to womanish hearts—than Mel Torme, has a sweet tenor voice. With some professional handling he could blossom.

At night some of us walked to the bow of the ship. What freedom and exaltation you know there! The prow cut through the water. The water is parted; it sprays... The wind blows your hair; the wind blows every possible worry from your mind.

And from there we watched for the first contact of land. The light was flashing from Bishop's Rock, then other lights flashed from the Scilly Isles... These are the islands that are off Land's End, and in February they swamp Covent Gardens with the spring flowers.

It is a pleasure, after days at sea, to have someone say, "Look

there," and you follow the sweep of his arm for what light or what land he has seen. You say, "Oh yeah," and it is the satisfaction after the pleasure.

THE SEVENTH DAY ON SCYTHIA

AT THE GREAT FRENCH port of Le Havre... We awoke this morning to the sight of the French coast. It was the Cherbourg peninsula. There were small craft plying the channel, and many other big ships in this world's busiest estuary.

We neared Le Havre... Tom Wood said: "You just say any European name and you think of war." A French pilot came out to take the Scythia in... There is still bomb damage at this city on the mouth of the Seine... Tugs pulled us to the wharf... French hands shouted some instructions and the boys got a kick out of the language... They got a laugh out of the small French boxcar, but they admired the sportiness of the French automobile.

Then our first surprise came. And it was one of consideration. Bunny Ahearne, head of the British Ice Hockey and the arranger of our tour throughout Europe, boarded the Scythia. He had come across from England on the Queen Mary to Cherbourg, motored to Le Havre to greet us, and is on the Scythia going back with us. Everyone was introduced to him, and in session, we asked all sorts of questions. He had immediate answers for every query... He will help us through English customs, and he has everything arranged for us. Our entire schedule of games is made out. Throughout Europe we will do a great deal of flying to play our engagements. Mr. Ahearne has even the airdromes in cities selected, times to muster, and so on. Everything is thoroughly organised.

Bunny Ahearne brought Cunard greeting officer, Mr. Taylor, along, and Dick Gray had us quickly assembled for that... We find ourselves—now—at grips with the purpose of our European trip.

Bunny Ahearne emphasized the importance of the sportsmanlike behaviour in Europe, and that we were virtual ambassadors for Canada. He said that the Sudbury Wolves had lost the Dominion of Canada \$4,000,000 in business from Sweden alone, because of ill-behavior there.

He leaves us with an impression—definitely... We are alert to what is expected of us.

THE MAPLE LEAFS ARRIVE IN LONDON

LONDON... We were somewhere in the English Channel on the Scythia and Bunny Ahearne was giving us a "Britain" preparation talk.

He has some magnificent ideas for British and European ice-

hockey... He thinks the Swedes will be the finest players in Europe—they skate from birth like Canadians, but need our expert instruction... Mr. Ahearne would like to see the end zones enlarged an extra ten feet... to eliminate some of the trouble with the red line... Ahearne would grant scholarships to smart young Canadian boys who have hockey ability; Oxford and Cambridge have teams... In the future he sees Toronto Maple Leafs or the Montreal Canadians flying to Paris or London for exhibition games during their N.H.L. season.

But this is Bunny Ahearne's big NEWS. And Lethbridge will probably be the first team ever to participate in this new hockey brainchild of Ahearne's... Quite a distinction. It is this. He has this in the formative stage. One of the world's great men is going to present a trophy—possibly to be greater than the Stanley Cup—for sort of world competition. At the end of the world tournament in Paris, he will have the American team, the Canadian, and an English team from their National League who are leaders and not eligible at Paris, play for this championship. Eventually the best Canadian team (the Major League winner of the Alexander trophy), the best American and best British will play for the world's title.

Ahearne went on to flamboyantly describe more British aspects, and soon they were to be real... We entered the Thames estuary. The Scythia went down the Thames. It is very wide at its mouth. Probably the dirtiest river in the world... Hundreds of water craft were going up and down. Anything up to 25,000 tons. Even sail boats. There was a slight fog—of course—but we could see green grass in December and industrial buildings that banked the Thames.

We anchored off Tilbury, then docked five hours later... Tilbury is 25 miles from the heart of London.

On board came Robert Giddens, publisher-editor of the Ice-Hockey World (a weekly comparable to the Hockey News). He is a Canadian, former Oxford graduate, and champions, gives publicity to Canadian hockey players more than any other man in London. He fights the Canadian ice-hockey cause; even when the mighty newspaper barons of Fleet Street disparage it.

With Giddens to welcome us were Bill Smith and Phil Drackett, cameramen and ice-hockey writers... Dick Gray was giving out interviews, marshalling the gang for photos and introductions.

There was a charbanc to immediately drive us to London. Mal-lie Hughes said, "Now our hockey trip is real."

And then on our drive there were nothing but exclamations and comments about England. We passed countless soccer pitches and the game was in full swing, probably seven fields going at once. Now the gang knows what soccer means to England.

In the east end of London the boys saw the places that "had had it". They saw a double-decker bus and Don Vogan asked, "What's that?" Our Lethbridge Leafs were amazed at the size of the city and the fact that about as many people live in this greater London area than in entire Canada.

Our charbanc driver avoided the heart of the city, but we did



go down Oxford Street and Bond Street, saw the famous shopping district... There were sales as there are in Canada after Christmas. We came to Marble Arch and Hyde Park. It is here that is our hotel—the Rose Court, former American officers' war lodgings.

Now the difference between England and Canada became apparent. Our hotel meal was without butter. There was little meat. Waiters in tuxedos served us... Bert Knibbs humoured, "I thought they were the guests."... In the rooms Don MacLean says the ceilings are too high. There is no heat; the plumbing facilities are not what we are accustomed to in Canada. Things are built for splendor, not comfort, and then the appendages for comfort were built before the province of Alberta was incorporated... In telephoning we must know to: deposit two pennies, press button A when you get your party, button B for coin return.

But it's fascinating. Make no mistake of that. The boys know that they see here what they cannot see in America.

For instance this... In the evening all the hockey players wanted to ride the tube. Esculators going to 100 feet below the streets, then whizzing along under the heart of the city. Whitey Rimstad had the gang in an uproar when he said: "They should have a tube from the North Side to the Garden Hotel."

We got off at Piccadilly Circus... Workmen had boarded the statue of Eros to keep New Year's Eve frolickers away. The pony line of Knibbs, Milroy and Siray never knew so many people could be congregated in one place. We did a quick tour. There were some of those naughty girls around. Leicester Square was all aglow—the heart of the theatres. At Trafalgar Square thousands were massed to see a Christmas tree, not Nelson's column. The tree was a gift from the Norwegian government and it was resplendent, half as tall as the column—that's how much the Britisher craves something that's alit. The picturesque water fountains were spilling themselves in all colours... A quick walk took us through the Admiralty Arch, down the Mall to Buckingham Palace. The guards were standing outside in hats that would be useful in a Canadian winter. But of course the King and Queen are at Sandringham for the Xmas holidays. Some of the boys thought the palace shabby, but they don't know the magnificent interior.

Ah! London, you are amazing, you are wonderful—even though your streets run as though you never heard of planners. We discount everything... We like you.

THE MAPLE LEAF'S NEW YEAR'S EVE IN LONDON

MARBLE ARCH HEADQUARTERS... This morning Dick Gray took the team to the Streatham ice rink for a skate...

It was the first time for two weeks. We have to get our legs after a heaving deck... There was certainly plenty of space—Streatham measures 220 by 100 feet, the biggest ice surface the

boys have seen. But the seating capacity is small in this South London rink.

At mail call Nap Milroy and Shorty Malacko were the first to receive airmail letters from Lethbridge—from Mrs. and Maxine respectively. We were surprised to have Lethbridge people call at our Rose Court Hotel. There were Mr. and Mrs. Molden, who go back to Canada TCA tomorrow. Bob Shaw, brother of President Johnny of Lethbridge's Army and Navy League, was up to see everyone.

The gang went sight-seeing... Some visited relatives; Kenny Branch was calling old girl friends. Those that saw "All About Eve" at a Leicester Square Theatre (Gaumont) raved about it... They couldn't understand the seating arrangement or the four different prices. We took stalls, but there were dress circle, royal circle at 11/6 (1.65).

Some of the boys had a meal in the Soho. There was the Italian restaurant Gennaro's, and the French Cafe Bleu. We saw the famous Cafe de Paris where Princess Margaret dances with her eligibles, but didn't go in. Meal at Gennaro's costs a pound (\$3), that is without the extras or the superb wine list that they offer.

London's New Year's eve festivities started. Slight rain dampened coats a little but not the overall enthusiasm. Even in the afternoon you could see little groups around an accordionist dancing the samba... Those Piccadilly hawkers were selling hats, balloons, noise makers, with a "Have one chum."

At Trafalgar Square there were thousands. The famous Xmas tree was lit. The fountains were going. The people jostled each other. There was close contact. It wasn't safe for women to go into that mob—but they did go... And men grabbed them, kissed them, let their hands caress them. There were a few screams, but the majority did not scream... Sailors climbed the base of Nelson's Column—it would have been disrespectful for anyone but a navy man to climb there... A courageous young woman climbed one of the famous lions of Sir Edwin Landseer—for a while she was the "mane" attraction... The pigeons were not there to revel with the crowd, but found their night sanctuary at close by Admiralty Arch... Some man sensationally, or stupidly, jumped into one of the fountain pools fully garbed.

At Piccadilly, Eros, the god of love looked down, and there was much of it. Disimilarly we start 1951 with the knowledge of "war in our time" as in 1939 we started that year with "peace in our time".

At the All Nations Social Club here at Marble Arch, underneath the Church of the Annunciation, people from 30 different nations danced and brought the new year in. Would another year see them all together—and friendly—like this? Americans came to the club and walked out when they saw the numbers of black men from a dozen tropical countries... A girl from Shanghai (student at University) was the prettiest there. I have never seen a more favorable spot for an All Nations Club—underneath a church.

All the hockey players were wishing each other a happy new

year—and they send the same warm new year greeting to the citizens of Lethbridge.

THE MAPLE LEAFS' FIRST EUROPEAN GAME

NOTTINGHAM... It was New Year's day in England, but entirely different from ours. There was no holiday at London. Everything was as usual. Some of the boys did some shopping at Selfridge's huge store. All other places of business were open.

A charabanc took us to St. Pancras station... We got on the train for Nottingham. It was most of the hockey players' first English train ride. Tom Wood and Bill Chandler were a little apprehensive at the terrific speed of the LMS... The other hockey players thought up all kinds of jokes about what you could do in these compartments that were so unusual. They were intrigued by that tooting whistle... And an unusual thing was happening. Huge snow flakes were falling all the way from London to Nottingham. The weather bureau thought the Canadians brought this frigidity with them. Even with the white blanket to obscure, we still thought the English countryside very pretty.

We approached Nottingham and Karl Sorokoski said something about Robin Hood being out to meet us with the legendary sheriff. Nottingham is a city of half a million size. The lace industry employs thousands of girls... This city contains more pretty women than any other English city—they say. I suppose that the dangers of pretty women are then very present in Nottingham. It is a cigarette city. Bicycle centre.

Ice Stadium manager Sandy Sanders met us. English referees Ernie Leacock and Jim Creed were with us... Dick Gray got us into the Flying Horse Hotel, first built 1483. In our days of immortality we will be able to speak with people and they will say: "Oh yes, I stayed there 500 years before you did. Did you too bump your head on the old oak beam? Does the lantern still hang—but now it is electric, n'est pas?"

The game itself... We were beaten 8-6. After that fatiguing journey from Canada it was expected, but we do not wish to detract that Nottingham has a very good team. They are led by Chick Zamick and Les Strongman. Archie Stinchcombe is the coach... Hec Negrello said of Zamick, "That's the first time a man has stickhandled by me with only one hand on his stick."

We were impressed with the Ice Stadium. Before game a wonderful organist played the Canadian National Anthem, then The King... The English anthem is one reason why the British monarchy has held while the other houses in Europe tottered—you cannot stand through the King and be anti-monarchist.

Karl Sorokoski had his little joke. He had seen the names of Zamick and Pyryhora on the beautifully printed programme, said, "They've got some D.P.s on this club too."

After the game all the players were besieged by autograph hunters. Our team found it thrilling and complimentary at first, but then it became labour, so little excuses were invented to discourage the hunters. Don Vogan: "Should have an automatic stamp made."

We bedded early. Dick Gray is clamping down... The game began at 7:15... In this city of women, players were remarking--after they had walked around the city square--that they had never seen so many couples making open love. Every doorway and entrance seemed to shelter an embracing couple from the lights, and more important, open gaze.

Tomorrow we head for Scotland. Gibson, MacGregor and Milroy and MacLean will probably have Glasgow clans to welcome them. And wherever we go we are welcomed--very much so.

IN SCOTLAND WITH THE MAPLE LEAFS

GLASGOW... January 2nd. saw us catch the train from Nottingham to Glasgow... We sped through the Midlands area and the lake district of England... There was Chesterfield, Sheffield and Leeds. The concentrated industry is amazing. If every home is an Englishman's castle, then every factory is his dominion, and there are almost as many factories as homes. The boys are still applauding the high standard of the British railroads. These are cities of a half a million and over--the size of Vancouver and Toronto--and the train may stop only a minute or two, then it's off again at 70 mph.

On that train ride I found out that the hockey players had mastered the English system of money, after so few days. Brilliant? No... You know all about tanners, pennies, shillings, half crowns, bobs, quids, when you start playing a friendly game of cards.

There were smaller towns. Maybe some of you will relish to see them in print as your very own--as of your boyhood or girlhood. After Leeds, Keighly, Skipton, by the country of the poets and the lake district at Windermere that Wordsworth blissfully knew. Hadrian's Wall that once conquerors of Britain had built to keep the marauding--and still free--Scots away... Appleby, Penrith, to pretty Carlisle where we changed trains, just 18 miles from the border... I was told: "Make sure that you say border, for these ARE two different countries." During the war Hec Negrello and Nap Milroy had stood in this very same station at Carlisle--but oh how different were the circumstances!

We crossed the border at tiny Gretna Green. Why are all border crossings at small towns or villages? I suppose they all want to be distinctly in one country or the other. Detroit is the only border place of considerable size in the world, then it has a river to emphatically disclose its boundary.

A hockey prankster said: "On this train, do you know how you

know when you are in Scotland?— The engine stops tooting its whistle—to save steam."

Now you Scots know these, and the days when you were lassies and lads. Ecclefechan (put in to show you how magnificently and yet how disturbingly they can name a place), Moffat, Elvanfoot, Symington, Carstairs, Motherwell, and ah! Glasgow. Everyone is significant in Glasgow, because Glasgow belongs to you... to you alone.

We came into Central Station. Is there not a small station in Britain? Then there was a walk down Union Street and to our Adelphi Hotel... All the hockey players are enthused about Scotland, rave about Glasgow, make flattering comparisons with London, like it better in fact. This Scottish spirit gets you. There are more things of Home—central heating in this hotel, good service, good meals, the streets run straight and not in the mess of London... There are street cars... More lights... It seems progressive in every way, that you wonder whether Americans have not been here, for now in this modern world you associate this new civilization of progress with the Yanks—see how we have followed them in Canada?

After dinner a Glasgow photographer took our picture, with Mallie Hughes and Bill Gibson bending over a table of skittles. At first the photographer thought us Canadian curlers—they were here last winter, had spread much good will... At the same time I wish to say that the Edmonton Mercurys must have been wonderful ambassadors for Canada, for wherever we go, everyone thinks they were princes and wonders whether we can emulate them or not.

A quick look at the sights last night... At the Clyde the schooner Garrick is anchored for training, outlined at every mast point in coloured lights... Scot papers have pictures of ships as our papers have pin-up girls... At the Playhouse Ballroom 2500 dancers were jammed. They were still celebrating New Year's. This revelry has continued from Hogmanay Eve (New Year's) and some had never stopped from that night of madness... A Scot seems to know how better than anyone to have a good time—at least he gives you the impression that all this boisterousness belongs to him only and what you do is only a cheap imitation of his daring... Every girl's name seemed to be Margaret. And one Margaret, who is a nurse at a mental hospital, was asked, "Are you strong enough for the job?" She replied in Scottish accent that was magnificently funny when heard: "I am fit for anything." The way she said "fit" was a masterpiece. You could see that she was too, for it looked like she ate porridge three times every day... Famous British orchestra of Joe Loss was playing. "Autumn Leaves" and "I Tawt I Taw a Puddy Cat" are hit tunes... A Scot guide took others to Paisley to see the ice rink... Bill Chandler was dining with his uncle and aunt... Milroy and MacGregor have relatives to visit, and will go into the very Highlands to find them, or some place like that... At this dance you should have seen Scots do the Gay Gordon's—it was solely theirs, would go well at the Marquis.

Dick Gray is bearing a terrific load. I know, I stay with him. He is a mother hen and is constantly counting his chicks. And Dick is worrying. Last night the telephone rang and he jumped up at the first tingle—you don't do that in contented sleep.

Aye, Scotland is smashing. (Where on earth did they get that word.)

THE FIRST GAME IN SCOTLAND

GLASGOW... Our headquarters are at the Adelphi Hotel in Glasgow. The greatest distance to Falkirk, the farthest rink city, is only 30 miles, so we return here after each game... The boys do not dispute that.

Before our first game at Ayr we walked about Glasgow and discovered some of its lore...

Right at the Clyde River is St. Andrew's Cathedral. It has the most uncomfortable pews I have seen in the world. The kneeling rest is almost under the pew before you... Your knees are away in, what you carry behind you is away out, then all above the waist is away in... This kneeling is penance enough and almost as great a form of expiation as the sackcloth and ashes.

At St. Enoch Square we discovered Glasgow has an underground too... The Scots make sure that they have the things London has.

Most of us saw George Square—the heart of Glasgow... And I wonder who had slipped up to name this after England's patron saint! Scotland's greatest square to be so named!... Monuments of the Scots' and Glaswegians' distinguished stand there in bronze and marble. The greatest monument is of Sir Walter Scott, and it towers high above all else, almost as magnificent as Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square. But there is this discrepancy... England's greatest column in its greatest square is of a war hero—Scotland's is of a peaceful, literary figure... Another man of letters, Bobbie Burns, is cast near by, but his statue is everywhere in Scotland. There is Field Marshal Lord Clyde, James Oswald, William Gladstone, Robert Peel, James Watt.

The many monuments in England and Scotland are great... splendid. I wonder if this is not too great of a glorification of man. He is the highest in the squares, of the highest esteem... But someone counteracted this worship of man by writing with chalk on columns and many buildings of Glasgow those fine one syllable words: Love God... It was very effective, for in these European cities the most magnificent of buildings are grimy with soot, appearing very blackened and dirty. Those letters stood out very distinctly.

In George Square on the war monument were four lines of beautiful words. I present them, for their beauty overwhelmed me:

These died in war
 That we at peace might live
 These gave their best
 So we our best should give

After tea we boarded the chartered charbanc which always comes punctually at the appointed hour... for Ayr, and our first Scottish game. Referee Nelson McQuaig was with us, a former Canadian hockey player. We drove through Dunlop and Kilmar-nock (the home of Johnny Walker's stuff). Close to Ayr was the world famous Prestwick Airport, the airport that is fog free the year around—and that's a miracle in Scotland. Then we ran alongside the Firth of Clyde to Ayr for a breath of fresh sea air. It is a town of 41,000, the resort city of Glaswegians... Bobbie Burns' home is a shrine here and there is a most befitting monument to this—perhaps—greatest Scotsman. Burns said of his home town of Ayr: "Home of honest men and bonnie lassies." I do not contradict Burns...

All of our hockey men were marvelling at the rink. Holds 5,000. Is 200 by 100. Billy Gibson and Hec Negrello said: "Looks like they just put a roof over part of the Irish Sea." The restaurant in the rink is as large as the Trianon Ballroom at Lethbridge. There are more private lockers than all the quick-freeze lockers in Lethbridge.

Before the game started, Ross Low, the manager of Ayr, presented each team member with a Scotch tie, each from a different Tartan.

Even though Ayr were reinforced by three players, we defeated them quite easily 7-3. Negrello found the big surface to his liking and was in on five goals, to have Scots remark, "Aye, a bonnie lad." The Scot teams don't seem as strong as the English, need good coaching for all these junior players that come from Canada.

After each game we have a meal—gratis. And of course the boys are getting used to the photographers and autograph hunters that mob us. Some players said: "Aw, these damn photographers and autograph hunters!" But in Canada where there are few of these "interfering" people, all Canadian players say: Aw, those damn photographers and autograph people never come around..." It is human nature... And there is another thing about this annoying—but the players are pleased with it really—autograph habit. We usually sign as a team. The hunters just want signatures of Canada's hockey players; they do not single anyone out. The hunters have to look at their books to see which name they got... The true distinction and true compliment are when hunters wait for a movie star, then know beforehand that it is Tyronne Power that they are getting.

We came back to Glasgow through the Gorbals district, on the other side of the Clyde. Glasgow sportswriter Sid Montford told us that it is the toughest in Britain... Men beat each other with cycle chains wrapped around their fists. Others razor-blade your bellies until you have to put your hands there to keep your guts from falling out... Any size bottle is broken and the jagged

edge is thrust into your face... The bully district breaks a tumbler at the bar... the signal that he will challenge anyone in the house. All not very nice, but you people in Lethbridge must realize that your boys see the pretty—and the ugly—of Glasgow.

A DAY OFF IN GLASGOW

GLASGOW... It wasn't really a day off; in the morning we drove to Paisley ice rink for a practice... Dick Gray thinks it will take the rest of the Scottish tour to get into the shape we enjoyed in sunny Lethbridge... This damp weather, along with dressing rooms that are unheated, gives us sniffles. In fact Lou Siray is abed and out of the lineup with a terrific fever and cold. Above all in Europe we shall have to watch our health to maintain the best shape.

After that practice though our day of leisure began. We are in such financial straights that our leisure must be with the minimum shelling out of shillings.

So we sight-see. And after all isn't it the best when we are here in Scotland probably for the only times of our lives? There were the things yesterday that I described to see, and the virgin things of this new day, the new things we attempt to see along with our greater familiarity of Glasgow.

Rimstad, Wood, Vogan, Negrello thought they would like to get the atmosphere of an English movie in a Scottish house. MacLean and Gibson, MacGregor and Chandler were paying Scot visits to relatives. They took those other two men along for "support," possibly translation of this foreign tongue... It seems that we, the Americans, the Scots, the Irish, the English, the Australians are nations with our own languages that closely resemble English.

Karl Sorokoski met a former Lethbridge schoolmate of his, Miss Mary Dennis, who had left south Alberta 15 years ago. Photographers were getting human interest pictures of Karl with Mallie Hughes and this girl. Photographers were also busy with Jack Sumner, Nap Milroy, Bert Knibbs, Dick Gray, Hec Negrello. Dick is being constantly interviewed to almost a state of exasperation, but he is fair with each sport-writer... I had an embarrassing moment in regards to photographs. Photo men had taken pictures at the morning practice at Paisley. In the afternoon I was riding a Glasgow tram, leaned over to peak at a man's paper—as you do—found him concentrated on a picture of Wood, Chandler and myself... A small world... And what service! That picture had only been taken of us hours ago—here it was in the streets.

Talking about newspapers... No wonder the Lethbridge Herald is in business. Most of the newspaper offices of Glasgow are on Buchanan St.... Sid Montford of the Glasgow Evening News said he liked very much Don Pilling's article on us in the British Ice

Hockey World... Montford has a Scots' hockey style all his own. The gang got a laugh out of his "keeper" for Sorokoski and his, "Negrello is a magnificent thruster."

Now the rest of us saw... and the others too: The Glasgow underground. There is only one line... It looks like a midget underground railroad—you stoop to get into cars. Then there are only two cars to each train... You notice the exact number, as in London you would not, for you only recognize that there are a great number of cars.

Kelvin Hall... It is the biggest in Scotland. You have no idea what a monstrous place! The size of London's Empress Hall, or a building in beautiful stone that all the buildings in Lethbridge's Civic Centre could be put into... At present there is a circus there. A hundred concessions and gambling booths, bigger than the Royal American Fair, besides the Big Top, all under one roof. Mallie Hughes: "What a country; what a place!" Interesting was a presentation of animals and birds called: Noah's Ark. Under every alphabet there was a beast or bird. What shaggy beasts the Highland cattle!

Across the street is world famous Glasgow University. They are in the midst of their quinentenary celebrations. 500 years! Talk about the Commonwealth premiers in London hits the papers and the Australian prime minister is being congratulated on his country's 50th. anniversary. How young is Australia in the stature of Glasgow University... But this is only the second oldest of 4 Scottish universities... The Hunterian Museum is alongside and has the one of the world's finest collections of anatomical preparations, manuscripts, books, matter for scientific research.

Within a block is the famous Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. It has some of the world's most treasured masterpieces. I particularly appreciated the French and Italian schools. The French moderns like Picasso, Monet, Corot, Gauguin, Cezanne, Utrillo, Matisse, Van Gogh, are hung.

That is the world we see—the actual, while you at Lethbridge—considering these paintings for example—see only the reproductions.

Canadians bide with the Scots; we have something in common; they like us... At the Paisley rink we were astounded to see countless skaters moving helter-skelter while the King was played. Our Scot guide joked: "we have no respect for the King here." We have a common tie in that we and the Scots are in the Commonwealth, but are very mature sons independent of mother... At the Locarno danceroom where two orchestras played from a revolving stage, a girl replied in answer to: "Is that a tartan colour?" She said: "No. I think it is English, and if it is, it's most likely an imitation—like everything else." And at these dances no-one goes escorted; everyone makes the acquaintance at the ballroom.

In Glasgow they are about to choose the Scot 'Man of the Year'. Someone has suggested the man who stole the Coronation Stone—once again the facetious wit apparent in regards to England.

THE GAME AT FALKIRK

GLASGOW... Everyone in Lethbridge should have a postcard of Scotland within the next month... Before this game at Falkirk the boys wrote home, and Whitey Rimstad alone sent 14 cards. There is not a Lethbridgian that should not know the Scottish scene and countryside.

We are being overwhelmed with people about Scotland who say they have relatives in Lethbridge... Never knew Lethbridge was so Scottish. And there are even a great number of Lethbridge citizens. Some are here on holidays—they tell me that others came to the Scot coal mines in the 30s when the mines in southern Alberta were almost at a standstill.

More of the boys took in the circus at Kelvin Hall... Bill Chandler was taken for a two bob ride as he would be taken by a sharpster on the prairie fair circuit. He was wearing his big brim hat and someone shouted: "Hey Tom Mix."

For five shillings Rod MacGregor, Chandler and Shorty Malacko, had their portraits done in pencil by John Roy, a great Scottish artist. Roy is around 40, looks like one of the bohemians from the left bank of Paris. He sports the longest moustache in Britain—11½ inches! But his art is good; he is hung in the Glasgow Academy, has done portraits of celebrities like Vivien Leigh. During the last war he was a British army captain in Burma, has some wonderful oils of the native life and squalor... Roy took only ten minutes to do each portrait. A large crowd gathered to watch the "odd" Canadians with their draped pants... and Roy at work.

In late afternoon we left for our game at Falkirk. Again their team had been re-inforced by five men. It seems that these boys want to prove that Canadians are just as good as Canadians.

Falkirk is of a 35,000 size. But there are many small towns very near. Of course it is the same everywhere in Britain—town packed on town. Falkirk is very close to the Firth of Forth, half way to Edinburgh.

When our Leafs entered the Falkirk rink Dick Gray said: "Here's a story for Stan." and all the boys were equally surprised. Though we were billed to play at 7:30 these demon Scottish curlers were on the ice until 7! Of course in the Scottish game there are no boards in between rinks—the Scots constantly play a draw game, seldom play a fast knock-out shot that would disrupt the houses in the next sheets. The curlers do not use brooms; they have brushes that require effort—at least the Scots played in their shirt sleeves, while we were cold in overcoats.

Again before game the Rink Manager—George McNeil—presented each player with a tartan tie, beautifully boxed. Someone got the MacBeth clan, thought of Shakespeare's tragedy and how the Scots could be associated with the morose.

We defeated Falkirk 3-1. A few have bad colds. Siray was out of the lineup. Negrello had to retire from the game midway in the second with a groin injury... It hits us now with a full real-

ization that we really need 18 men, and injuries and illnesses could do us irreparable harm... Tom Wood and Don MacLean wonder about the British system of playing the last period in ten minute intervals. This is done so that each side is at each end for an equal length of time.

Dick Gray is inspirational back there on the blue. They call him "Rancher" and that's what he is. You can constantly hear his words of determination whipping you across the ears, as though he were driving doggies on a ranch around Medicine Hat. His lean body has terrific energy. He reminds me of a character in "The Fountainhead," being so terrifically dedicated to purpose irregardless of anything that might be a deterrent to him... I wonder how great a figure he is going to be in later life.

This paragraph is a small story. It is an autograph story. But different. And it is either insignificant when you consider the magnitude of the tour, or it is great when you discountenance the tour in respect of human consideration... A Scot father came to the dressing room for autographs of the team... for his son who lay in a T. B. Sanatorium. The boys eagerly signed the book with cheerful comments, and when the father got return of the book he was almost in tears. The deed was simple, fetching, human, good.

We have at least brought joy to one in Falkirk.

THE LAST GAME IN SCOTLAND

LONDON... Before our last game at Paisley in Scotland, the Scots showed us their greatest generosity. On Saturday afternoon, the day of the Epiphany, the Rangers' football club had us as their guests at Ibrox Stadium for their match against Partick Thistles.

We were thrilled... The Stadium is the second largest in Scotland (next to Hampstead), seats towards 120,000. At that game there were nearly 60,000—over two times the entire population of Lethbridge. Before match time we saw the greatest fans of all arrive. ...invalids who came from as far away as 70 miles in their three-wheeled petrol conveyances... The day was foggy, the grounds were like varsity Stadium during this year's Grey Cup final, but that discouraged no-one. It takes a major disaster to postpone a soccer game here.

All the boys were amazed at the exhibition between these two Scottish First Division teams. A couple of internationals played. We got a great kick out of the fans' behavior. The Scots get their dander up too, just like Native Son rooters do. And the referees get a riding. One professorial looking Scot said: "That referee has no pea in his whistle"... The game is greatly speeded up by eight boys who retrieve out of bounds' balls.

We definitely noted why soccer is an international sport, rivaling our own ice-hockey in this respect. Both sports would like

to claim this international soubriquet... Soccer may have the edge. They play it in all countries; ice-hockey has to make an appearance in South America, although it has been played there. The stadia about the world are much larger than the ice arenas—a greater fan interest can be created.

Whitey Rimstad: "This game has really been something to see."

In the evening we got to Paisley for our last Scottish game. A very strong club defeated us 6-4... but... three of our men were out of the lineup. Negrello with his groin injury. Knibbs and Siray with their bad colds... Maybe this cold germ is being transmitted amongst us by ourselves, for we all suffer slightly. Sometimes in hockey a star like Negrello goes out of the lineup and a mediocre player steps in to play better than ever and himself be a star. Conversely, sometimes when a star goes out of action, a mediocre player will not play as well as he normally does, seizing up in the greater stress. With Negrello out we have had no-one to point himself either way.

The biggest Scottish crowd watched. 6,500. Standing. 1,000 were turned away. They yelled themselves to hysteria.

Again, the manager, Mr. McKenzie, presented each of us with a Tartan scarf, a most beautiful gift. The tartans seem to be most significant, for all the fans come around to see if their recognition is any good... The Paisley fan club also made us honorary members of their organization and presented us with pennants and badges.

During the game Dick Gray picked up the club's first stitches, a cut above the eye... Sometimes accident or adversity seems to make the great players play all the harder... Dick did so.

Autograph hunters were around in droves. And for the first time during our tour we heard this from a girl: "The other girls do not like to see us standing with hockey players—you are supposed to be wolves and rather rough." Some of the parents believe this too. Will hockey players ever be able to dispel convictions like these?

For others that follow us I hope there are no cracks like that, for the Lethbridge Maple Leafs are representing Canada in every conceivable way—in the best of behavior.

BACK TO LONDON

ROSE COURT HOTEL—Marble Arch... Sunday morning we left Glasgow's Central Station on the Royal Scot, one of Britain's finest trains... And why shouldn't it be named that—after all James Watt was a graduate of Glasgow University... It was a ten hour direct ride to London.

On the lengthy ride we had plenty of time to muse over our week in Scotland. Much of it was adventure that we as young men liked; there was a little that we disliked... Above all we liked the Scots. They are close to earth. They can easily distin-



guish between people of substance and those with a gelatin make-up. For example they have let one of their star hockey players go, for they quickly saw him as a fake. They do not stomach this type of insincerity.

We liked the Scottish people for being so proud of their heritage. When Napper Milroy and Bill Gibson imitate the Scots perfectly, people flock eagerly to them and ask: "Do you speak Scotch?" as though it were a new tongue altogether.

And the girls? Many are very pretty. All clothes are very expensive; they cannot plume themselves like Canadian girls. Very few wear fur coats. In Canada if a girl does not have a fur coat by the time she is 21, she is a failure as a woman. Scot complexions are very good. But many of their hands are ugly—so many of the girls work in factories at the most menial tasks, and they don't seem to have Jergen's lotion and Duz around to soften those lily white hands. The Scot girl can fend life's dangers better than the Canadian girl; she is not so dependent on mother. Canadian girls are better educated though, that is in the poorer families. In a poor Canadian family the girl or the boy goes to grade eight anyhow; in most European countries she quits early, has to, to live, or she quits early to possibly walk the streets. Ask a Scot girl what happens to women in the tough Gorbals' district of Glasgow and she practically says: "The same as happens to women in the better districts, only they wear better clothes—that is before they are taken off." I don't mean to suggest that the morals of Scotland are low, but I mean to emphasize that Scot women do not exist on pedestals and they know what it is to get there feet wet away from mother... To prove that they are very good too I heard an amusing remark from a slight fellow: "I couldn't get anywhere with her—she was Roman Catholic."

We dislike the poor meals in Scotland and England. Even the Royal Scot cannot serve a meal that is one-fifth as good as in a C.P.R. diner, but of course you pay five times more for it! And everywhere there is no heat. All our rink dressing rooms were unheated. As a consequence there is a mild flu epidemic amongst our boys. This morning almost all feel poorly. Dick Gray is going to see a doctor to try to get some counteracting medicine. As a result we are what the modern world calls valetudinarians—fellows always anxious about their health.

The Royal Scot took us to Motherwell, Carstairs, Carlisle, Penrith, Lancaster (here we were right at the west coast and could see Morecombe Bay), Preston. We crossed the great Liverpool to Manchester canal, where the world's greatest wool loads go. It was odd seeing a small ocean craft inland. Warrington, Crewe and its great marshalling yards that the Luftwaffe aimed at, Stafford, by-passing Birmingham and Coventry, Rugby, Wolverton, Watford, to London's Euston station... The train was so crowded that two soldiers sat in the washroom, one on the sink, one on the bowl.

Bunny Ahearne met us and announced to cheers from us, that he had gotten games in Sweden for us. We will be going there

after Holland. We are glad. The food and central heating will be there.

In the evening we all ate at one of London's famous Lyon's Corner Houses (always on the corner). They are monstrous. In this one part maybe 500 people ate... The meal was only 3 shillings (45 cents).

That is Scotland over for us in our lives. In all ways it has left an impression.

OUR FIRST GAME IN LONDON AREA

MARBLE ARCH... The boys slept long, but not too comfortably... These Scottish colds were clinging to us... It was sort of home again to be back in London.

Still nursing themselves in the afternoon, the hockey players, most of them, did not wander far from Marble Arch. A nearby cinema was a place of rest.

A couple of us went to Trafalgar Square with the intent of calling in at Canada House. We signed the guest book and people that day had registered from all provinces in Canada. Canada must be a big country, for we recognized not a single name—it's silly the way you think you will know any Canadian whether he is from Toronto or Vancouver, when you are in a strange country... We went immediately into the reading room where they keep every Canadian newspaper and all Canadian magazines. It was a feast read.

Trafalgar Square is just about the heart of London, but it is more the heart of the Commonwealth. There is our own fine Canada House, there is the South Africa House, there is the Australia House, there are offices of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific. These places seem to stand like new, young giants.

While at the Square it was in our orbit to pay a visit to St. Martin's Church and the National Portrait Gallery. I remember the Gallery during the war when those precious old masters were stored in vaults in the country, for fear of air raids. All were back now. The portraits done by old masters are brilliant, but I found them dowdy after the show of "moderns" at Glasgow. And I was looking at priceless Titians, Rembrandts, Rubens, Velasquez, Tintoretto. Their colours were so dark and the world needs something gay now. The portrait women of Goya had more vivid colour and were spright. A few moderns like Van Gogh, Degas and Pissarro were around to refresh the afternoon—a distinct change from the constant religious themes and awe of God represented in the 15th to 17th. century schools. Then of course the best British artists were there: Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Reynolds, but I have always associated these portraitists—whoever of them are—with egocentric men and women of that rich class in England whose canvases of themselves hung flatteringly above their monstrous fireplaces in their huge manors.



I guess you don't believe that hockey players can have aesthetic afternoons too...

Later a couple of us dropped into Alberta House. Billy Gibson: "We're from L.A. too."

"Los Angeles?"

"No, Lethbridge, Alberta."

Two Lethbridge girls work in Alberta House. One is Shorty Malacko's sister; the other is the daughter of Major Singer.

After Alberta House I dropped out of the party to run over to St. James Church, Spanish Place, near Baker Street, to see a priest. A friend.

Yesterday I told you an impression of Scottish women. This father said interestingly to me: "Women are getting more respect in this world all the time, especially here in Europe when you remember their fight for equality. And do you know that it was the Blessed Virgin that gave this new respect to women. She started it. Before her woman was the plaything of man. His slave. Someone never to be seen. His satisfier. Now she walks with him in all dignity."

In our first game in the London area, at Streatham, we were beaten 3-2. Mallie Hughes' cold was so bad that he couldn't even speak. Gibson cracked: "Way he should be all the time." Sorokoski had to don the pads for the second time in a row. Siray was out with his cold. Others were suffering. Hec Negrello displayed the greatest of courage. His hip and groin pained him, but he went out there. I admire his guts. At the end of the second period I thought he was going to faint, but he still went for the third with determination. For whom was he doing it? For Lethbridge? For Canada? Or for himself to prove himself man as men do?

The huge rink tired us... We walked over 50 feet of carpet to get to the ice surface... The organist played O Canada.

Bunny Ahearne once again brought us mail. There was something there from almost every wife. The players devour those letters voraciously. Remembering Shakespeare's 'parting is such sweet sorrow', and the fact that man and wife being away from one another is sometimes sweeter than an enduring home relationship, you see that these letters from the Lethbridge wives are inspirational tonics.

Keep a steady flow of that medicine.

THE GAME AT RICHMOND, ON THE THAMES

MARBLE ARCH... The married gang yesterday morning were saturating their wives with letters... To remind them of Canada is Old Quebec Street, just around the corner from our Seymour St., at the back of the famous Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch.

At the afternoon cinema at Odeon we chose the second cheapest seats of 6 prices.

Another group went shopping, thought they would do Oxford St. completely, but went into Selfridge's, and before they could explore any farther, the afternoon escaped. "That place is bigger than Macy's," said Tom Wood... It was a beautiful afternoon, an afternoon that makes some Britishers walk around in their suits, but an afternoon that makes tough Canadians who are used to below temperatures, walk around in winter coats. Sensible thing though to wear in Hyde park. The Serpentine looked as though it could be swum in. Is it possible that it is the middle of January? Must be—those Oxford St. sales!

A group of us walked by Grosvenor Square... America in London. The place is packed with those cars that have America written all over them. And then in the Square is only one statue! Every time I look at it, it disgusts me. It is of Roosevelt. He stands. That's what irritates me. That president, who is down in history until one of the bombs ends this world, was a sedentary man, whose greater deeds than the fittest walking man still make me incredulous. But Eleanor insisted to the sculptor that he stand, so he stands—the only figure in Grosvenor Square, the Square that knew the GI, knew Eisenhower, the Square that Ambassador Winant sent a letter from.

Our bus took us to Richmond, Surrey for this game against the Earls Court Rangers. We cannot play in the London area; there are pantomimes and circuses that occupy the huge downtown arenas. But Richmond is just past Kew Gardens, at the Thames.

We were soundly beaten 5-1. Negrello, Hughes and Siray were out of the lineup. Hector came to the game to handle us from the bench and coached: "When a guy tries and makes a mistake, that's okay; but when he doesn't try and makes a mistake, that's not okay." Needless to say we miss Hector tremendously—you possibly know more why than I do.

The Richmond rink was too narrow, only 65 feet... In the same building they have a figure skating rink called the Arosa Club... We have not beaten an English team yet, will get other chances in February and March, and I hope our colds are better then, our injured players too.

An old Wembley fan came to see me. She is in her thirties (I wouldn't know for sure) and looks as if she has been growing each of those thirty years. But she has a heart of gold, is Wembley's greatest supporter. Sometimes I think it is her only pleasure in this life. She's a real character. At every game she wears a corsage of beautiful flowers, anything from orchids to the spring flowers she had last night. Isn't she so different from the Lethbridge fan? She can't, or won't, go to an ice-hockey match without her corsage. This game must be expensive for her.

Tomorrow Lethbridge flies to the continent. Lethbridge will be in France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Sweden. Has anyone ever advertised Lethbridge so well?

THE LAST DAY IN LONDON UNTIL MARCH

MARBLE ARCH... Mr. Bunny Ahearne gathered us in the lounge of Rose Court Hotel for an informal talk. He said we had been only moderately satisfactory... The strange country, the food, an injury and colds, had all gone to so make him title us... Mr. Ahearne cautioned us about the continent. We were to watch what we said, for the most insignificant of gossip might be used by one of the European countries as propaganda... Our schedule was to be tiring but it would make us fit for the world games in Paris. Dick Gray told Mr. Ahearne that we would rally to what was expected of us.

We spent most of this free day packing, so as not to take too much over the 44 lb. limit allowed by BEA for continental travel. Then most of us went to nearby Madame Tussaud's to see that gallery of wax figures. Lou Siray humoured everyone by asking the wax policeman for directions. We were a bit critical of the wax representations, did not effuse about them like other tourists. For instance it is a terrible resemblance of President Truman that stands. However it is difficult for Tussaud's to work when the honoured one only sends a photograph... During the war when I visited the gallery the Hitler and Mussolini gang were amongst the group of war leaders on the top floor. Now they are in the chamber of horrors. Beware of a similar fate, Joe!

All the figures stand in groups. But the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are the only ones that stand alone. In England no-one seems to love them—not even wax figures.

St. Laurent has replaced MacKenzie King. Barbara Ann Scott is in the sport section. They are the only honoured Canadians. Crerar is not amongst the war people any more.

After the wax show I had tea with an old friend, Lord Courtauld Thomson and this was the second time within the afternoon that St. Laurent's name was mentioned. His Lordship had just come from a dinner for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers and had met St. Laurent.

This is the preciseness of an upper English home. I had last visited that Berkeley Square Manor in 1949. Yesterday when I entered there was not one item that was not exactly as it was then, not even an ash-tray.

It would be a shame to be in London and not see the theatre. A group of us went to the Hippodrome at Leicester Square to see the Folies Bergere from Paris. In London it is variety theatre and not what you immediately think it is.

Well, that's London and England for a while. What most do we find bothersome? Yesterday Sinclair Lewis died and that American chose the words exactly for what we feel as people from North America. Lewis deplored the superciliousness of the English. But maybe we are too young... and only hockey players.

THE MAPLE LEAFS' AIR FLIGHT TO SWITZERLAND

BASLE... January 11th. was the day to fly to the continent. We were up early at Marble Arch because of necessity and because of excitement.

A bus drove us to the Kensington Air Terminal. Our baggage was weighed—we were within the limits... Another BEA bus drove us to Northolt Airport. Former airmen Gray, Negrello and Branch thought flying would be okay again.

Our flight was staggered half an hour... poor visibility, low cloud and rain. You could sense that a couple of boys felt uneasy, but in a big group there is always gayety, even if you are marching to the gallows.

Finally we climbed into a BEA Viking and flew immediately into the clouds. Milroy, Branch and Tom Wood, which was the first air trip ever for them, said the world just disappeared. And it did. Later we were above cloud at 7,500 feet, the navigator was pinpointing our position as Boulogne, and everything was fine. You are only afraid of the unknown. Even in the clouds after 15 minutes it was no longer an unknown sensation.

The boys call former airman Ken Branch Wing/Commander. During the flight the BEA captain let Ken and me fly the aircraft for a while. We also had former navigator Hec Negrello and Wireless Operator Dick Gray who could have formed an entire crew.

We flew the 500 miles to the Kloten airport at Zurich in less than 3 hours. "This is for us," said Bill Gibson. And it certainly was fast, being in England, passing over the Channel, going over France, by Luxembourg, in Switzerland—all in such a short time without "feeling" those places—. We had lunch in the air. Even in the air we do not care for English meals, but poor devils, they just haven't anything to feed you.

We put down... There was a little snow at Zurich. The sun shone, after the fog and rain of London. All the boys felt better in the more Canadian air.

The Swiss airport was humming and it was swarming with clean, smart attendants who took us through customs, stamped our passports. About 4 different languages were being spoken. We recognized the English out of the German, Swiss dialect, French, English.

A Swiss bus, that is so made to give you a visual thrill wherever you look, took us to the Zurich Central Station. We didn't even know why. They just herded us—we found out that they were holding the train to Basle for us, 80 kilometers away, on the French and German borders. It was an electric train, as most of the Swiss trains are, and very efficient.

Basle, which is almost in three countries, speaks those three languages. In fact in Switzerland it is spelt and known as Basel, in German it is Bâle, and you already know the English. A city of about 200,000, it is important for its chemical output, has a famous university connected with that line. That great river,

the Rhine, flows in not so great size here—just out of the Alps, and young.

We stay at the Hotel Euler. The food is excellent, but the prices are high, or American. Back in Canada it will be difficult for the Maple Leafs to accustom themselves to self-service. Someone is always doing something for you. A porter opens every door for you. The waiter at the table serves us with the greatest of etiquette and is offended, or thinks you bourgeois, if you do not let him handle everything. And the house porter, a very useful man in a European hotel, insists that he sticks on the stamps for the letters that the players write their wives. A guest should not stick on his own stamp, for he might embitter his tongue. Besides, this saliva method is repulsive, garcon...

The newspapers are in German and French. I read the French for some. All writeups and advertising are called propaganda for the match. In the German newspapers we are known as eishockeyspieler.

We are at cross-purposes with this new money. One Swiss franc is 25 cents of our own, but the 100 centimes that make a franc seems to confuse. In translation we only got 10 francs for an English pound, so you can see that the British pound is worth only 2.50 here and is not holding its own on the world market. The American dollar is supreme. Tourism, the country's greatest industry, even over watch making, brings those dollars in the wallets and pockets of Americans. Many American movie stars are here and they bask in this element where they are treated as though De Mille had cast the lavish scene for movie stars to be treated in the grand manner.

This is an expensive country. Every bit as high as the U.S. or Canada. We have only seen cheap watches—and time is the art of the Swiss. Beautiful wrist watches are down as low as 17 francs. Go to work mathematicians!

All the boys like this country. Landscapes as though they had been painted by Corot. Still rivers and gems of lakes. The prettiest mountains in the world. Clean attractive cities. Well dressed people. But as in any land of tourism there is degrading behavior. You know—a tourist behaves in another country as he sometimes would wish to in his own. Suisse is the Reno of Europe. The divorced come here. The exiled kings come. The idle rich come to evade what they come to evade.

For glamour there is a price, and sometimes with glamour the shoddy co-exists.

OUR FIRST GAME IN SWITZERLAND, AT BASLE

ZURICH... This story is again one of progression from the morning on, but in the first paragraph here I presage it and say now that in the evening we made for Canada almost a na-

tional disaster... we were beaten at our great Canadian game that we usually dominate.

The narration... In the morning the pony line and MacGregor were taken to a tower where they could be in one country and see two others. The others—France and Germany.

Back at lunch Malacko remarks that everyone has such good manners in Switzerland, even the lowest of people. I don't think he distinguishes it from this European subservience and condescension... All of us have been trying grappillon, a very sweet non-Alcoholic drink made from southern Swiss grapes. It is good.

In the afternoon after the usual letters from the wives and to the wives, we went walking. Air. Mobility.

We took a tram from the Central Square to the centre of the city—odd. This is decidedly a German town; more has seeped in from that frontier. The railroad station is Bundesbahnhof and all is in German. At the Historisches Museum we saw the historical oddments that would be priceless in America, but things that you associate with outside the walls in Europe... The Rathaus (town hall) is one of the most decorative I have seen, in startling orange, and paintings on the facade... We crossed the Rhine bridge and saw many others that span this artery. There was the Rheinhafen (Rhine harbour) at Basle and work was brisk. Beautiful restaurants overlook the river, at least the restaurant views and positions are remarkable... The Hauptpost (general post office) is majestic... Probably the most important building in a European town is the theatre; here the Stadttheater is something we know not in Canada... Even a Casino is at a street side... Then there was the art dealer on a side street, a shop that some Canadians do not know exists.

The shops are filled with goods that please the eye, but the prices are not pleasing... The service is incomparable. Go into a candy shop that is immaculate and this is what happens. The girl bids you good day. Make your selection of a chocolate candy from amongst a hundred. The cost is 30 centimes, about 7½ cents, the chocolate not quite as big as one of our bars. She picks the candy up in tongs, handling it like a jeweller with a 17 carat object. The candy is laid in white, wax paper. It is yours. The girl then runs to the door before you, opens it for you and wishes you a good afternoon.

Tommy Durling, former North Battleford Beaver, is the national hockey coach of Switzerland and he came in. Dick Gray was also speaking with Dr. Thoma, the president of the Swiss Hockey Federation. They expect Suisse to retain the European championship that they won last year.

Now it was game time against the Swiss All Star team. Taxis drove us to the rink. People were swarming into place... The skating rink is an artificial outdoor affair. People sit in an enclosed grandstand on one side; there are bleacher seats on the two other sides that run right up a mountain. On the other side they built a special grandstand on ice, ice that is there to make two adjacent rinks for general and figure skating.

That crowd was tremendous. There were about 16,000. They



were packed in right up that mountain side. For all I know they might have been sitting on the Matterhorn looking at this game. Gray asked Rimstad if he had ever played before such a mob. Whitey said, "Sure. During the whole 1949-50 season!"

The teams lined up for both national anthems. The Swiss one has the same tune as God save the King... A dozen photographers flashed their bulbs while we stood at attention... The Swiss players looked resplendent in the red sweaters with the red cross of Switzerland over their hearts.

While we were still lined up the captains of both teams presented each other with a bouquet of carnations mixed with that Alp flower, the Edelweiss. Imagine the Native Sons presenting the Regina Pats with flowers! After the presentation of flowers each side gave the other three cheers.

The game was tied until the final period. We were trying to cope with the European refereeing system. Hec Negrello was playing but his injury is temporarily destroying the line as you once knew it in Lethbridge. The Swiss rapped in 4 fast goals in the last ten minutes and soundly defeated us 6-2.

I have never seen such a pall of sorrow in a dressing room. We thought it was a disgrace for Canada. But it is a long way to go. The championships are in Paris. That's where it will count. Besides, an Allan Cup team was defeated in Switzerland.

The Swiss people were jubilant in their victory. We were told that it was the finest game that they had ever seen, but you know that with victory you can be generous. The game was fast—no bodychecking had both sides skating atomically, and the no contact of bodies had the Swiss style of lateral passing working effectively.

Recognize the fact that European ice-hockey is coming along.

A DAY IN ZURICH

DOLDER GRAND HOTEL, ZURICH... On Saturday, the 13th. of January, the Maple Leafs had arisen in Basle. The morning papers commented on the game of the night previous. And it was odd to us that they stressed, more than the manner of the game, that we had been sportsmanlike losers. Leo Durocher's concept of 'to win only' and let the other side be the sportsmanlike losers would not be received here.

We boarded a through train to Zurich. Mallie Hughes said, "Day train to Zurich", remembering the film with that other diurnal period.

The 80 kilometre ride (we have learnt to divide by five-eighths) took us one hour, to the Central Station. As always there was a bus to meet us and a man to direct.

Two hundred metres above the half million metropolis of Zurich was our hotel, the Dolder Grand Hotel—in this case you would say "on the upskirts of the city."

What a hotel! Malacko asked, "Is this William Tell's castle?" Karl Sorokoski: "I wonder if we have to take off our shoes."

It was that splendid. They say the finest hotel in Zurich, one of the best in Switzerland, although the Baur au Lac Hotel in downtown Zurich has a much greater social life.

There are sweeping staircases, grand lounges, luxurious games' and reading rooms, the best of dining rooms... The hotel also has a 9 hole golf course, and just behind, a swimming pool on which artificial waves are created. Then of course there is the ice rink, open air, and made to seat 14,000... Beautiful woods about... Bridle paths.

The dining room is the finest room in the hotel. It is huge, lavish, and the cuisine is the best... The windows look to the south and from there is one of the best panoramic views of Zurich. Far away the Alps can be seen; below is the pretty Lake Zurich and also Zurich, one of the prettiest cities in the world.

Of the dining room Whitey Rimstad joked: "This is better than Slim's Joint, eh?"

After lunch Dick Gray took the entire team for a limbering up walk. The baseball players also limbered up their arms with snowballs of the little snow that there was. In the town below it was 40 above... Below it is above; above it is below.

A Swiss friend of mine, and later two more Swiss friends, Bob Egli, André and Madame Spira, drove me and showed me Zurich. There was the University (some Canadian students), the Grossmuenster Cathedral of the beautiful spires that identifies Zurich like the Eiffel Tower does Paris. The Theatre. The Opera House. About the Lake. It was all so beautiful, and that way because it has taken centuries to make beauty... Tea at Baur au Lac.

In the evening was our official introduction to Switzerland. The town of Zurich and Swiss Ice-Hockey Federation threw a banquet for us and the Swiss team in the Zimmerleuten restaurant. This is the old part of Zurich, and the restaurant—very famous—itsself dates back to the 12th. century. Bands of workers used to unionize themselves, meet here to discuss, drink and eat. Our banquet room was the former wood workers' room.

Before the dinner there was a long table of every imaginable drink, but we are in training now and all we could sample was the grappillon, the lemonade, the grapefruit juice.

At the dinner table all the players' and all the guests' names were on cards. There were magnificent souvenir menus, with a hockey player drawn on them.

There were speeches. A town councillor presented each of us with a book of Zurich, illustrated vividly. Dr. Thoma, the president of the Swiss Ice Federation, gave each of us an engraved lighter—a magnificent gift. He introduced the man who had scored the first Swiss goal against Canada in these international games... Previously, when the Swiss were first starting with ice-hockey, they were always shut out, so this man feels proud of his achievement. Perhaps the score then was 25-1.

Dr. Kraatz also spoke—the former world ice-hockey president, predecessor of Dr. Hardy. He told us how the game originated

in Switzerland... It seems that during the first war—1917—a few Canadians were prisoners of war and held in Switzerland. To pass away their imprisonment time they would play ice-hockey. The game amazed the Swiss, who always before only played bandy, and knew nothing of this game that would be so associated with their ice of winter. Always the Canadians have been masters of the game for the Swiss—that is until last night! Hello pupil.

Representing the Canadian legation at Berne were Mr. Lamontagne and his charming wife. He stressed that the Canadians had created an awful lot of good will in Switzerland, were great friends and competitors of theirs.

Dick Gray spoke on behalf of the team, thanked the Swiss for the extreme generosity they were showing us.

Class us now as gourmets. We ate and ate of the endless courses. The chief chef is one of the best in Switzerland and he had created a fine hockey player out of sugar that was ostentatiously presented on a platter.

Isn't it sad when you think of all these wonderful things that we have experienced, and yet the most important thing of all—a win in our last three games—has been denied us.

OUR GAME IN ZURICH

HOTEL ESPLANADE, MUNICH... Yesterday, Sunday, Jan. 14th. we arose early at the Dolder Hotel in Zurich. Our game was in the afternoon. At breakfast the view was sensational from the dining room. The Alps were perfectly visible. "Like seeing the Rockies towards Waterton Lakes," said Ken Branch.

Again we were to play the Swiss national team. The ice rink was just behind the Dolder Hotel. Before we arrived the people were all there, nearly 15,000 on this warm day in beautiful sunshine. We thought the sun would glare in our eyes, especially the goalie's, but it didn't, and it was like playing on an outdoor school rink back in Lethbridge.

Back in Lethbridge kids sometimes climb rafters to get an unobstructed view of a hockey game. At Zurich they climbed huge firs to the highest of vantage points and sometimes hundreds of feet from the rink. But they saw the game.

Again before game time the bouquets of flowers were presented by the rival captains, and we stood for the national anthems. This time they played the "Maple Leaf Forever", not our national anthem but certainly a fine tribute to us—the Maple Leafs... Four more bouquets of flowers were presented to four Swiss players for their outstanding contribution to the sport in Switzerland. We were presented with pins by the Federation. Most of us will require an extra bag to carry our gifts and booty from Europe, if they keep being this generous.

We beat them 3-1. Mallie Hughes was well enough to play goal after an absence of 4 games. Fans thought he looked like William Bendix. This is our second movie-star look-alike. Previously Dick Gray had gotten quite a spread in the London papers that he looked like Randolph Scott. I hope they don't find a Boris Karloff amongst us!

At the end of the game a giant rocket was exploded and the Swiss flag came floating down under a parachute. It was a terrific surprise for the huge crowd that had been sitting in the afternoon sun... The Swiss sun is different from Canada's. It really warms you and it is wonderful to be out, yet it does not melt the snow appreciably, so you can enjoy the elements of winter while still enjoying a wonderful sun that bespeaks fall.

We are glad that we have gotten on the win side.

With Swiss friends after the game I was discovering more of Zurich and the Swiss people. We had tea and dinner at the Baur au Lac Hotel (one of the best in Europe) and the Schiff-lande Restaurant. In that city sector, as in other parts of Europe, I find that what is most here of America, are the automobiles, the cigarettes and coca-cola. And they seem to be universal. Of course the American films are everywhere, too.

Does this portend anything? They say that the Swiss stored up huge quantities of food before the last war so they could live in neutrality well. They have done the same thing now. They have again prepared for a cornucopia of neutrality. Their storehouses are filled again with surpluses that will carry them through another war in comfort. They think world war again will be in four years.

There are no Communists here. At least very few. The country does not spend too much time in politics and ideologies. They know they are small and they try only to live well in that smallness.

But there is a militia. Swiss soldiers for frontier duty—maybe. And the more shrewd of businessmen here, or the mercenary, buy American war surpluses like the trucks that have been left here from the war, sell them to Italian interests who polish them up, then send them behind the iron curtain. How on earth do the Americans let them get away with this kind of stuff? It's just like the days when they sold scrap iron to Japan, but this is even more serious—it's already a finished product, a war product, and everyone knows on whom the people behind the iron curtain mass.

But we are hockey players. I am, so forget this temporarily and think of the fine good will we have created here for Canada. Dick Gray opened a telegram from the Hotel manager at Basle, congratulating us on our win—a fine gesture from a Swiss friend.

And who can think of Communism when only yesterday we were overwhelmed with Swiss food and I was eating goose liver at the Schifflande. Think of Communism when you only eat a spoon full of rice for a day...



THE MAPLE LEAFS GO TO GERMANY

E SPLANADE HOTEL, MUNICH... January 15th found us on the day train to Munich—from Zurich. There was snow and it changed to rain as our trip went on. Almost a spring rain, for it splashed at our carriage.

You'll remember that our Zurich stay was at the Hotel Dolder where everything is tailormade, especially the cuisine, for Phillip Mountbatten. Well, this train to Munich, although a good European train, had no diner, only a boy who is like a Canadian newsy. Only this fellow was bringing around long German weiners and bread. We said to each other: "Hans, prepare for lunch." So you can see that we at once enjoy the best, then it is not so good. But that's interesting.

And the train ride introduced us to a new money. We have all kinds in our pockets now. We feel like miniature Lloyds of London... It was the German mark. One is worth 25 cents. There are 100 pfennigs (I bet most of the boys do not spell it like this) in one mark. But the headache does not cease there. That is not the only new monetary difficulty. As you know, Munich is in the American zone of Germany, and when we went to The American Way (sort of a Red Cross Home for the boys), we had to have American occupation marks to buy anything. And we wanted to buy. The Yanks really know how to live. They bring the things of home to wherever they go. We were pleased to read the latest sport news of America and Canada in the Stars and Stripes.

Back to the train however... The Swiss scenery was beautiful. There were towns like Winterthur, Wil, St. Gallen, then we rode alongside Boden Lake, a pretty lake of the north. Soon we came to St. Margrethen where we crossed the Austrian border. There was the check of passports and one or two remarks about S.S. troops from us. Austria also borders Lake Boden and our short ride through that pretty bit of that country was enjoyed.

Bregenz was in Austria, then we crossed the German border at Lindau. Germany is still to be reckoned a great country, for you could see the new excitement of us hockey players to cross this border. And every time you think of Germany you seem to think of war. Just like every time you think of Switzerland you think of tourists, watches and peace.

We came to towns of Bavaria along the track: Rothenbach, Immenstadt, Kempten, Buchloe.

Soon we saw heavy bomb damage and heavy concentration of railroad tracks. We knew we were in Munich, or Munchen as it is known in the Reich. The RAF and the Americans had hit this city hard. The scars are there. When we got to the immense station you could see how this was an important target. But it is being repaired. They were working hard on it.

A man from Berlin, (he says the Russki sector) who is the German ice boss, met us, and his costume was Bavarian... you know, knickers like Bobby Jones or Gene Sarazen, and that odd

vest. Photographers snapped us grouped around him and Dick Gray... This man took the German team to Lake Placid for the 1932 Olympics, says he met Roosevelt when he was governor of New York, presidential aspirant with his New Deal, and honorary president of the Ice Olympics.

As we got into the concourse of the station, the loud speakers blared in English a welcome to the Canadians from the city of Munich. We wended our way to the Esplanade Hotel and gaped at the buildings that weren't there, or were being re-built—the repairable things of war. We also saw the irreparable things of war, men with limbs off, eyes out. They draw sympathy more in Europe more than any other place, for here they are shaggy, badly clothed, don't seem to be looked after by the governments. They are casualty and they stay casualty, using the casualty to beggar them a living. That is mostly what looks horrid.

We had our first German dinner at the hotel. They laugh here, as they do in other countries, when we say that their food is much better and more plentiful than it is in England. That is a continental joke... With the meal, as is the German custom, they brought us huge mugs of beer, but Dick Gray had them taken away... They just brought the food; none of us can read the German menu... Terry McGibbon joined us; he is a Canadian that coaches at Garmisch and he gave us some of the lowdown on the country.

American troops walk around. They are very handy for conversation and direction. They showed us their American Way and part of this city from which Hitler began his climb, or you could say descent. They showed us the Beer Garden for instance. Huge beers are served. There are many tables. Men and women with forlorn faces that attempt gayness, seem to gather. They drink and talk. Sometimes they get up to jitney dance, for which plays what we would call an "umpa" band. It is good to see. It is good to remember.

The Yanks took us to Karlsplatz, the heart of this city. Some new buildings have come up, but we of the Western world who knew no bomb damage, still exclaim at that and that nasty hole... Men ask us if we have American dollars to change for marks.

To this scarred city flock people from the Russian zone, until the population is now over 800,000. I spoke to a Russian camp victim in Polish, and he says it is too late for the world, when I quizz him about Communism. So: world of undamaged cities, how silly you are if you go to war and possibly make your cities like Munich...

OUR FIRST GAME IN GERMANY

NEUE POST HOTEL, FUSSEN... Herman Kleeberg is the name of this man who is the honorary president of the German Skating Association. At 75 he is the typical robust German of good humour. He is entirely responsible for ice-hockey



in Germany. In 1908 he introduced the game to Germany and Central Europe. He is acquainted with clubs like Victoria, Montreal, Edmonton Superiors, Saskatoon Quakers and the Trail Smoke Eaters. While in Germany he is looking after us.

In the morning a number of us had our hair trimmed by a Munich barber. Everyone got quite a kick out of a hair net being placed over Mallie Hughes' hair while he was in the chair. And a manicurist can be quite a girl at your fingertips... When we came to get our hair cut, the barbers almost evicted others from the chairs, so we could be first served. I don't like this in Germany. The stronger or the more important always get their way. We have noticed this catering before. On the train that newsy saved sausages for the "bigger" Germans and they pushed by us in a line. You know what you would do to a barber if he let someone ahead of you, even if it were Mayor Turcotte.

For lunch we were taken to the Rathaus (town hall) where the city of Munich gave us a banquet. We were presented with books of Munich beautifully inscribed to the Lethbridge Maple Leafs and signed by the Oberbürgermeister (mayor). The crest of the city of Munich was on them.

There was a chief address by a man who represented the Bavarian government and who acted in the stead of the mayor. He spoke in English and we thought it a fine speech. Distinctly he said that after the war Germany was suffering a sort isolation, but he was happy to see teams like Canada coming to compete and offer their hands in friendship. He asked us to take back to the Canadian people the idea that Germany wants to be friendly to us, and not because of the material help we can give them... He told us that their beautiful city of Munich was still bleeding of war wounds, but they had rebuilt some of it, cleaned up all the mess, and they will rebuild it to its former splendour.

Dick Gray spoke in return and said that we were happy to start at Munich with our German tour.

Then we were taken on a bus tour of the city. It has been our most informative ride since we have been in Europe. And realize who were our attendants and guides. The bus company manager was there, he a former German officer who had fought in Italy. The chauffeur was one who did the same for German high brass. The English speaking guide was an army man who had been captured in Normandy and had spent 2 years as a P.O.W. in New Jersey—where he had learnt his English.

We still keep exclaiming about the bomb damage, those ugly scars of war. The Allies had done this damage near the end of the war. It seemed that some high-up had said: "There's a plum of a city in southern Germany that we have scarcely touched... let's give it hell."

The building that most identifies Munich is the Frauenkirche (cathedral) and it is being restored painstakingly. At beautiful St. Michael's, most famous Renaissance structure north of the Alps, people pray, possibly more reverently than they do in Lethbridge, but of course there is more to ask for here. The Art Gallery and the Museums stand, damaged, but again to be enjoyed.

On the way we stopped at the AFN studios where the Americans broadcast to all of Europe. Dick Gray, Bill Gibson and Hec Negrello were interviewed. They came out to say, "The Yanks sure toss the bull."

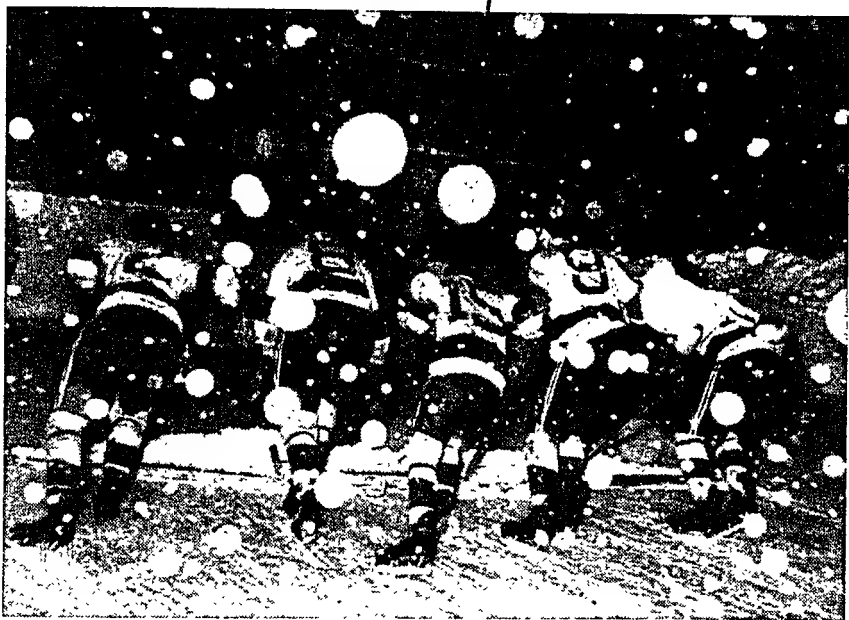
Because Munich is where Hitler started and where the Nazi party began, we were vitally absorbed in anything that might tell us of Hitler. The Germans are extremely reticent about this subject. No one wants to talk of him. And there is nothing to commemorate that famous, or infamous, man... The Americans have seen to that. They have left nothing that reminds the people of Hitler or the Nazi party. You know how they blew up Berchtesgaden because he had a home there. That home could harm no one but it was blown higher than the Empire State. Here in Munich Munichians cannot understand why one of their most beautiful buildings was blown up by Americans just because it was built by Hitler's favorite architect... We went by the beer garden where Hitler began his pustche. There is not even a smudgy chalk mark to spell out Hitler's name, and he the man so responsible for the war and everything that war made. Even at his favorite restaurant where he met his caucus of Goering, Hess and Goebels, and Zimmler, there is nothing. This is the American purge, the American eradication of anything that would make the people speak of Hitler. But suppression is not egression entirely, and by this they may only be deifying the man. Ban Forever Amber and it will only sell more copies. I think there is absolutely no doubt about it that some day Germany will have the statues of Hitler and other kinds of kudos everywhere that will honour him. Even though no one cares to whisper or discuss about Hitler, after constant questioning I got that P.O.W. from New Jersey to say the word Hitler. He said the name as a saint would taking the name of the Lord in vain for the first time. He uttered it in a whisper as though he had trespassed on high property and had vilified himself.

On our tour, even though the suppression and hush-hush of "him" is apparent, we still inquired just where he trod. We were shown the Hall of Generals, the place erected by Hitler as a sort of catafalque to 13 generals of Hitler who were killed when he was making his rise in Munich. During his time a guard stood here and made every passing German salute. Of course that is not done now; some might possibly spit though for not even an American guard stands there.

Then there was the Konigs Platz (Square of Kings) where three magnificent buildings are, in the nature of museums and libraries. In this square 300,000 Munichians used to mass to listen to Hitler as the S.S. troops led the heils.

"Why are you so impressed with S.S. troops?" asked our P.O.W. "They were only ordinary men like me."

We photographed our entire team standing where Hitler stood and some of us fooled around with the salute. I wonder what these that were with him thought of us as we behaved now. They seemed amused, but can you ever see into a man's heart? or into someone's heart that was a contemporary of Ilse Koch?



The unbelievable conditions under which the Maple Leafs played, small rinks, in snow, in rain, on treacherous soft ice, at high altitudes. Here Dick Gray, Hec Negrello, Nap Milroy, Stan Obodiac and Tom Wood clean the ice after every five minutes play during a snow at the Olympic Rink in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany...

The famous opera house is under repair. The theatre did not take such a bad beating... One of Munich's favorite sons is disliked for finding sanctuary in America, but his literary works (Thomas Mann) are admired... That's what the Americans should have done: find disgust with Hitler, but admired the architecturally splendid buildings that he created or used... At the huge park area is the statue of woman, 78,000 tons of Turkish gun metal, cast to glorify the state of Bavaria. We saw Lenbachvilla, the house of the well known painter, the towering peace monument that was scratched by bombs of war... how ironical! We crossed the Isar River that makes Munich so beautiful.

Even at our pre-game dinner the last war did not escape us. A German who had been a P.O.W. at Lethbridge came to see us. He had been captured at Tobruk, was captive 5 years and 14 days, most of it at Medicine Hat and Lethbridge. "A long time," Tom Wood said, and he answered, "Yes. But all is forgotten now." I have never seen such an amazing profundity in eyes. He remembers some people in Lethbridge that were kind to him (those that worked in that camp) and now he is back in Munich, a Munich that he scarcely recognized, where 60,000 of his fellow citizens had been killed, three times the population of Lethbridge.

We wondered how we were going to play our first game in Germany, at Munich. It was snowing, but the game was not called,

as baseball would be for rain. In that outdoor "stadium" it snowed lightly all the time we played. Jack Sumner was refereeing and Tom Wood is out of the lineup for a few games with a bruised arm. We beat the Riesseree Club of Garmisch 4-1, missed a million goals in that snow, while a crowd of 8,000 looked on, Americans in the crowd riding us with their Brooklyn accents... The lighting was so poor that Billy Gibson said, "This must be the place that Alladin come from."

Just before the game we were presented with a magnificent silver stein. It is beautiful. Work done on it as though it were done by a Cellini. Engraved. Wait until you see it when we return!

We are finding the German hockey players, like all the Europeans, are very strong with their hands and that they sweep-check very effectively, and they are in excellent condition.

Munich is the city of Hitler. We hope that we can dispell the deeds of Hitler by our friendly international sport. This is the right way. We play them when once we fought them.

LEAFS IN GERMANY

NEUE POST HOTEL, FUSSEN... January 17th was another day of experience like we have never had before. We got on a bus at Munich in the morning for the 100 kilometre drive to Fussen, small town to the south of the Bavarian Alps.

All the way we listened to the American Forces Network station at Munich. It is the greatest musical station in the world. For the American forces in Europe they play continuously the latest discs. Tom Wood said, "Just like a shot in the arm—or a letter from home."

We drove through the very heavy Forstenrieder Forest Park to the south of Munich. The snow scenes were indescribable. Soon the magnificent Bavarian Alps were visible and we came on to Starnberg, then Weilheim. And we were close to Augsburg where this very day Ilse Koch was sentenced to life imprisonment; possibly the foulest woman ever known in history. We saw beautiful Bavarian castles that seemed like something out of a fairy tale that Disney would put on a screen. Ever we went upwards, to finally Fussen, a sport town of 10,000.

Our hotel is the Neue Post. In the afternoon Gray and Sorokoski were buying Bavarian smoking pipes. Gibson and Negrello were down at the waterfall and looking for where they ski.

At four o'clock another reception was given in our honour. This time it was the Americans who took over. The Seventy-Seven Artillery squadron is here, a young colonel in charge, along with Major Adams and Major Watkins.

The first speech was by a representative of the American high commissioner.



More Books

The Fussen burgermeister presented us with books on this pretty Bavarian town. (Each of us will soon own a library!) He asked us, when we go back to Canada, to spread the word and recommend this pretty winter sports place to tourists. Like Munich he was glad that Germany was back again in the international sport picture.

The Fussen hockey club presented us with their metal team badges.

Dick Gray responded for us. He drew a nice round of applause when he said that he honestly believed that Germany will be ready for world ice competition in a couple of years.

They knew we were coming and they baked a cake. And what a cake! Done in usual American big style. It was three feet in diameter. The American, German and Canadian flags were iced on it. The Fussen captain and our captain, Hec Negrello, were photographed cutting the first piece with a Douglas Fairbanks' sword... We had our best cup of coffee since we left Lethbridge. Give credit to the Americans who entertained us in a strange country.

At the hockey game we saw the greatest display of fan following ever. Out of this small town 6,000 came to watch the game and they stood in a steady rain that resembles an Alberta April shower.

We gave our best display so far, winning 10-4, drenching ourselves completely in the rain. As far as we were concerned that was one for Ripley. At the start of the third period a photographer snapped Mallie Hughes holding an umbrella over his head in the net while we gave him warm-up shots. Incredible?

Hec Negrello's injury is now of the past. He is flying once again. Four goals against Fussen, three the other night against Munich. Billy Gibson was slightly bruised, but came back to play and is okay.

MAPLE LEAFS VISIT A BAVARIAN CASTLE

GOLF HOTEL SONNENBICHL, Garmisch-Partenkirchen... Yesterday we thought we were living in a different age. We were still at Fussen, the night previous hockey aches were with us, but soon our geographical position was forgotten, and any corporal demand also.

To just outside Fussen we were driven by our bus to a castle. It seemed a fairy castle that Disney would create for his prince in Cinderella, nestled up amongst the pines at a mountainside with mountain streams plunging from great heights, and a narrow road leading ever upwards to it.

We determinedly climbed that road. Our guide was a school-teacher who teaches languages to high school students. He said

his pupils wanted him to remember everything we said, so he could narrate to them of the Canadians from far away.

They call this castle Königsschloß Neuschwanstein. The translation is difficult, but those words suggest that it is the king's castle built in a new era and it uses the swan as the symbol of this fine part of Bavaria. It is the most fantastic castle in Europe, the greatest of several that Ludwig II built in Bavaria. We saw the smaller castle at low level where Ludwig was brought up and it was there where he vowed in childish determination and dream that one day—way up high there—he would build the greatest castle ever.

For young King Ludwig the Bavarians began to build this castle in 1869, so you can see that it is not a medieval castle. It is all of marble that the Bavarians dragged up the mountainside from quarries below. For 17 years they toiled to plans laid out by an artist, not an architect, marble rounded and built in the most picturesque towers and additions that Ludwig would dream up. They say he had quarters at the castle so he could watch his phantasmagorical dream grow. No one knew, or knows, the cost of erection, or how many men toiled there... Ludwig never released the figures for fear that the people would rise in anger at his spendthriftiness. Some quibbled about this outlandish dissipation of money, but he said, "It is better to build castles than fight wars." You must remember that he built 3 or 4 others about Bavaria and it offered employment for thousands of labourers.

All of us stood in awe at that castle. Dick Gray and Tom Wood said that the trip to Europe for only this sight was well worth it.

Once in a while you read or hear legends about a man that completely engrosses you. That is what I saw about this castle, what a different man this Ludwig was. Most of the hockey players were marvelling at the castle interior, but I was always thinking about the man interior who built the castle, for there seemed to be a definite purpose for each marble rock, each lavish decoration and adornment.

Look at Ludwig as the dreamer. As the romantic. As the man with soul. As a man with fantastic ideas that some of us would consider insane because we in our smaller beings cannot perform them. For instance in the castle you would come to the king's room. A great German love poet is in painting with possibly one of the girls he wrote stanzas for. In another painting Venus is with her lesser women taunting man. Then Ludwig was obsessed with Richard Wagner and his music. In fact Ludwig gave money to Wagner to work on his new compositions. He was his patron. And everywhere you see the works of Wagner in painting. You see that sybaritic man in Tannhauser repenting before the Pope. You see Lohngreign on his magnificent horse. You also see that man painting, of German legend, who used to sleep with every bride-to-be before the day of the wedding.

Ludwig also loved the hero. In one hall the life of Siegfried is portrayed—fighting the dragon, his gigantic sword being made,

his encounter with the magic woman, his death by an assassin, his cremation.

Ludwig must have loved nature and the outdoors. That is why he built this castle in the choicest of Bavarian beauty. Even in the castle the outdoors was simulated. Right next to his room a grotto was built, so he could step in there any time and be amongst rocks, ruggedness, and even hear an artificial mountain stream that cascaded over the stones.

The theme of the swan is all through the castle. It is in the gold and silver embroidery of tapestries and seat covers. It is in every door, every metal work, but each work is different, like the 1,500 different carvings in one room. Blue and white are also represented meaningfully, for that was the wide sky to Ludwig.

We photographed the hockey team in the royal room. In the floor of mosaics there are 3,000,000 different pieces! and gold covers many things. We thought we were walking around Fort Knox. We gasped when we saw this room and we kept gasping as we went to the royal ballroom. There is nothing duplicated, every room is different, every piece in the room different. Ludwig must have pursued difference with a savagery.

I have been all through Windsor Castle. It is wonderful but I always know it as a castle of a human king. This Neuschwanstein Castle I see as a castle of a fairy king.

Consider this history. Judge then the castle. The fantasy... Ludwig was a bachelor. But obviously he must have known that the other sex existed. He was an athlete, a very strong swimmer, a hunter. Almost as great as the visions he had from his drive force of soul, was his love for the music of Wagner. And he imagined himself as some of the characters. I suppose he was always trying to find himself, seeking the elusive, recognizing God but somehow seeing Him insufficient so he could consecrate his own being to supplant that insufficiency.

One time Ludwig saw a drowning child. The way that life was extinguished seemed to fascinate him—the boy struggling, the waters demanding, the outstretched arm, the fingers spread before the final submergence. Ludwig said: "That is the way I would like to go." Well, one day, when he was 42 years of age, he was swimming, like he loved to, in Lake Starnberg, and the waters claimed him. Many say that it was suicide, as he had been in a state of despondency and they remembered the prophetic statement of his own about the boy.

There he was... gone. He had lived only 2 years in Neuschwanstein Castle. That is insignificant though, for he knew he wanted to build it, and he built it.

I consider him a great man. But there is one thing that he knew nothing about, and that is that it is okay to build castles, to dream and to live, but scratch out despondency—persevere until the end, for beyond the end there is something even finer than castles.

That's the saga of Ludwig. That's sufficient for a day, but we have more than that in a day... Over icy roads our bus took us

to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the fancy German resort where we are to play our next game.

We went through Oberammergau and every building there seemed religious. In the summer 6,000 jam from all the world for the 7 hour performance of the Passion Play, every day. It is difficult to see that Germany has Oberammergau and yet they make war. The paradox. Maybe Ludwig tried to figure this out.

At Garmisch we are in the midst of the German sport week. And we are part of it. In the afternoon the bobsled competitions were held. Tomorrow 9 nations will be competing in the ski events. On Sunday there is jumping. Tonight we play hockey.

Immediately we were taken to the Eisstadion. It is the finest we have yet seen in Europe, of the open air kind. It is created in splendor, masts for flags, grandstand to hold 10,000, two rinks backed to one another.

Again there were presentations. A booklet with an introduction from John McCloy, the American High Commissioner for Germany. This is the American Forces' Leave Centre and they are here in numbers. There was also a silk bobushka of Garmisch, and another of those badges that are collector's items. Mallie Hughes says he is giving them all to his ski-ing brother.

At night we were guests of a professional figure skating show... There is something for every period of the day. It rained steadily. But those performers are real troupers. While we were under grandstand they skated in a freezing temperature, as a rain pelted the women in their strapless costumes. The night before we had played hockey under the same circumstances.

Over the microphone system they introduced that we were in the crowd—the Lethbridge Maple Leafs. Photographers took our pictures applauding the skaters. The Germans are really interested in Lethbridge; for that matter so are all the countries that we play in. Before we arrive they study encyclopedias to find out about Alberta and Lethbridge. They are very interested to know from where we come. Of course some of our stories, in the natural love for Lethbridge, are sometimes quite tall, so some of the people begin to believe that Lethbridge is even finer than that Neuschwanstein Castle.

Later we were invited to a dance in our hotel, with women supplied, but we declined, for we are insistent to try to make for Lethbridge what we propagandize for it.

THE MAPLE LEAFS ARE PART OF THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTS WEEK

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN... In this famous German winter resort we are part of the International Sports Week. The athletes of about 12 different nations have come for this great week to compete in bobsledding, skiing, ski-jumping, figure skating, and twice the Lethbridge Maple Leafs of Canada

are billed for ice-hockey in the Eisstadion that was host to the Winter Olympics of 1936.

We are at the Golf Hotel Sonnenbichl. The name is difficult to pronounce, but some of our wits call it by a name that Canadians would recognize more than the Germans... It also seems to be a pet word with Harry Truman.

Of course the weather has partially disrupted the winter games. There is snow, and rain, almost always, but nothing seems to deter the European athlete and we Canadians are showing them that the west hemisphere has some hardy specimens too.

In the afternoon we took our bus to the Skistadion where the skiers of nine different nations competed in jumping. Besides the 75 year old Mr. Herman Kleeberg who is always with us, we have as guide here in Garmisch, Von Rose, former Messerschmitt 109 G pilot, who was prisoner in England after he had shot down 3 of our planes. Both his legs were broken then. Now when he speaks to us in English nothing but his English is broken—not even his spirit. He is different from the injured German war hero we met in Fussen who says he will kill himself before he will fight another war against the Russians. I think he meant it.

What a spectacular place is that Garmisch Skistadion! We looked up at the terrifically high jump and Shorty Malacko said: "A guy would have to have a lot of guts to go off there." Don MacClean said: "I might try it with a parachute." This stadium is done in the German pompous manner, as the Eisstadion. The Skistadion holds 50,000 and there are sculptured figures to make the place impressive. The German people also seem to have a mania for flying flags and pennants. In the Stadium are huge masts to hold big, colorful flags. It is surprising how a few flags can give a place an uplift of greatness.

Due to snowfall the skiers were using the smaller jump and the Austrians and Finns seemed to be getting the greatest distances at about 60 metres (about 190 feet).

Joe Schwoltz, cameraman from Toronto who is photographing Europeans skiing, this in preparation for Canada's skiers at the next Olympics, got us in his technicolor camera. A couple of the boys "fixed" themselves for the movie camera, as others kidded, "What are you trying to do, take Laurence Olivier's job away?" And, "Does Twentieth Century Fox need any more talent?" Joe would get us in his camera, then switch to the skiers whom we watched. He also took a 100 feet of closeup on Dick Gray. I don't know if we are a very photogenic bunch—you'll see however for Joe says that the shorts will be shown across Canada.

As usual there were Americans in great numbers. Their winter clothing that is issued was envied by all.

Next came our hockey game, at 20.00 uhrs, in the Olympia Eisstadion as part of this Sports Week. Before the game High Commissioner for Germany, John McCloy, presented trophies to the winning skiers of the afternoon. We were presented with a pennant and a Garmisch plaque.

As far as we were concerned that game was played again under

farcical conditions. It snowed the entire three periods. At one time it was so heavy that they cleaned the ice every five minutes! We were pulling sleeper plays as they do in football. The Americans were cheering us. In Canada a fan voices his disapproval by booing at any unsportsmanlike act. In Germany when a fan does not condone the misdemeanors, he whistles and it sounds like a sibilant hiss of indignation. In that snowstorm we won 4-1, our fourth victory in a row.

At the end of the second period it was mail call. In Germany we had had none. Now here it was at the game and numbers of letters had accumulated. Nap Milroy is the champion letter-getter; he got 12! Don MacLean received 7. Everyone was quite happy with the mail and didn't care whether it snowed glaciers for the third period. Even the two expectant fathers, Tom Wood and Bill Chandler, had good news. Their wives' health in gestation is very satisfactory, so now these two do not have to carry the burden of worry so much, and it is a burden when you are 6,000 miles from your wife.

Those of you who do not write letters or do not receive them are missing one of the pleasures of this world. Ask any Maple Leaf. And believe with us that Garmisch-Partenkirchen with letters from home is the quintessence of winter resorts. Is St. Moritz listening?

After the game we relaxed in the lobby of our Golf Hotel Sonnenbichl. Some of gang smoked their Bavarian pipes, others made statements that everyone in Bavaria walks around in ski boots, no matter where. Some re-read their mail, read some of the Herald write-ups that were sent to them, and some listened to that Danish orchestra that plays for dances. The male singer was a little off key in an English version and Whitey Rimstad said: "I guess Bing's safe for a while." Bill Gibson was reading a letter from his wife and she heard Winchell say that war would be by April... Trepidation? No, we laugh. But we have also kept an eye on General Ike in his tour of Europe to see what we see this place has that is going to make Hoover's Gibraltarism stick or not.

War—or another game—cannot scare a victor.

A GAME IN GERMANY THAT WAS A DISGRACE

HOTEL ESPLANADE, MUNICH... On January 20th. we drove down from Garmisch-Partenkirchen to Munich. It was raining. For this entire week it has either rained or snowed—day and night. The eldest of Germans do not remember constant precipitation like this, and such immediate changes from water to those flakes that fall.

At Murnau we stopped to take the chains off the bus. We got out and Dick Gray coincidentally met a former P.O.W. of Lethbridge who was guarded by Dick's father-in-law.

Then it was by Starnberg where Ludwig was drowned. Remem-

ber? Tom Woods is reading the book on him, entitled "A Royal Recluse" and he says it is one of the most interesting biographies he has read.

We arrived back at the Hotel Esplanade. Some did some shopping. Others answered those letters from home.

I got into conversation with Alfred Tramp, that P.O.W. in New Jersey who had been captured in Normandy, and who is an official with this bus of ours.

I said: "I fought, you fought. Was either or neither of us right? Tell me why you were right."

Alfred said the Germans in Austria and Czechoslovakia wanted to join the Reich... That's okay... In Poland he said that was a diplomatic error, and he says that the German leaders after Poland should have negotiated for a peace.

And I asked again, "Well, in 1943 and 44 did you still think you were right?"

He said, "Maybe we weren't right. The atrocities were wrong and all that—he disbelieves the figures for the number of Jews killed—but we had to fight for life... to survive."

Alfred believes that the German trials were unjust. I had to admit that some of our generals should have been tried for sometimes inhuman behavior also. Alfred says too that the Germans are maintaining the Occupation Forces, and their lavish living is making Germany very poor.

He is an European figure though like many other sad European cases that have my sympathy. He came back from that P.O.W. camp in New Jersey and didn't know where to go. His home was in East Prussia and he had fear of the Russians. Alfred's father couldn't even be seen. The only thing he could do was find something to do so he could eat—once more to live. Now he is married, and there is a child... they are the ends of all his ambitions. Otherwise I don't think there would be anything for him to live for.

I asked him about the Jews and the persecutions. He could not understand that. But he says that now the Jews have swarmed in from the ghettos of Warsaw and other Slav countries where they have run from Russian advance to find shelter in Germany, because now the American and British forces go out of their way to protect the Jew, see that this pogromized individual gets more than a square deal from his former persecutor. Alfred says these Jews are of the "low" type, the foulest from those camps and they make a shangrila of Germany. They deal in the black market, sell easily and are always protected if a German thinks he has been done an injustice. They even do not want to go to Palestine, for there they would have to work hard.

I think now that when the Occupation Forces are through here, the Jew will again be driven out of Germany. It is inevitable.

"Well what do you think you Germans could do to help yourselves?"

Alfred said: "They don't even ask us for an opinion."

Time for the game against Fussen at Munich arrived. Gray did not play Maclean, Gibson and Negrello—there wasn't any

sense in getting everyone wet. It was driving rain. A league game would never have been played, but this was of international scope.

The conditions were deplorable. It drove with rain for the three periods. The temperature was near freezing. At times there were two inches of water on the ice, six inches in some spots. We were coldly wet right to the skin. Our equipment may take a beating. Tommy Wood was coaching and said, "This is a disgrace... disgrace. Canada should know about this."

We beat them 5-2. Bill Chandler and I scored two goals apiece; it was an effort to shoot the puck. Even in war I did not know this miserable condition.

Whitey Rimstad seconded: "Let the people of Canada know about this week of unheard conditions."

Karl Sorokoski summed it up nicely by saying: "The Stadion loses money, we lose our health."

I enlarge upon this. For national prestige, money... and health ...do not matter, like in war.

LETHBRIDGER EISHOCKEYTEAM IN SCHNEE UND REGEN

HOTEL EUROPAISCHER HOF, KREFELD... On Sunday, Januar 21st. we played our last game in Bavaria, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. This game was the climax of the International Sport Week. And all that week long it had snowed and rained. This was to be our third game in snow and we had had two in the rain. Some of the boys thought that Noah's ark must have been floated in this district. To the west Switzerland was having some of its greatest snow storms ever.

In that soaking Saturday game at Munich Bert Knibbs had been our second stitch casualty. He got six stitches in the tongue. Bert is on a liquid diet. Man never ceases to amaze me. It was enough that we were playing in the most deplorable conditions ever... yet Bert seemed to have liked to be inflicted with that injury. It was his chance to show that he was as tough as any man on the team.

Sunday morning—and we are forgetting the days—was our drive to Garmisch from Munich. In that heavy snow we saw 3 buses, two cars and one motorcycle in crashed positions. Our driver was more than careful.

This was our second match in Garmisch. Tom Wood was fit enough to be back in the line-up—on defence. Dick Gray was giving Mallie Hughes the chance to play goal, even though it was Sorokoski's turn... Dick was giving the chance to Mallie to play in this magnificent former Olympic stadium, as Karl had played it on Friday.

In the afternoon 45,000 had attended the Skistadion events, now 12,500 were massed in this heavy snow to see us play a combination of the Riessersee-Fussen clubs.

Because the game was of international significance it could not be cancelled, but this heavy snow was not as bad as the driving rain at Munich. Some said, "They must be daft to pack the stadium in this."

None of you back in Lethbridge can fully realize the conditions under which this game was played, and for that matter the four other Bavarian ones. In this game they cleaned the ice every five minutes. There was so much snow that the booted cleaners could not push it. At times we aided them and that 12,000 crowd cheered wildly. Everything on us was wet; the flakes made us squint; the snow hid the puck; it was impossible to carry it.

We won this game 8-3, our sixth straight win. Gibson and Negrello were really hot, scoring four and three goals apiece... In the 13 games in Europe so far the five leading scorers are Negrello, Gibson, myself, Gray and MacLean. Our boxscore stands 8 won and 5 lost.

Again there were presentations. Another plaque for us. Then some German factory gave us wrapped chocolate bars. And another factory gave us Dextrose Energen, an energiser that is not digested upon consumption, but is taken immediately into the blood stream.

That game took three hours to play. To make the puck slide in these days of inclement weather the officials pound tacks into it. In some stadiums too, a red flag is waved when a goal is scored.

We were asking Terry McGibbon, the coach of the German club, how he managed to put across his theories to the players. He said, "Oh, I speak German a little—I can count."

In case some of you have not attended Heidelberg, the title translated means: The Lethbridge Hockey team in the snow and rain... Yesterday we drove through Heidelberg.

* * *

The Ruhr Valley... Bavaria is beautiful but I think that that snow and rain has fatigued us considerably. Those of us that bought rubbers in Canada are glad. Those of us that didn't and bought them in Germany are glad. Those who still haven't any are sad.

Glad and sad got on the bus yesterday for a 500 mile ride from Garmisch to Krefeld, in the heart of the Ruhr.

We really saw Germany.

The route was through Oberammergau, Landsberg (here we saw the famous prison where some of the war criminals are). We came to Augsburg where only last week Ilse Koch had been sentenced to life imprisonment, possibly at Landsberg. They called her the Bitch of Buchenwald—but I doubt whether any men chased her.

Outside of Augsburg we got on one of those famous German autobahns, made for war, but now magnificent roads in peace. There are three and three lanes divided by a strip of earth in the middle. The autobahn is of solid cement, and some people prefer to travel the lesser roads, for the autobahn bypasses the interest-

ing little towns and villages. It is made for speed, not sightseeing pleasure.

We had our lunch at an Autobahn Rasthaus that are along the way for travellers and the hundreds of truck drivers. We were amazed to see more huge trucks of the diesel kind than any other traffic. Karl Sorokoski noticed our growing beards and remarked, "Must be near five o'clock."

Next was Stuttgart, 500,000 population.

Unfortunately then we had two blowouts. We were delayed about three hours. At some garage we obeyed the sign to "trink coca-cola eiskalt." Some of the others killed time by pitching 10 pfennig pieces to a crack in the cement.

The towns began to come upon us like names chosen out of Guy Gibson's log-book. There was Karlsruhe, over 100,000. Heidelberg, about 80,000 and possibly the most charming university town in the world... Mannheim and its sister city across the Rhine that make about 500,000. Frankfurt, where General Ike was on this very day; about 700,000 and so heavily bombed... Then we went along the Rhine: Weisbaden, Koblenz, Bonn, to Cologne, the beautiful river city of nearly 800,000... Now it was into flak valley itself. Our hockey team couldn't believe the bomb damage we saw at Dusseldorf, 500,000 size. There were just holes and holes, yawning buildings. We wondered how anyone could live there. Some said, "We've had a rough trip, but you think you're lucky when you look at this, and you thank God you're alive." Duisberg and Essen, also very large cities, were close. And Krefeld, our destination, after 20 hours of fatiguing ride, is of a 350,000 class. It is amazing the number of huge cities in such a small area—we know better now the war potentialities of the mighty Ruhr Valley.

We didn't believe we could find a hotel standing in all that we have seen, but here we are in the Europaischer Hof thinking of the Marquis Hotel and all the rest that stands untouched in Lethbridge.

THE MAPLE LEAFS PLAY IN THE RUHR VALLEY

HOTEL EUROPAISCHER HOF, KREFELD... We had very little morning on Dienstag, Januar 23rd. Our bus ride had extended to five that morning, but what there was of the morning, in Krefeld, we shopped and looked around at Ruhr Valley bomb damage. Cameras caught the eye of Lou Siray and Don Vogan. Hec Negrello noticed something very unusual at a florist shop. They had a slot machine affair outside the shop, so after hour patrons could deposit a few coins and still get their corsages or potted plants. There is no: "The florist was closed" excuse in Krefeld.

In the afternoon we were taken to the Rathaus where the ober-burgomeister presented us with books on Krefeld and we were

given another of those speeches that Germany is glad to make the friendship of Canada. And of course there was another speech by Dick Gray in reply, with photographers blinking their cameras. The Krefeld spokesman had a new angle though when he said that the Canadian hockey team was the initial ambassador of Canadian friendship.

8,000 were waiting for us in the Eisstadion where we played the Preussen Club of the Ruhr. They had Swedes and Czecks in their lineup.

Unfortunate things happened in that game. It ended in a 6-6 tie. That was not the most unfortunate part... On the contrary German-Canadian relations seemed slightly severed.

In the last period we were leading 5-2, scored another goal to make it 6, but the Preussen team disputed that sixth and were going to withdraw their team. To disassociate ourselves with an international incident, Dick Gray conceded "no goal" and play was resumed.

In that crowd of 8,000 one more-than-excited fan threw the droppings of some animal on the ice. Of course our team was more than annoyed and there was a general feeling that the Germans were not so nice. And you know some of the intolerant names that will make themselves present—heinie, squarehead, those damn buggers, "maybe the Americans had the right idea after all in their dealings with them," and so on.

Thus in our state they tied us whereas if that goal had not been retracted we could possibly have beaten them decisively.

That was the game. Gray and Negrello had scored two goals apiece to lead us.

Our feelings were this: "Give a German an inch and he'll gobble you up—whether war or sport."

But after the game much of our indignation was dispelled. The Club gave a banquet for us, presented us with a beautiful pennant and gave each player pins. I must say though that a couple of us thought that this was pouring sugar over the salt treated wounds of a lashing.

We had Canadians to cool us down. And were we ever glad to see them! You'll know a couple of the names. They are here doing occupation work in the British zone.

There was Colonel Mitchell, the former member of parliament for Medicine Hat. He is the boss of a German city. Another Medicine Hat man was Tom Knight. Both were splendid to us.

The third of this party was D.N.S. Robertson, formerly of Stratford, Ontario.

He said to me: "Like the others I boss Mulheim."

"Then the British rule this zone—like the Yanks do to the south."

"No. The Germans govern independently."

Can any of you figure that out?

But this Robertson was the most interesting of men. Almost brilliant. Impressive with words... He is a former W/C of the Airforce, has been with the British in Germany since 1945, is a graduate of Queen's in Ontario.

I saw Robertson as the kind of diplomat you would want in

the British Occupation zone. He is always the manouverer, the friction-breaker. And what tolerance! Like any man of any real substance he believes that no nation, no race, no group of individuals is any worse, any better than another.

Of our fracas last night he said: "Don't judge the crowd by what one man in 8,000 did."

It was good having these Canadians cooling us down by diplomatic strangulation. After all we had created a tremendous amount of good will in Germany for Canada; no one can account the actual dollars' worth.

Robertson, who is short and wears a bow tie in bristling confidence, is never biased in his fairness, yet can be very vehement in what he discloses about that fairness.

We discussed the British press. He seems to think little of the mighty Beaverbrook Daily Express. It distorts nearly every bit of news. Particularly of Germany. Robertson says anything that is fair in the German people is never printed, only the ill deeds printed so this can be used as propaganda on the Labour government.

Robertson is equally passionate about a Beaverbrook writer and contributor to Canada's McLean's magazine... Beverly Baxter. Baxter has more or less said to Robertson: "I cannot write of Germany as I see it. Remember that I have to write for mothers who have lost sons in the war."

I was agreeing with Robertson that the Germans really liked Eisenhower's speech in the American sector a couple of days ago when he said: "Let by-gones be by-gones." Before Robertson could remember his diplomatic tolerance he blurted in that staccato manner of his: "That is exactly what the German wants."

And Robertson asked some of our hockey players: "Would you want the Germans to fight with us or with the Russians?"

He summed up the German philosophy on war beautifully in two words—ohne mich—which roughly means: "Americans and Russians go have your war but WITHOUT ME."

Just come to the Ruhr Valley and see the destruction... You'll know for yourself whether Germans can make war, or whether they want to. Maybe a new generation, but not this one with the memory and material present.

Except at Dusseldorf they say there are few Communists in this sector... Even a Communist does not like to live in the rubble of the Ruhr Valley.

And now back to sport... Even a Canadian does not like to play hockey in the Ruhr Valley.

LEAFS' LAST GAME IN GERMANY

COLOGNE... We have made Krefeld our Ruhr headquarters. It seems it is also our German shopping centre; anything from small souvenirs to beersteins, odd pipes and cameras. Germany is the home of the precision instrument, the delicate in-

strument of expert craftsmanship—the camera for instance. We seem to have gone mad about them. Almost all of us seem to have one now. We are like little boys with their newest toy. In the morning Wood, McGregor, Malacko and Chandler bought cameras, with Tom Wood and Bill Chandler getting the best ones so far, to make the other boys envious. Dick Gray goes shopping soon and it is expected he will have by far the best.

Karl Sorokoski will be the only man without a camera. When we left the prairie paradise (Lethbridge) only a few had cheap makes and the entire team was always photographed. Now there are 17 photographers and Karl is the only subject that can stand in foregrounds of pictures when 17 fiendish cameramen operate.

We were about Krefeld sightseeing. The bomb damage in the east is terrific. It makes me sick to think that I have possibly hit this and this building—but now I say, "Please, I couldn't have."

The beautiful cathedral of Our Lady stands intact while all the buildings about are down or damaged. These old churches are very strong edifices, but we think that maybe it was saved by a miracle. We walk on and see another fine church completely in ruins, but we want to forget that sight, for maybe our story won't be so good.

I wouldn't blame the German people if they sat down and cried for 20 years, day and night. Only the kids should smile because they do not know what was, and then some of them must have been hardened and calloused in their mothers' wombs.

Hockey time came along and we took our bus to Cologne where we were again to meet the Pruessen Club of Krefeld.

The weather was wonderful. Some said they haven't seen snow in Krefeld for eight years, and this is 500 miles north of Garmisch where it never seemed to stop snowing!

Cologne is a city of 800,000 and its ice rink is impressive. It is the first we have seen that was slightly damaged in war.

A crowd of nearly 8,000 watched. We beat them 5-4. Dick Gray was playing the game gamely with a bruised hand and a bleeding nose. Bill Gibson led the club with two goals.

That club continued to be unsporting and a crabbing bunch. After the game Dick Gray announced to them through an interpreter that they were the most unsporting club that we have met so far.

Many Canadians again came to see us. One man from Saskatoon and two from Trail brought us cigarettes that we have run short of. The Trail man is in the steel administration of the Ruhr. They have dismantled several factories or the subsidiaries: German output must not be above 12 million tons. How ridiculous it all is... this dismantling. There is talk of reconstructing those factories again to aid the west if another war comes along. Anyhow, why isn't that steel arsenal worked to capacity when the world so needs the products and steel products are so fantastically expensive? This is the British occupation blunder.

It was an honour for us to have our next Canadian visitor. T. C. Davis of Regina, former Saskatchewan attorney-general and former Canadian Ambassador to China, came to our dressing

room between periods. He is Canada's High Commissioner to Germany and had come with part of his Canadian staff from his Bonn headquarters to welcome us. He said it was his first hockey game for a long time, but he is still a keen follower of the Regina teams. T. C. Davis was much interested in the Sask. boys, chatted some time with Bill Chandler, the Regina boy in our crowd. Bill said, "What a guy! So easy to talk to."

That was our last game in Germany. Our record now stands in Europe at 9 won, 1 tied, 5 lost.

We have realized that Germany was a great country... and is. Bombs do not destroy the soul of man, the force that drives him on.

We have learnt much. Some of the small bits of learning are amusing. For instance, Germans do not lick a stamp—they put saliva on their wrist, draw the stamp across... Germans shave mostly in less than warm water. Try it for a week and your skin is smoother... Germans must have their glass of beer—and it is a very unusual glass that holds less than a litre—always and at every meal... It is German etiquette never to cut a potato with your knife... Everywhere you go there seems to be an excellently done painting hanging there so casually, yet you think, "If I could only have that at home."

It is quite a trip. We feel that we are experiencing what a National League Hockey player could have only after many years of saving.

A DAY OFF IN THE RHINE COUNTRY

FRANKFURT... Daily games and so much travel have consumed so much of our time that we are glad to breathe the freeness of a day off.

We were at Krefeld.

After lunch we got into our bus for a sightseeing and shopping tour of Cologne, 35 miles away.

We followed the Rhine considerably. It is very high from the big snows in Switzerland and the precipitation along its banks to this point. Tugs pulled rows of barges. Near Cologne Billy Gibson was overjoyed to see the fine Ford Factory of Germany. It seems that we, the Allies, were very generous to Mr. Ford and did not touch it with many bombs.

In the day we were seeing Cologne and the damage is terrific... especially around the Cathedral area. The railroad station and an important Rhine bridge are very near to the Cathedral so you know why such a world treasure was exposed to damage.

The two spired Cathedral is magnificent. We gaped in awe. It is so beautiful. Dick Gray asked, "Why should anyone build a thing like that!"

To honour God in a manner that man tries... and so man could dedicate himself to use all his artistic ability to work, build, de-

sign, create... and so other men could stand where we stood and say, "How wonderful—it is the accomplishment of other men like us."

In many air raids it was often bruised, but 14 direct hits of the prolonged days of bombing did most of the damage, and they could not knock it down, when all else around it stands flat. Restoration is taking place, thanks to philanthropic people all the world over who would consider it a sacrilege if it should not be restored.

Someone states, "But it is 6 years and so little has been restored."

I say, "You should have seen it in 1945. And besides it took 600 years to build it. Take it easy... and besides in such glory and magnificence what is time?"

Some man must have had a beautiful vision: '600 years from now my dream of beauty will be completed, then war will try to destroy my edifice of beauty, but again other men will take more than their allotted spans of life to complete my dream of beauty.'

Again, "Why to build and dream like this?" I don't know. It is only that man must fulfill himself.

Later we got back to Krefeld. We had a splendid hockey meeting to discuss our future games and strategy. Dick Gray and our captain Hec Negrello are determined and we are enthusiastically behind them as a unit.

At this time the Germans are preparing, and in the midst, for a Karnival, their annual time of terrific gayety, parades, masks, drinking, romancing; living... Someone kids, "Hasten the Lent as then there is a long period for repenting."

I think it is easy to enjoy yourself amidst destruction of any sort, but it is also easy to destroy yourself amidst destruction. Of course, as in the Cologne Cathedral, you can rebuild what has been destroyed to its former grandeur—or your own integrity.

MAPLE LEAFS FLY FRANKFURT TO PARIS

VICTORIA PALACE HOTEL, PARIS... We had another day of steady travel. In the morning we left Krefeld for Frankfurt, about 200 miles. Our bus passed through Dusseldorf and Dick Gray photographed much of the bombed damage, the city where his airforce brother was killed. In Dusseldorf they had erected huge stands to handle the Karnival crowd, so while they thought of gayety, one of us at least thought about the death of his brother.

We by-passed Cologne on the fine autobahn, stopped at Limburg to eat lunch, but did not have any of the famous cheese that is made there.

Soon we were in the bustling American zone city of Frankfurt. The boys thought the bomb damage was less cleaned up here... Directly we went to the KLM Hauptbahnhof for directions, then were driven to one of the finest airports on the continent—Rhein-Main at Frankfurt.

Our German interpreter Freddy Tramp, who had been with us ten days and who had grown firmly attached to us, was sorry to leave us, wished he were coming to Canada with us.

A photographer caught us boarding an Air France plane for Paris. It was a four engine job, capable of seating 57. A very comfortable ship. Canada's North Stars make about four times as much noise inside the cabin as these, much to everyone's inconvenience.

In two hours time we had flown to Paris, by way of Luxemburg and Reims, landing in the dark at Paris' Orly field.

The night did not allow us to see much of the Paris that we knew to be the most exciting city on earth, as we drove to the Gare des Invalides air terminal. Photo people and Bunny Ahearne met us there. He seemed satisfied with our results in Germany. He also had mail for us, and that was sufficient to us for Paris to become lustreful.

Our team was driven to the Victoria Palace Hotel in the Montparnasse district of Paris, quite close to the Seine. The American team, which we are to play in Paris, is staying at the same hotel.

We had a Parisian dinner, but the hour was late, so we could not go out to see what is Paris, and all, besides Ken Branch and myself, have never been here before.

The fundamentals were learnt. 345 francs are worth one American dollar. A new money, a new language... A couple of useful words are garçon, merci, and as we fool around with "Silver-Plate."

However, whatever the different countries, our purpose is still the same, to win a hockey game.

THE MAPLE LEAFS BEAT THE AMERICANS IN PARIS

MONTPARNASSE, PARIS... The American ice-hockey team is also staying in the Victoria Palace hotel, Rue Blaise-Desgoffe. They are the amateur champions of U.S.A. and come from Lewiston, Maine, a town of 42,000 people, larger than the Lethbridge that is representing Canada. Parisians find it odd that only a couple of our Canadian team speak a little French, while the entire American team is very fluent in French, but in that Maine sector the Americans are mostly of French-Canadian descent.

On Saturday morning, Jan. 27th., we got into a huge bus with the American team and were driven to the Palais des Sports. Soon we saw piercing Eiffel Tower in the sky. At the base of it the gang exclaimed, "Holy!" and wondered why this was built.

At the Palais des Sports photo people took some pictures of both teams and we got a chance to see the rink, huge, barnlike,

with a bicycle track for the six day riders, the arena where boxers like Marcel Cerdan had fought.

There was next a slight tour. The driver took us across the Seine to the Place de la Concorde, by the Opera House, then by the Louvre. Someone asked, "What's in there?" We drove down that magnificent Paris avenue, Champs Elysées, to the Arc de Triomphe where the unknown soldier rests. One or two joked that they wished to light their cigarette from the perpetual flame that was there.

Close to the Arc we stopped at Le Pernod's for a small reception. We met French boxers and wrestlers, had nuts, olives and cokes. Photographers took their fill of pictures, one fine one of us posing with the boxer who had only recently fought Jake La Motta. The gang were intrigued by a television set that was in Le Pernod's and in the news of the day it showed the Americans arriving in Paris the day previous, and here they were in this room watching the French television with us!

After lunch we did not wander far from the hotel. Some looked in shops on the Rue des Rennes, found that the perfume cost more than the francs they had. Another gang of us went walking down the Rue des Invalides, inspected St. Francis Xavier church, and during the walk we had Shorty Malacko ask, "Where's the French Riviera around here?"

It was not a far walk to the Musée de l'Armée, the most magnificent building in the world dedicated to war heroes. Napoleon lies in a splendid tomb there in the most impressive setting, with his most important battles like Marengo and Austerlitz recorded about him. The other Napoleons are there and Marshal Foch. There is no other building in the world to compare with this as a military dedication, yet it is all past glory, for the condition of the French army in the past recent years is not something to erect a master building to.

We played our hockey game against the American team at nine o'clock. 15,000 came to watch us. We crushed the American team 11-1 in a fine passing display that the French people liked very much. Billy Gibson and Louis Siray led us with three and two goals apiece, with Siray playing his finest game to date and getting congratulations for it. Every man on the line-up was in on the scoring summary. It has been found out that Dick Gray's bad hand has a small fracture, but he gamely plays.

There was a general impression that the boys are going to like this rink for the world games—about the size of Lethbridge.

Everyone got a kick out of the sign over the penalty-box—"prison", and when an infraction was committed, the announcer said, "Deux minutes pour le prison."

Our Lethbridge Leafs found the dressing room very good. There was even a huge cooler of coca-cola there.

Photographers came around and a couple of reporters for Sunday papers came to get interviews with Billy Gibson. I acted as translator—after that no one knows what will be printed. Some of the boys kidded Gibson that they wanted to sign him for the

Folies Bergere... There were many movie cameras at the game and the entire hockey game had been televised...

Our success in the game was partially due to the fine refereeing of Ken Branch; it was the best we have had yet.

We had a midnight meal at the choice Montparnasse restaurant, Le Coupole, one with a side-walk cafe attached, and those Parisian murals on the wall. Some people in the restaurant sent over complimentary bottles of champagne to the victorious Canadians, but with the training rule, we could only sip a little of that bubbling 1937 vintage to toast them and so they would not be offended. Plagiarizing on a song, we say, "The first time we saw Paris we found her warm and gay."

MAPLE LEAFS FLY PARIS TO MILAN

HOTEL MARINO-SCALA, MILAN... Sunday morning we were not up very early in Paris, although a couple of us wanted to join the Americans who went to Mass at Notre Dame Cathedral... they found no hunchback there, they reported.

A couple of the gang had a post lunch stroll down the Boulevard des Invalides and Billy Gibson said there were about 20,000 people massed at the hospitals for their Sunday visits to the war veterans. Likewise in France people constantly visit the graves of the dead, sometimes wear mourning clothes for years.

Others of us bus rode (very expensive at 60 francs—20 cents) to the Montmartre district. We went down the Rue de Rennes to St. Germain, then swung across the Seine and rode through the magnificent square where the Louvre buildings are. Then there was the Opera House, Gare St. Lazare, to the Place de Clichy where there is a graveyard with the biggest tombs and stones we have seen, again the very apparent respect for the dead.

In the late afternoon our hockey team took the bus provided to the air terminal—Gare des Invalides. Another bus took us by Paris University to Orly Airport... A city is a real metropolis when there is more than one airport...

At Orly, towards seven o'clock, we got on a TWA airliner that had flown from New York and was on its way to Rome, Athens, Istanbul. It was a huge Ambassador, seating nearly 60. We were delighted to find a Saturday Halifax newspaper on board—Sunday night we were reading the paper in Milan!

We flew over Lyon to Geneva at 7,500 feet and landed at that Swiss capital. Our next hop was to Zurich, flying over Lausanne and Berne at 10,000. The trans-Atlantic passengers found these short hops boring, after they had managed the Atlantic in one hop.

To fly the Alps we got up to 17,500 and before midnight we were at the Malpensa Airport of Milan, 40 kilometres from the city. The boys are enthusiastic about flying now, and plans are being made to fly from Montreal to Lethbridge when we return in the spring.

After photographers and the aid of a girl interpreter, we drove to the Via Omenoni air terminal, passing by the famous Milan Cathedral. The photo people were very interested in Hec Negrello, but the only Italian word Hec knows is spaghetti.

Our hotel in Milan, or Milano in Europe, is the Hotel Marino-Scala, in the same piazza as the La Scala... We do a great deal of singing on our rides, but I doubt whether any of us are quite ready for La Scala.

One of the first questions on arrival was by Don Vogan who asked, "Where's the leaning tower of Pisa?" It is difficult to convince that Pisa is a town by itself.

We find the Italians, especially those at the hotel, more excitable than the French. We don't find much of that indifference to the world as in Paris, where a man walks the street with his girl, busses her and she looks up with a look pleased that he did it as he was pleased to do it. But in both places there is music in the streets. Even the many Communists in Milan will not stop that.

Well, now you have seen everything—hockey players have come to the Piazza La Scala, where the greatest singers have trod, now where the greatest murderers of a tune tread...

THE MAPLE LEAFS' FIRST GAME IN ITALY

PIAZZA DEL SCALA, MILAN... Spaghetti for lunch at the Hotel Marino Scala. We definitely knew we were in Italy.

And of course the La Scala opera house in the same piazza with us definitely tells us that we are in Milano. Playing there today is Gian Carlo Menotti's "Il Console", he very successful in New York City at present... They have just paid tribute at La Scala to Verdi, commemorating the 50th. anniversary of his death, with a performance of his "Requiem Mass". All through Italy opera houses are similarly honouring him. In New York City Toscanini was on the air with a memorial to Verdi, he the man that conducted at Verdi's funeral. Yesterday President Einaudi inaugurated a show of Verdi souvenirs and autographs in one of La Scala's halls.

In the afternoon half of us went to see the Milan Cathedral, one of the seven wonders of the world. To get there we walked through the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the biggest arcade in Europe, to Il Duomo Piazza where we got our first startling look at the Cathedral. We had a first moment of astonishment and admiration. Someone said inadequately, but expressively, "Who the hell built that!" Its beauty is unrivalled, spires, gargoyles, carvings, and all of marble, a masterpiece of erection, carving and architecture.

Men were used, but God Himself must have built the place.

Immediately we were quite fortunate. In the Il Duomo Piazza, where pigeons fly unafraid as at Trafalgar in London, a guide

approached us and we hired him to show us the Cathedral in its splendid entirety.

The guide says that the Cathedral was begun in 1386 by the Duke Visconti who was going to use this dream of marble for part of his atonement for misdeeds. It took 400 years to build, but we saw men at work still carving, still reconstructing.

There is a gilded copper statue of Our Lady above the main dome and it gleams over the entire city, 365 feet above the people. The Cathedral is of Gothic architecture, all marble except the base which is of gneiss. "Imagine. 3,300 different statues," said Mallie Hughes. "40,000 can pack in here for a Mass," added Hec Negrello. That is true, for the Cathedral is 450 feet long and as is the way in huge Cathedrals, there aren't any pews—the people jam in to stand for Masses... Karl Sorokoski was impressed with: 145 different spires, 169 large windows, 150 gargoyles that are so constructed that rain leakage comes from their mouths in fantastic way.

Once inside, the immensity of the place astounded us. Those huge pillars were unbelievable. The magnificent altar by the master Pellegrini gave us a mystic sense of awe, irregardless of our religions. Seven organs play in unison for Masses... A Holy Nail, from the original Cross, hangs above the altar. The Statues are by the most famous sculptors of the Campionesi masters, the art work by masters during the 16th. and 17th. centuries.

Ahead of the sanctuary and Communion rail is a guarded peep hole to the solid gold altar below, towards which the devout throw lire.

Behind the altar are three biggest stained glass windows in the world. The New and the Old Testaments are recorded by 45 paintings in each window, 20 years of work by Bertini. At the statue of the Blessed Virgin, who wears a gold crown, I saw men weep at the beauty of the Madonna.

The statue that arouses to admiration and shocks the most in the Cathedral, is the one of St. Bartholemew being skinned alive. It is that realistic.

Our tour was so complete that we were even taken up on the roof amid those bold spires and artistic forms, for a most breathtaking view of Milan. We were not doing penance so we used the elevator. Insurance man Whitey Rimstad said, "Think this roof would be okay to insure for a few years?"

It was beautiful. Up so high the noise of the city was diminished. All our cameras were clicking furiously to record what we saw so beautifully with the camera eye—endless numbers of statues, arches, spires, gargoyles, tracery, bas-reliefs. The guide said we walked nearly a mile around the roofs. At one point we overlooked Il Duomo Piazza and we could see Nap Milroy and Ken Branch photographing the Cathedral. They possibly thought that we were Cathedral gargoyles.

That was an afternoon of wonder.

In the evening came our time for an evening of work. We were driven to the Palazzo Del Chiaccio for our game against the Diavoli Rosso Neri club of Milan. The enclosed rink only holds

3,500 and it was packed. Dick Gray was out of the line-up—the doctor says he has not the hand fracture that was feared, but his hand is badly bruised.

The game amused us. They presented us with a pennant, then each of the players got a bottle of Vermouth and a loaf of sweet-bread—the custom before a hockey game here! Photographers were on the ice for 15 minutes, stationing themselves dangerously around the ice during pre-game loosening up.

Hec Negrello was at once the favorite. If he stayed it is said that he would be offered half the La Scala Opera House, and someone added that they might throw in the Milan Cathedral.

The Milan team had about 5 Canadians in the line-up, Gerry Rowse of Saskatoon Quakers and Orville Martini of Calgary known to Western fans.

We beat them 2-1 in a close and rough game. At times the fans seemed to roar for blood and a Milan victory, like the ones that roared when the Christians were thrown to the lions in Nero's day. No wonder Mussolini could arouse them to such frenzy, that is frenzy when they are on top and winning. I can imagine how yelling mad they must have been after Ethiopia, but then don't winning fans anywhere make a terrific noise?

That was the game and the experience of it. Milroy had scored what proved to be the winning goal.

Back at the hotel we were again seeing how ridiculous this money is. You get 650 lire to the dollar. Some of the bills seem to be half the size of newspapers and the quality of the paper is so poor that the condition of the bills is terrible.

Someone said, "In Paris there was yards of bread (three foot long loaves) and here there is yards of money."

We are certainly becoming aware of the fact that you must travel to notice differences—and to be tolerant of differences.

THE MAPLE LEAFS IN NORTHERN ITALY

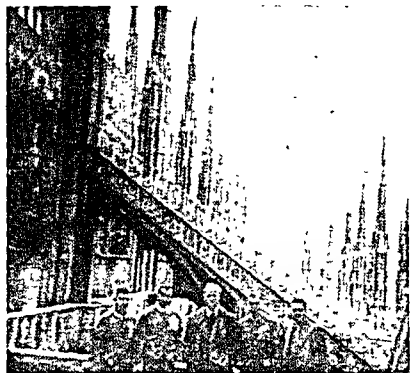
PIAZZA DEL SCALA, MILAN... This is Mussolini's town, like Munich was Hitler's. This is where Il Duce was brought up; this is where he got those Socialist theories; in this highly industrial town this is where he knew the strife and circumstances between labourer and capitalist.

I wrote you about Il Duomo Piazza where the Milan Cathedral stands. That piazza is huge. Many times there Mussolini has made speeches to crowds of 500,000, like Hitler did in Munich. It is apparent to you that a Mussolini could rise out of an industrial town like Milan where a labourer is oft ill-treated, but how on earth could a Hitler rise out of the fun loving town of Munich?

Today in Milan we are very close to a Mussolini link. In Bologna, not far from here, Guglielmo Monti died. He was the Socialist spiritual father and backer of Il Duce. When Mussolini was a school teacher, Monti took him into his home, financed



The Milan Cathedral... one of the seven wonders of the world. Standing: the Author.



Bert Knibbs, Hec Negrello, Whitey Rimstad, Lou Siray, Karl Sorokoski.

his first Socialist newspaper, "Lotta di Classe" (The Class Struggle).

In the afternoon we walked around Musso's town. There seems to be terrific wealth here—huge banks, well dressed women, some of the most modern buildings we have seen. It is to the south of Italy where you see more of the poverty.

Some of the streets are made of solid, two feet square rocks. At one place new ones were being put in and the gangs were chiselling the rough edges off. The time it takes to build!

There are many painting displays in the crevices of buildings. The shops abound with things that make your eyes bulge.

We saw the Castello Sforzesco, very impressive courtyard, old art gallery and museum, built by one of the Sforzas.

To further honour the compositions of Verdi, Jose Iturbi is here next week at a Teatro to play a recital of that composer's works.

The Casino here is not a gambling place—well, on second thought perhaps it is gamble to go in... it is a brothel operated under full surveillance of the police.

There have been a couple of wonderful moments for two of our men. At our first hockey game in Milan, Bill Chandler received a cablegram in between periods that he had become a father. Both teams mauled him in congratulations and the crowd gave him a terrific hand when it was announced that he was "il papa".

Then yesterday Hec Negrello's aunt came 20 hours by train from central Italy to see him. His aunt hasn't seen a Negrello for 35 years, so you can imagine how overwhelmed she was. Last night she saw her first hockey game and was so solicitous in her delight to see Hector, that a couple of times she wiped the sweat off his face as he came to the box.

Before that game we met a reporter from the Montreal Standard and a pilot and his wife, both Canadians, he flying with KLM.

Again they presented us with a beautiful pennant and the famous Italian Motta cakes before game. This time it was the

H. C. Milano Inter club, with several Canadian and American players, Pete Bessone and Henry Hayes being the better known. We beat them 10-3. Again Dick Gray was not playing, but his hand is coming along fine. Knibbs and Malacko had two goals apiece to lead us. I picked up five points. The pony line of Siray, Knibbs and Milroy has been playing good hockey the last three or four games, and they really are the pony line—not only because of their size, but Bert Knibbs drives a shetland pony in the Lethbridge Collieries. Whitey Rimstad has moved effectively up to centre the second line and Tom Woods is playing great defence in the reshuffle, Rod MacGregor played his best game to date.

THE MAPLE LEAFS VISIT LAKE MAGGIORE

VIA S. MARGHERITA, MILAN... We can almost lean out and touch La Scala; the bill folders say La Traviata is being presented on Saturday, Sabato conducting.

Everything is so here at our doorstep. At noon we attended a welcoming meeting by the Milanese in the town hall, also in the Della Scala Piazza. In the piazza itself stands the statue of Leonardo da Vinci—da Vinci's famous fresco "The Last Supper" is not far away in the Santa Maria delle Grazie church. Someone joked, "Did da Vinci have his last supper in Milan?"

That welcome by the city of Milan was done well. We were in town hall's official welcoming room, where the pennant of St. Ambrose hangs, he the patron of Milanese. Full dressed and white-gloved waiters were there to serve us. The mayor bade us an official welcome. Dick Gray replied through an interpreter who had served with General Franco in the Italian diplomatic service. Five Milanese millionaires were present, two the backers of this hockey club, one Mr. Moss—the owner of this hotel where we stay—and Mr. Peres, exporter-importer.

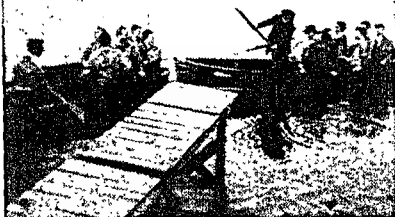
Signore Peres footed the bill for our bus tour to Lake Maggiore and the meal in Italian style that we were to have there. Peres was a very close friend of Mussolini and his aide—you can guess what he thought of the fascist dictator when I write that his daughter is named Duce.

Lago di Maggiore is one of the three popular northern Italian lakes, rivalling Como and Garda. Everyone thought it was incredibly beautiful as we passed through the shore towns of Arona, Meina, Lesa, and to Stresa where we got off. There were magnificent villas everywhere, hotels, and the snow covered Alps back of the lake. "They should fix up Waterton like this," Ken Branch said.

We were to eat our Italian meal at Pescatori Isola Bella, one of the island gems in the lake, translated in English to mean Fishers' Isle. Half the team were taken in rowboats and the other half got into a motorboat. It was a magnificent sight, water death still, towering snow covered Alps remote, jewels of islands, fine villas dotting the landscape.

Our meal at the Verbano Ristorante was the most complete we have eaten. Just when we thought we had finished they would bring on another course—a marathon in gastronomical pleasure. A fine day.

On our return trip our guide, who was a Fascist captain, still admits to being Fascist, told us about Mussolini's death at Dongo, on neighboring Lake Como. After that lethal attack at Dongo, Il Duce's body was taken to Piazzole Loreto in Milan where he was strung up downwards. Loreto is close to our hotel, but we see no plaque or statue, or museum, to remember Il Duce. The new Italian government under De Gasperi suppresses it. But many people seem to have a terrific respect for Mussolini and say that he was the man that gave Italy grandeur... That word grandeur is disputable. They seem to applaud that he did do; and whether



The Lethbridge Maple Leafs row to their lunch on the Italian Lake Maggiore...

that doing was good or bad makes no difference—the important thing to them is that he did do.

Caesar and Mussolini still seem to be the two best known Italian names to the outside world.

THE LAST MAPLE LEAF GAME IN ITALY

AMBRI, SWITZERLAND... On our last day in Italy we scoured the shops. The North American is the greatest of souvenir hunters. Many of the boys found their way to La Rinascente, a fashionable department store that is as good as anything in Montreal or Toronto and certainly more impressively built.

There was some last sight-seeing—the churches of Milan, into the La Scala museum where the operas are thoroughly recorded, and there are many busts of the great, Caruso being our favorite. There was a special Verdi section in honour of his anniversary, with original scores of his music like *Aida* and *La Traviata*.

In the evening was our final hockey game in Italy. We played an all star team of the two Milan clubs, almost an entirely Canadian side. The management had also flown in from Bombay, Alfred Huber, supposedly the best goal-keeper in Europe. Alfred is an Austrian, was in Bombay for tennis matches, being beaten out in a close set by Jaroslav Drobný. Keep an eye on Huber. He's a coming athletic star. He's just 21, is a great tennis player, and he showed terrific agility in the hockey nets. His tennis makes his responses trigger quick.

We were presented with a carnation bouquet, then we beat this combination 4-3, Whitey Rimstad scoring the third and the fourth goals, to lead us. In our reshuffle Rimstad has played the last four games at centre ice with me and Bill Chandler. Tom Wood has dropped back to defence.

In Italy the magnificent buildings and Mussolini have impressed us most, as in Germany, Hitler, the habit of beer, and the cameras, impressed us.

We find that the Italians seem to have little organization in things... We disliked the Italian habit of spitting on the streets, so you had to watch where you place your foot... Also despicable to us North Americans is the habit in Italy and France of spilling yourself in latrines that are very open to view.

However, Signori Peres and Moss were wonderful to us. Anything we wanted we had but to ask. Peres even presented money to Negrello's relatives, when Hec only asked him to change travellers' checks. Peres insisted that Hec keep his checks.

In Italy we found that they have left the old around to intrigue and built the new to fascinate.

THE MAPLE LEAFS RETURN TO SWITZERLAND

HOTEL METROPOLE, BERNE... We bade our goodbyes to Milan and Italy on February 2nd. The railroad station was the finest we have yet seen in Europe, more like Grand Central, but carved as only the Italians know. Scandinavian Express was our train out of Milan.

Soon we were at Como, on Lake Como. Someone asked, "Is this where Perry comes from?" Then we crossed the Swiss border at Chiasso. They call it Swiss-Italia around there, for all this once belonged to Italy—even the language is dominant.

Our train skirted pretty Lake Lugano, snow capped mountains its sides. Melano is a small village where a bridge carries you over Lake Lugano; Melide is another adorable little village before you get to Lugano itself, great summer resort centre. Most Swiss resorts are of the winter, but Lugano with a very warm temperature, is made for summer traffickers. It is small at 20,000, but the boys thought it one of the prettiest places we have seen.

We had to get off the train at Lugano. Originally we had a game scheduled for that day, but the warm sun had taken the ice out days ago, so we were going to play that game higher up in the mountains. Lugano had an official welcome for us. They weren't just going to let us go through town. At the Municipal office the President of this detached area of Italy welcomed us. And later after this apertif, they gave us a meal at the Albergo Dante Ristorante. We had our coffee in a sidewalk cafe, and we lazed in the sun, so warm and direct for this time of the year.

The Lugano committee were still magnificent and they took us for a bus tour of the lake and city. They pointed out the Casino



The Lethbridge Maple Leafs bask in the sun at Lugano, Switzerland. That same night, 50 miles away, they were in snow 7 feet deep, and there was natural ice for a hockey game...

where Rita Hayworth stayed, but almost every Swiss town can claim the Hayworth presence.

We thoroughly enjoyed that break, but once again we were on an electric Swiss train for the trip to Ambri, much higher in the mountains where there was plenty of snow and ice, where we could play that hockey game that was scheduled for lower altitudes.

And we only went 50 miles, through Bellinzona and Birsca, to Ambri from Lugano. But what a change! There was feet of snow here. The complete difference of winter and summer in 50 miles. It was remarkable.

Our hotel was Albergo De La Poste. "Soon we were at that rink for our first game in Switzerland since our return. What a stadium! We see something different all the time. The grandstands were constructed right out of the snow and 2500 sat there in a temperature that was given to us in centigrade, but really not cold.

Hec Negrello was out of the lineup. Each team captain was again presented with flowers by small boys who skated out to centre ice. We also received an engraved copper plate. They iced two Canadian players but we beat them easily 12-1, I scoring four, Whitey Rimstad three, to be tops for us. Rod MacGregor scored his first European goal here.

To be sunning ourselves in the afternoon then playing amid drifts of snow in the evening was astounding to us, so much so

in fact that we did not believe that we had done all this in one day.

MAPLE LEAFS PLAY FOR A FAMOUS SWISS SCHOOL

THE RESORT OF GSTAAD... What a long day we had on Saturday Feb. 3rd... Six in the morning we were up at the Albergo De La Poste at Ambri, that little village in the Alps where we had played. Whitey Rimstad had said that it was as early as the army, and he said the army was the place where they had given him a new suit that was going to be completely different, then he walked out on the street and everyone was wearing one! We will also remember that Ambri Albergo (hotel) as the place where they put an envelope beside your eating plate in which to put your napkin, this thus recognizing it for the next meal.

On the train—those of us not padding down, as the boys say—we noticed that we passed through Airolo, then through the second longest tunnel in Europe, the St. Gotthard. Here, if you cannot go around a mountain, you go right through it. Next of importance in size was Altdorf, then around Statler See (lake) to Lucerne (about 80,000) where we changed trains. There was Wolhusen, Langnau and Berne, our first destination. It is the capital of Switzerland, of a 200,000 size, an intriguing town.

Berne was our headquarters, but our travelling was not through for the day. After a restaurant sandwich and finding ourselves at the Hotel Metropole, we were driven by bus to Gstaad, where we were not to play a game, but give an exhibition amongst ourselves with the aid of six schoolboys.

Gstaad is 50 miles to the south of Berne, not far from Lausanne, and there is much snow there to make it a smaller, but very chummy winter resort. Skiers walk around nonchalantly on the streets; calishes and snow buggies are parked with their horses. There is a very happy atmosphere.

Our trip there was for a purpose. We were met by Louis Johannot, the headmaster of a very famous Swiss school that has an international reputation. Winter athletics is an important part of the school's programme, and our exhibition amongst ourselves was to be a sort of lesson for the students and the many others who play.

Le Rosey is the name of the school. It is for boys, up to senior matriculation, with entrance upon leaving, to any university in the world. At lunch in the school the headmaster told us considerable about it. During the summer classes are at the lake near Lausanne—this is the winter location of the school.

Le Rosey is highly specialized and I imagine it to be exclusive. There are only 100 students. Mr. Johannot, a huge youngish man who would look more at home in hockey garb—a game that he plays—than in the robes of a headmaster with an M.A. in

pedagogy, said the students come from 25 different nations. Only one is from Canada, but 25 from America. Also amongst the pupils are the two sons of Aly Khan and the grandson of Winston Churchill. One of the Warner boys from Hollywood was withdrawn from school since the American reverses in Korea. It is a very select group and those students who command four or five languages made us blush with our educational inadequacies. But no matter how brilliant a boy may be, he is always interested in the adventurous and thrilling, and these boys were excited about watching the Canadian hockey players in action.

The air at the ice rink was invigorating. It amazes us that it is so warm, yet the ice and mountains of snow do not melt.

We gave our exhibition, tried to impress with a passing game. Six students played us and they thrilled to wearing our sweaters. One of Aly Khan's sons played for the Mallie Hughes' side. At one time this is the way the play went: Tom Wood to Bill Gibson to Nap Milroy to Lou Siray to Kiran Khan. Passing the puck to a fellow whose father could buy out all the National League Hockey teams! Young Kiran took his knocks with the rest of the boys and we admired that he was in there trying.

At a practice game like that it is not what you do against your team-mates, it is what you do for them in the real games that counts.

Dinner was also at the school. We met the school trainer, a former Czech who knew Mike Buchna well. He is like some of the others, away from the iron curtain—safe. Others have escaped, but those who did not, have prison terms up to 20 years, this on the testimony of one of the stars—Vladimir Zabrodsky.

We are glad that we play our hockey for Canada, where you can only be put in a penalty box—not in jail for 20 years.

MAPLE LEAFS' EUROPEAN RECORD STANDS AT 15-5-1

HOTEL METROPOLE, BERNE... On Sunday February 4th. we played our 20th European game... A lot of hockey! It was at Berne and now our record stands at 15 games won, 5 lost, one tied.

Before this game at Berne in the afternoon, we walked about town, saw the magnificent bridges of this Swiss capital city, the many quaint clock towers that have so many attachments that you don't know what the darn thing will do next. We saw the parliament buildings... All of us could not find a scrap of paper on Berne streets—that's how clean Swiss cities are.

For the game we were driven to Ka-We-De stadium, where there is also a swimming pool attached. It was a magnificent afternoon. The sun was warm and very bright. Mallie Hughes thought of wearing a pair of dark glasses like a baseball outfielder.

The Leafs just got into the dressing room when there was mail call, the first in ten days. They say the shout was louder than any

roar from that afternoon crowd of 6,000. Nap Milroy got the most mail—13 letters, but everyone hit about the 7 figure.

Ice surface is very large at Berne, as it is at most of these Swiss places. When it is hockey time they erect boards and stands over the rest of the ice, but the erected centre is where you play hockey. You could call it a pre-fab rink... After three periods of play your ice surface is usually about five feet wider, from the constant giving when anyone hits the boards.

Berne presented us with a material mascot bear. Switzerland is divided into cantons, and the bear is the symbol of the canton of Berne.

That mail had put us in high spirits so that we played loosely, but managed to win 9-8, I scoring three and Negrello two, to lead us.

During an intermission we were visited by Dr. Dore, the Canadian minister to Switzerland and head of the legation here. We have found out that to a legation office the head man is minister. Also, the Commonwealth sends out High Commissioners, as the Canadian one to Britain, but to other countries it is an ambassador, like Vanier to France.

After the game the entire team was invited to the house of Gordon Brown, he a high legation official here, and a former Edmontonian. They had a fine afternoon party for us in their rented house... When you rent a house over here, you rent it furnished, and sometimes art treasures remain for the next tenant to enjoy. You are responsible for the objects until you leave.

Dick Gray has bought a special large bag for all the presentations we receive. When everything is on display in Lethbridge it will need quite a show-window to hold it all. If Lethbridge has a museum probably that would be the logical place for it.

LEAFS FIND ULTIMATE IN SWISS ICE

HOTEL MONT CERVIN, VISP... We were still at Berne for the morning of February 5th. There was a little time to stroll around this city that has the modern woven in with the old to intrigue the visitor.

Berne has innumerable fountains about its streets and they date back to the best of Renaissance art. Equally in numbers are fascinating clocks about the city. The one that entranced us the most was the main clock tower. It dates back to 1530, and each time the hour rolls around a terrific show is put on. A cock crows, a merry-go-round of bear cubs move, a stupid jester fools around, there are chimes and bells. The whole thing seems to mock the passage of time and say: "Ha! another hour—let it go."

The Berne Cathedral is one of the most perfect Gothic churches in Europe, and it is distinct in the fact that is not of Catholic derivation like the rest of the splendid edifices that are world known.

Wherever you go in Berne you see the bear. It is the heraldic animal of this canton and Bernese seem to revere it about as much as an Indian would a cow. The bear is on all crests, and wherever you look the bear is. Go to a pastry shop and the bear is made on cookies, on cakes. It is on hockey players' sweaters. There is also a renowned bear pit where Bernese come daily to see their wonderful animals. Ken Branch said, "If I were a bear, I'd come to live in Berne."

There seem to be more arcades in Berne than anywhere else. The entire shopping district is done in arcades. Weather is not a detriment to shoppers in Berne; there is the utmost of weather comfort all the time.

You can see the loveliness of Berne from the splendid bridges across the Aare. "Wouldn't like to jump from one of these," said Nap Milroy.

We liked the Houses of Parliament. 22 of the Swiss autonomous cantons are represented there.

Across the Aare river is the Kursaal, famous gambling place, and the museums of Berne are also of the sector.

But that night we were to have another of those games that are not in our schedule, but are games played because some small community wants to see the Canadians in action.

This time we journeyed almost to the Italian border. We left Berne for Thun, Spiez, Adelboden, Brig (where we changed trains and where the famous Simplon tunnel starts. It begins in Switzerland and you come out in Italy.). In five minutes we were in Visp. Our hotel was the Mont Cervin.

It was doubtful whether we were going to play that game. A thaw was playing havoc with the ice surface. They tried to save the ice by putting chemicals on it, but when we came to play we found it in the softest and worst condition that any one remembers, even if they are from Bow Island. To not disappoint the 2,500 fans we went on with the match. Our skates dug into the surface even at presentation time when they gave us a silver jug. And all the way through the match we had to sort of run on our skates. We stumbled around. We batted the puck. We golfed. We finally beat the weakest side we have yet encountered. 12-1, Negrello scoring four, I three, MacLean two, to top us. Gibson had about five points. In the last ten minutes of the game we took out our goalie, sent Mallie Hughes to centre-ice for spells, with all his cumbersome equipment. The crowd got a kick out of that.

A national team should not play on that kind of ice, but when a national team does play on that kind of ice, we do much for the prestige of Canada.

LEAFS PLAY HELLENSTADION IN ZURICH

HOTEL STERNEN, ZURICH... Our schedule is the most killing ever known. Every day we are travelling. Every day we seem to be playing.

February 6th. was such another day. We left our Mont Cervin hotel in Visp in southern Switzerland. The only laugh we got out of Visp was the name of Visp itself. Canadians pronounce it very harshly and every time they do it they spray someone.

Visp is in a valley. Soon our electric train had us at Brig, such a steep grade that a C.P.R. steam engine could never surmount. When I say it was a train ride through the clouds I mean just that. Yawning valleys were a thousand feet below. In a train you feel safe, but when you are in an auto at the same height you are slightly uneasy, perhaps because the driver is not so remote to you.

Came Frutigen, Spiez, Thun, and Berne where we changed trains. Burgdorf, Herzogenbuchsee, Langenthal, Olten, Aarau, Brugg, Baden, then to large Zurich. On these train rides Switzerland is so peculiar to us. There is snow, then there isn't snow, then there is snow.

We had new headquarters in Zurich, the Hotel Sternen on the outskirts, this because we were playing in the enclosed rink in Zurich, not the Dolder open air where we had played last time.

Some Canadians came around to see us. They joked that Lethbridge was a one horse town. Nap Milroy, who is employed by the city of Lethbridge and sometimes even street cleans, said: "You wouldn't say it was a one horse town if you had my job!"

These Canadians who are up on the war news also asked us what we would do if mobilization and conscription goes through in Canada. Karl Sorokoski stated: "There won't be a war—everyone is still suffering from atomic-ache."

For our eighth game in nine days we were taxied to the Hellenstadion, new rink in Zurich. It's a beauty. "Best rink I've ever played in," remarked Billy Gibson. Some of the fellows said the seats ran as high as Maple Leaf Gardens. As the Paris rink they have a bicycle track, and when they make provision for it they can seat 15,000.

After Hec Negrello had accepted a terrific bouquet of carnations and a splendid engraved silver plate, we put on one of our best exhibitions to date. Incidentally, we always seem to receive bouquets of carnations. In the language of flowers red carnations—which we receive—mean fascination. Are the Swiss fascinated by us? However we shall have to beware the day that they give us white carnations, for that means disdain, but I doubt whether anyone is up on the language of flowers.

Because this team in Zurich was an all star one and composed of many internationals who will play in Paris, we went out to play determinedly. We put on a fine passing and back-checking show, beating them 11-2. Bill Chandler scored four, Hec Negrello two, Bill Gibson two, and I had six points. Tom Wood is working into an astoundingly effective defenceman. Even the Swiss Federation were saying that that is what we expect of Canadians.

After the game there was also mail call. Amongst the mail was a bid to bring our team to Oslo, Norway, where the game is new and where no Canadian team has appeared.

We are glad that these countries ask the Canadian team to come.

It is so good for any relations that you would care to think of. Wouldn't it be good for relations too if Joe Stalin would ask us to come to Russia?

LEAF'S SCORE FIRST SHUTOUT IN EUROPE

HOTEL TERMINUS, NEUCHATEL... We were at our Sternen Hotel in Zurich for February 7th. in the morning. It was my birthday. The night previous I had dreamt that my mother had thrown me a birthday party and for some reason that I couldn't fathom, there were flowers strewn about the home. Even though a birthday celebration is impossible so far from home on a trip like this, I was at least satisfied with the day because I had dreamt of home.

And all the rest of the boys on the team were nostalgically busy that morning too. For the last three or four days they have been looking for Valentines to send their wives. Our Canadian shops are so full with the articles of Cupid, but here in Switzerland you couldn't even find a smell of a Valentine. Don't they love in Switzerland? Or haven't they yet discovered this big commercial racket?

But all this did not discourage the Lethbridge Maple Leafs. They sat down in the Hotel Sternen that morning and began to make them. It looked like a kindergarten school was in full sway. There were comparisons and "is this the way" and "does this heart look okay?"

They even composed verses to add to the Valentines. You can imagine that in a group like this, some of the compositions were the ones not sent. I think every Lethbridge wife will appreciate these Valentines more than any she has ever received.

There were also other small tasks. Bill Chandler said: "I might as well catch up on my diary—fill it in for the next week too!"

We are playing daily and we caught a train for our next game. It took us through Aarau, Olten, Solothurn, Biel, past pretty Bieler Lake, then we were going along Lake Neuchatel. There were vineyards along its shores. Must be warm in the summer. After observing these vineyards Shorty Malacko said after some time: "I wonder if they grow grapes in this country."

Our destination was Neuchatel, pleasant town of 30,000 and watch making centre. We prick up our ears at the mention of watch making centre.

Hotel Terminus, overlooking the lake, was our resting place. After our meal we dressed for our game at the Neuchâtel Plage.

The ice was very fast, and 4,000 people saw a very good open air game. Although it was not the worst team we played, we rolled up an impressive 15-0 score. The daily playing has us lean like race horses and our play has improved 50 percent. Gibson was great with 5 goals; Negrello scored three, Chandler two, Rimstad two, MacLean two, and I, one. We scored five goals every

period and after the game we all mobbed Mallie Hughes, for it was the first shutout we have scored in Europe.

In Europe the ice-hockey game has been introduced and it has progressed terrifically in the years. But ice-hockey reporting has not kept pace with it—on the continent that is—and there is much to learn in that direction, and also in the referee direction. In newspaper reports on the continent they never have summaries. They know nothing about assists and I don't think they even know about the double-assist and three way play. So when you see above the scoring of goals you can just about see for yourself how the assists went. For instance Billy Gibson, who played his finest game to date, had about eight points.

Dick Gray did not dress for the game. Sometimes he prefers to be only the bench coach. Before the game he said something that made everyone ponder for awhile: "No matter what country you are in and no matter the difficulties and the conditions against you, you still start every game nothing to nothing."

In total equality that's the way two children should be born to the world, start at nothing to nothing.

THE MAPLE LEAFS IN LAUSANNE

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, LAUSANNE... We called the morning of Feb. 8th. W-day—watch day. From our Hotel Terminus we were taken to the Malona watch company. They showed us many of the things that we associate with Switzerland the most. Tom Wood ironically said: "When we get home, we can stick up a shingle: Lethbridge Maple Leafs—Jewellers." The company even bargained to exchange a leather jacket for a watch, but nix, we have some cold countries to visit yet. Karl Sorokoski said that the attendant was eyeing his Canadian shoes.

In the afternoon we left Neuchatel for Lausanne. It was a short ride on the banks of Lake Neuchatel and then Lake Lemman on which Lausanne is situated. We are still amazed at the many vineyards that are on the banks of these lakes.

Lausanne is over 100,000, a university town; Alps with snow are in the distance and that Lake Lemman is a sweetheart of a lake—in English Lemman means sweetheart. It is odd to see the skiers with their skis in Lausanne that is so bare of snow, but that's the quixotism of nature—snow lies up above there.

A reporter from the Lausanne papers and magazines came along to our Hotel de l'Europe and Dick Gray had me give him the interview in French. What that story will be like I don't know. Maybe I said that all the people in Lethbridge are millionaires... my command of French is such.

For the game we drove to the Patinoire de Montchoisi. There we met the most rabid fans in Switzerland. 9000 jammed the stands. They cheered madly at times.

At presentation time we got Lausanne books and each of us

got a souvenir whisky glass. What on earth can we do with a whisky glass?

This rink had plexi-glass boards, so that the puck was visible all the time. Some day the N.H.L. will adopt this.

We beat Lausanne 2-0, our second shoutout in two days, Karl Sorokoski playing great goal this time. For 30 games we go without a shutout and then we score two in row! Gibson and Negrello scored our two goals. After the game some Canadians came around. Amongst them was Alden Green from Lethbridge. He has been over here for two years as a Mormon missionary, and most of the boys knew him on first sight.

He is over here to convert people. We too have helped to convert people—to the democratic Canadian way of life and sportsmanship.

20 WINS FOR THE MAPLE LEAFS IN EUROPE

LA CHAUX DE FONDS... From our headquarters at the Hotel de L'Europe in Lausanne we walked about on the morning of Feb. 9th. to see some of this city that the boys think most charming in Switzerland. Even if you were to be immortal you would never tire of the view towards the Jura mountains across Lake Lemman, the romantic lake. Ouchy is the part of Lausanne that is the beach sector. The city itself is on three hills, so that some parts of it are nearly a 1000 feet higher than the lowest districts. When you live in the low area here it is not necessarily the slum section. The Notre Dame Cathedral is a Burgundian great of Europe. Famous St. Bernard Monastery is only 60 miles from here.

For lunch we were entertained by the Lausanne rink. There we met the wife of Zabrodsky, a Lausanne player who has escaped from Czechoslovakia when even a hockey player was not safe. Mrs. Zabrodsky told us about the hockey players who are in jail, or working in uranium mines, because they questioned the freedom that was taken away from them. Her own father is safely out of the country, teaching at New York University.

It had to happen...

We travel Switzerland so much, moving across the country like a needle and thread going through a bed spread, that someone just had to miss a train. Sometimes we catch trains on the fly.

At the Lausanne station most of us were grouped around a movie show in which our Zurich game was featured. There was train call and we all boarded the train. At least we thought we all did. At Neuchatel, 45 minutes away from Lausanne, we found that Tom Wood was missing. Later Tom explained at our destination, after the Swiss railroad had forwarded him on like an express piece, that he had been reading Eleanor Roosevelt's "This is My Story" and had not seen us move. Tom says: "It's a 'different experience' being lost in Switzerland."

Because we travel every day we also leave things at hotels. Whitey Rimstad left a pair of slippers at Neuchatel. Karl Sorokoski came to play at the Lausanne rink and had forgotten his skates. Then Tommy Wood again had the penultimate experience by forgetting his camera on a Trans World Airlines' plane. They say that the plane went right on to Istanbul before his camera was discovered.

And now we are also beginning to look like fugitives from Tobacco Road. Everything is wearing. There is no time to stop for repair. Our suitcases are taking quite a beating. Mallie Hughes and I have ripped our overcoats. Sorokoski tore a suit. Our shoes are becoming rounded at the heels and toes like a Venetian gondola. Shirts and socks need mending—those are not ventilation holes. But next week we have three days off, so we are going to try to look as though we just stepped out of Esquire.

Well, we arrived at Neuchatel minus Wood. Then we got a bus that took us for an hour ride to La Chaux de Fonds, very close to the French border and a great watch factory place. At Neuchatel there was no snow and 45 above. In 15 minutes we saw skiers in snow four feet deep—what a country!

Our hotel was the De La Fleur De Lys. Long name of a town has a long name as a hotel. But what a luxurious hotel! Whitey Rimstad had a beautiful room and said: "Come to see me fellows and I'll greet you in the ante-room."

The game that evening was another disgrace. The games in these small towns were not on our original schedule, which called for only artificial ice rinks, but we go to play because people want to see the Canadians.

That game lasted less than 20 minutes. The players sank in the ice up to their boots. They couldn't possibly skate, only run, and that was dangerous. The score was 3-2 for us when the referee called the match. Ice was so terrible that at the beginning Bill Gibson crawled to centre ice on his knees. I wish a camera had been there to record it. It may have been humorous, all the players stumbling, but it was dangerous.

After the rain, snow, bad ice of other games, we thought we had seen everything—but it's amazing how this world can always show you something more.

LEAFS STILL ON THE GO IN SWITZERLAND

STEINBOCK HOTEL, CHUR... For 14 days straight the Lethbridge Maple Leafs have played a game or travelled every day, ever since Paris. Feb. 10th. was another such day of travel, and this time we went practically across Switzerland.

We began early in the morning at La Chaux de Fonds, near the French border. A bus took us to Neuchatel. At Neuchatel we caught a train for the ride to Zurich. In Zurich we stopped for lunch at the Restaurant Braustube Hurlimann.

All of us waited in the Zurich station for our next train. It was Saturday afternoon and hundreds of skiers jammed the railroad station to catch trains for the resorts. We have never seen so many skiers. All carried their skis, poles, packs on their backs, and were dressed in their ski togs and boots, ready for action.

Our train was to take us to Chur, up in the mountains towards St. Moritz and Davos. Since Tom "Timber" Wood missed that train on the day previous, we joke about it considerably and someone said that instead of yelling "all aboard"—or its German equivalent—we should all yell "Timber" before the train is to move.

That train took us another 100 miles, alongside Lake Zurich, to Ziegelbrücke, then alongside Wallen Lake which has a towering rock side for one of its boundaries. At Sargans we noticed that the Alps seem to stand individually, so that you say: "Look at that one," not "Look at those."

We arrived at Chur to spend the night. At the Steinbock Hotel. Someone cracked: "Has John Steinbeck ever stayed here?"

It was a day off, but we are fatigued with travel today instead of play.

Dick Gray marshalled us into a room for a talk, and to discuss hockey. These meetings are very good. We find that collectively we are good strategists—apart we are dumb clucks. The talks cement us together.

We realized that we are very close to the championship dates in Paris. Some Philosopher amongst us says: Above all remember that championship is also a state of mind.

LEAFS PLAY SWISS MORNING GAME AT 6,000 FEET

A ROSA... The Steinbock Hotel in Chur was where we awoke on Sunday morning, Feb. 11th. At 10:30 that morning we had to play a game at Arosa, big ski resort in Switzerland, and about 25 miles right straight up the mountains.

By strong electric train the team said we arose to Arosa. When we took a look at it, we said it was impossible for all that snow to melt this spring—but anyone will give you great odds that it will.

At the game, we instead of being at church...were playing; the crowd, they instead of being at church...were watching.

But in case the Lord is listening—we had to play that early in the morning for a Fohn wind—a European wind that is comparable to a Canadian Chinook—would have softened the ice for play during the rest of the day.

That 6,000 foot height had us gasping and tiring terrifically in the first period, and we were down 2-0 at the end of it. Then we became accustomed to the rare air, finally beat Arosa 7-2. Gibson paced us with 3 goals and the rest of them were spread amongst the team quite equally.

Our European record now stands at 21 won, 5 lost, 1 tied.

We went to the Post Hotel Restaurant for lunch in Arosa, to try to put back the 3 or 4 pounds we had lost during the game.

Arosa is such a tourist centre! At least ski centre. I don't think there is a town here at all. They built hotels anyplace and everyplace, one away up a mountainside. There doesn't seem to be any streets, just big paths where skiers walk with their equipment, where those horse buggies convey people. These horse drawn vehicles are magnificent. They are the kind you see in shows, or dream about, beautifully made, with fine furs that you wrap yourself in—and the horses have bells that make the nicest sounds, as though Santa were coming.

And the holidayers are gay at Arosa. As we walked about they shouted to us: "Hello Canada", just like Foster Hewitt would say it from his gondola.

In the afternoon we went to the Arosa Racetrack for horse racing. It was the most unusual horse racing we have seen, since most of us consider this a summer sport that you would associate with Kentucky or Goshen.

A tractor, with the front wheels on skis, packed the track, then harrowed the snow! Trotters came out for the first race and they pulled light sleighs. The racing times seemed to compare with our summer trotting. Later there was the ordinary horse racing too.

Rancher Dick Gray and Shorty Malacko won ten francs apiece on a little deal that racing commissioner Mallie Hughes organized.

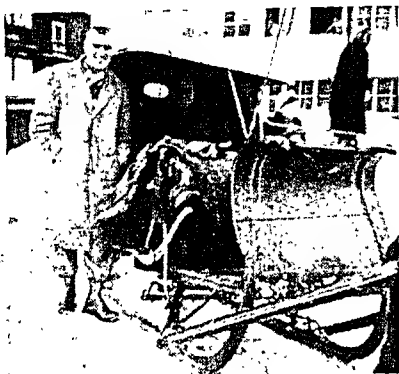
We fully realize that you have to see the different parts of the world to see different things, otherwise someone can only tell you that has seen—but that is difficult, unless he is a Hemingway.

Back at Chur on the train that Whitey Rimstad expected to go down the hill as the one does in Dogpatch Junction, we got mail. There were Valentines from Lethbridge wives that the players ooded at, and Marsh Darling sent a letter to the team from Edmonton which we greatly appreciated.

Those Valentines are good. And the married fellows here really think a lot of their wives. If they had those seven hours today that we lost in time zones from Lethbridge, here in Chur, they would really tell them so too.

THE GREATEST SWISS RESORT

GRAND HOTEL BELVÈDÈRE, DAVOS... Two days before Valentine's we left Chur for Davos. Our train took us up and up into snow splendour. It is the most beautiful white snow, not a speck of dirt in it. On every roof it piles four feet high, until you wonder how on earth it is all sustained, and those roofs look like something out of a Christmas card. Everywheres you could see shacks, stop-places for weary skiers or havens for any that get lost, for on the mountains at Davos they have ski-guards who are on duty all day, just like you would have life-guards at a beach.



Lou Siray and author sleighing in Davos, Switzerland.



The horse races on the snow at Davos.

The greatest runs are at Davos. Skiers can sometimes go steadily for 10 miles downhill, and get up to the heights of Korbshorn, Schiahorn (which is the highest and the object of the people who want to conquer), Weissfluh by ski lift. From below you see skiers so high up that they are dots, the only specks in that white snow.

When we arrived at Davos I could see better face tans than I saw in California. The sun is brilliant. Most wear sun glasses. We saw so many skiers at Davos that Whitey Rimstad asked, "Doesn't anybody work in this country?" But a great many of the tourists are Americans, from the U.S. and European occupation forces, and there are a great many English too. St Moritz, just a little ways away, may be a classier winter place, but it is a place that people go to show their clothes, mostly, not to be ski-fanatics as they are at Davos.

At Davos you get to wonder why people take holidays in summer! Do you recall, in Canada, that when an employee draws a winter holiday the staff sympathizes with him, unless he is Bermuda or the Bahamas bound.

On that train ride through God's greatest beauty of snow, Tom Wood finished Eleanor Roosevelt's "This is My Story", the book that made him miss a train once, and consequently one that he will remember, always. Whitey Rimstad read Newsweek and was amazed that Bing Crosby's kids were worth so much. Hughes read Reader's Digest. I was finishing Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and into the Trees", and I still couldn't figure out why Hemingway used stars in the text and why he had at the bottom of some pages: A.R.I.T., which was the title, but why?

About the book someone asked me, "Any plugging?"
"Just once."

"That's pretty poor for Hemingway."

Of the hundred reviews that Ernesto was supposed to have had of his book, I wonder if there was a more caustic review than that.

From the Davos station we were driven to where we do not

know where, but when we got there we knew where, and we were gasping. It was the Grand Hotel Belvedere, the best Swiss hotel we have been in, even better than the Dolder at Zurich.

The gang asked Dick Gray, "Don't you think they have made a mistake? Let's not unpack our stuff until we see for sure."

Outside was parked an American Cadillac, so beautiful of colour that I cannot say, but others would say green. If I owned Ava Gardner I would have traded her for it!

And inside what a hotel! Dining room to amaze your stomach, lounge to make your behind most comfortable, dance floor to disturb your feet, bars to help you get rid of the coke habit, the kind of people around that you remember to talk about—later. For instance Kurt Kruger of Hollywood. Or that woman that wore one mink coat and carried another on her arm! Or that young kid that was so sweet with that broken leg from skiing.

Hans took us to his souvenir shop and gave us things for 30% off. Do you think a woman is crazy about buying those small things? You should see the Lethbridge Maple Leafs!

Some of us had tea where they were dancing. The singer was Fatima, supposedly Indian, but who sings in English and French. She was very pretty. She wore a tight sweater. Someone in our crowd said: "I don't believe it."

But in all this impressiveness and occasion for feeling a little happy, we could not give it our vent, for Jack Sumner, Ken Branch and Rod MacGregor were leaving for Canada. They haven't been playing too much and they are leaving so room can be made for a couple of "insurance men" to come from Canada, just in case we need them. The gang was wondering whether Guyle Fielder would not be one that would be flown over in March. Sumner, Branch and MacGregor fly from Zurich on the 13th... leave on the Empress of Canada on Valentine's day. You should see them soon in Lethbridge, with the news.

THE LEAFS PLAY IN DAVOS

GRAND HOTEL BELVEDERE, DAVOS... There was possibility of snow postponing our game on Feb. 13th. We have never seen such quantity. And this morning we are glad that we are not in Ambri, where we had been for a game just days ago. In two days it has snowed two metres there; avalanches have caused ten deaths; part of the town is being evacuated. We got out of England before the flu was really critical and now we are about to get out of the Swiss Alps before the snow is dangerous.

The snow was keeping us in the Belvedere all day. It gave us a chance to meet the Japanese skaters who had been here for the speed skating championships of the world. We wondered what on earth they were doing here when war is on their doorstep. But then what are we doing here when we should be helping the rest of the world clean that doorstep?

When we sat around that lobby Bill Chandler said it was like sitting in a ship—only we weren't going any place. But we thought that if all the snow melted at Davos, you could make a seventh ocean to float the ship.

Karl Sorokoski took a party out for lunch where they were invited by Karl's friend.

At our Belvedere lunch the chef made a dessert that was shaped like a swan, and whipped cream deliciously made the wings. The Europeans amaze us with their cooking, and their ideas for recipes that even Claire Wallace or Kate Aitken haven't heard of! Europeans, however, don't make pies, and right now we think that one of ma's would be okay.

But snow or no snow, we played. After all we are veterans of that Bavarian winter that I told you about. During the entire game against Davos it snowed. There were many Americans to cheer us and we won 11-3. Gibson was sharpshooting again with four goals; Rimstad had three; Negrello and I had four points apiece.

That victory stretched our European record to 22 won, 5 lost and 1 tied. We have now defeated the best teams on the continental part of Europe. Later this month when we stack up against the Swedes and Norwegians, we'll know exactly what we have to face at the world games in Paris.

LEAFS PLAY 30th. GAME IN EUROPE

HOTEL STERNEN, ZURICH... This was our Valentine's Day and we were leaving the Grand Hotel Belvedere at Davos somewhat regretfully, but when you consider the threat of avalanches in that district, gladly.

We changed trains at Landquart and around Wallen Lake and Lake Zurich forgot all about the snow. In fact with the bareness here we thought we had only dreamt of those mountains of snow.

At our Sternen Hotel in Zurich Tony Schoen from Lethbridge came around with some Heralds and gum. We devoured those Lethbridge Heralds like hungry animals, and chewed the gum which was given to us because most Europeans think North Americans chew gum all the time. It was good reading Buchanan, Pilling, Coleman, and even the society pages got quite a play... and even the advertisements—that's how you want to read everything when you are 6,000 miles from home.

In the evening at Zurich's Hellenstadion we played our 30th. game in Europe. We won our 23rd. game. There are five losses, one tie, and one was an exhibition game amongst ourselves that we strike from the records. Our win column is quite impressive. In Canada we played 7 games, so now in the addition of everything we find that we have won 29, lost 5, tied 2 on both sides of the Atlantic.

For our 30th. game we played Davos at Zurich, but as always they were packed with a few internationals, two Czecks, two Canadians. We beat them 7-2. Hec Negrello and I scored two goals apiece, and Don Vogan scored his second goal in two nights from his defensive position.

In between periods there were figure skating exhibitions, which is usually on the programme in these European rinks. It is a good idea for Canada, for the figure skaters get a chance to perform before a large crowd and the fans do not get bored at intermission times.

At the end of this particular exhibition Karl Sorokoski, on behalf of the rink, presented bouquets of flowers to the two female skaters. He got kisses from each of them... The crowd applauded and we whistled. It was just as well that Mallie Hughes, our married goalie, was not playing that game.

LEAFS' LAST GAME IN SWITZERLAND

PARK HOTEL, FLIMS... We were on the go from Zurich again on Feb. 15th. Our destination was Flims, small resort village in the Alps where a Canadian team had never appeared before.

Europe does not seem so strange to us now and some one remarked on that train: "There sure are a lot of foreigners in Europe." The language difficulty has been unsurmountable at times, but most of us have picked up a few words in three different languages. Even Shorty Malacko was making a brilliant attempt at reading French. On a railway carriage he saw the sign: "Non fumeurs" and said, "I guess there's smoking here, eh?" Karl Sorokoski has mastered Italian enough to say what comes out as, "Quattro quarante." No one knows what he means, but it has a rhythmic sound to it. Whitey Rimstad always gets everyone into an uproar with his German accent. Bill Gibson seems to be the best imitator. Once he hears anything he always says it exactly back, as he did with Scotch. And all the rest of us have hands, which are our tongues for any language you would wish to converse in.

The train ride from Zurich took us to Chur, then we changed to a bus and were soon high up in the mountains at Flims. We walked up a path that was banked with snow that must have been shovelled by 15 men for 15 days, to our Park Hotel, and after dinner we were ready for our game.

It cannot go into our won records, for we split up our team and had a few Flimsy juniors on each side. It was an exhibition game, put on for the tourists' benefit and for the benefit of youngsters who study the game.

From the Park Hotel we walked downwards to the rink, on a winding path that had paper lanterns hanging at various positions with lit candles in them. What on earth are we going to see next? A slight fog hung over the rink that was there amongst the tall

firs. We have seen no rink that looks so much like a winter wonderland like that one. It was sheer hypocrisy to play the brutal game of ice-hockey there.

During intermission there was a skating exhibition by a couple. All the lights (the four of them) were turned off and this couple performed with burning torches. It was an incredible spectacle. There were those Chinese lanterns with glowing candles defining the edges of the rink; there was the hanging fog and there were those whirling skaters with those burning torches. It was all so eerie, and yet so pretty... hockey players, fans, performers hidden away from cities up here in the mountains in the winter snow. No one would have been at all surprised to see an elf walk out and extinguish those lanterns, or hear the voice of DeMille say; "Okay, great scene—cut!"

This Swiss village presented us with a cow bell that had an ornamental pennant attached to it.

Leaving Switzerland then we find that our record is 23 won, 5 lost 1 tied, and two exhibition games, for Europe. We have then played 31 games in 43 days—a very tiring schedule.

Let's hope that our peak wasn't but will be, in Paris.

MAPLE LEAFS TO PLAY FOR WINSTON CHURCHILL TROPHY

ZURICH... Canadians have heard by now that the Lethbridge Maple Leafs are to be the first Canadian team to participate in the new Winston Churchill Ice-Hockey series.

We ourselves got wind of it on Feb. 1st., after we had come down from Flims to Zurich by bus and train.

Bunny Ahearne brought us the news and he is the originator and schemer behind the move. Ahearne is most enthusiastic about this baby of his. He himself thinks that the trophy will be greater than the Stanley, Allan or Alexander Cups, but possibly he is letting the great name of Churchill throw him a little. It is however most gratifying to see that the last war's two great architects of victory, Churchill and Alexander, are associated this way with Canada's great national sport.

In a nutshell the idea is this. Up for competition is the Winston S. Churchill Trophy. America, Britain and Canada are to compete for it, that great A.B.C. Anglo-Saxon block. After the World Championships in Paris this Churchill series will be held in London. Lewiston will represent America, we (Lethbridge) will represent Canada, and an all-star team will be formed out of the English National League. A winner will be declared in three straight games. A miniature trophy of the original will go to the winners, and Winston Churchill medals to each player of the winning team.

Some of you know that Churchill is a sport fan—you remember his horses, and they have had more success than Crosby's.

But for this sport of ice-hockey he is not that good a fan... he just consents to lend his name to the trophy. In future it is hoped that the best American, the best Canadian and the best British team will compete for it.

I have wondered if it were not a political move. Remember Churchill's Fulton address and the stress he put on the cementing of Anglo-Saxon relations. The English speaking countries are together then... even in sport. It is a noble idea, and there could have never been a greater name to be associated with this endeavour.

The Winston S. Churchill Trophy... and Lethbridge are to be the first Canadian team to compete for it!

THE MAPLE LEAFS IN BELGIUM

HOTEL DU MIDI, LIEGE... After reporting to Zurich's Hauptbahnhof for customs on Sat. Feb. 17th. we were driven to the Kloten airport, where we boarded a Swissair DC-4 for Brussels.

We flew comfortably past Strasbourg, crossed the Rhein, then the Mosel. Our plane took us right over Luxembourg, where the "hostess with the mostes' lives".

Our flight was less than 2 hours for the approximate 350 miles and we landed at Brussels' Melsbroek field. There was only a 600 foot ceiling and it was raining. We got down safely, but you cannot say that it was difficult weather; it is only difficult weather when a plane crashes.

Immediately we seemed to resent Belgium that we did not find it quite as comfortable as Switzerland. A new money was introduced—50 Belgian francs to our dollar! Timber Wood paid back a two franc cribbage loss and really made 46 cents! He had lost two francs (no one had designated which kind), which would have been 50 cents of Swiss francs, but the Belgian two francs were only worth 4 cents. Cross a border to escape a debt!

We checked in at Brussels' Central Hotel, then caught the bus for a 50 mile ride to Liege for our first game in the Lowlands' countries. Playing in Liege first was like taking a play to Connecticut or Maryland before its New York opening.

That bus ride was dreary in the rain. We passed through Louvain and saw the famous philosophical university, but we are travelling so much that even sights like that cannot stir us sufficiently. Then it was Titledmont, St. Trond, and Liege, bustling city in the Ardennes sector that you once knew so well in the Battle of the Bulge news reports. At Liege miners were striking and there was a steel industry difficulty.

After the spectacular scenery of the Alps we are not enthusiastic about flat Belgium, but there was something else to see that awakened us. They were a few war cemeteries along the way. In Holland and Belgium Canadians had left their war dead... and

someone said: they also had left their living—war courtships.

Right opposite the magnificent Liege railroad station was our not so magnificent Hotel du Midi—in fact the worst we have yet been in, and something else that made us remember Switzerland.

That evening we played our first game in Belgium after all that travel. In a very small rink that was about 160 feet long, we defeated a Belgium side, reinforced by four Canadians, 13-2. Bill Chandler scored 3, Negrello 2, Gray 2, Gibson 2, to lead us. Chandler, Negrello, Gibson and I, had 4 points apiece, and every team member picked up at least one point.

In between periods 3 Mormon missionaries from Alberta came to see us, among them Bob Mercer, whom the boys knew well.

That's Belgium for us. We don't seem to know much more, except that it is the most densely populated country in the world in proportion to square miles, that King Leopold—very fine golfer—had a lot of trouble on the throne, off the throne, and trying to get back to the throne. We also know Trygvie Lei makes Belgian's voice heard in the U.N. Brussels, Antwerp and Ghent, that they call Bruxelles, Anvers and Gand here, we knew in our geography lessons were great cities.

Sometimes the geography of travel is not so lustreful as that seen in pictures and books.

MAPLE LEAFS WALLOP BRUSSELS

HOTEL CENTRAL, BRUSSELS... Even on a Sunday the MAPLE LEAFS did not rest, on Feb. 18th. There was travel and another game. We travelled by bus from Liege to Brussels, going from a city of 280,000 size to one of 940,000, and passing places like Louvain 40,000 size, in this the most densely populated country in the world. 8½ million people live in an area of 11½ thousand square miles—750 people to the square mile. Proportionately if Alberta had that population it would have more people than the entire United States. Immigration authorities should get cracking.

We arrived in our Hotel Central in Brussels. The manager gave each of us a fine souvenir, then we were out for a walk in this Paris of the north. In the Grand Place we stood to see the fine Hotel de Ville with a single spire, and the Museum. Even with all this brilliant architecture, we like other North Americans wanted to see the Manneken Pis. It is a most famous spot in Brussels, nothing exceptional about it, but every traveller seems to get a laugh. The story goes that a father looked for days for his lost son and found him at this spot spilling himself most unconcernedly. He was so happy to find him that he erected this statue of the boy relieving himself. There are thousands of souvenirs of it and it is definitely a tourist attraction, but how different from the tomb of the unknown soldier, the Botanical Gardens or the Art Gallery!

We were told about the new Belgian Social Services. Of course there are compensations and hospitalizations that rank with anybody's, but we thought pretty good that workers get holidays with double pay. Also a man's unemployment insurance is half what his wage was.

In the evening the Brussels' rink amazed us. All these differences certainly teach us tolerance... We found the rink to be only 50 ft. wide and about 160 long! It looked like a theatre more than a rink. Hundreds of women sat in their dresses at tables, and men in their suits, in a balcony and below. Because of the conditions Dick Gray decided not to play Bill Gibson, Hec Negrello and Don MacLean—our full team would have crowded that rink.

We played a Belgian team, reinforced by four Canadians, and walloped them 21-1. Timber Wood and I scored 4; Bill Chandler 3, Milroy, Siray, Vegan and Malacko two apiece. I had 9 points and centre Whitey Rimstad had 7. The farce victory was rather costly though, for in the second period, after Chandler had scored his 3rd goal, he had to retire with a knee injury. Timber Wood replaced him on the Rimstad line and scored four goals.

That rink was a sweat box. Rommel must have conditioned his troops there in preparation for desert fighting. Some of us lost 4 pounds. Nap Milroy said: "I learnt my hockey on a bigger rink in our back yard."

But even though the ice rink was small it certainly had some excellent features. There are steam baths, barber shops and coiffeurs. After the game we were invited into an extensive place where there is a bowling alley, a bar, a fine dance floor. No one should be bored at an ice-hockey match in Brussels! Later we were also guests at the Club L'Aimant.

We will remember this game in which we tried to score a score of goals, and it is just one of the "different" places that we see daily.

THE MAPLE LEAFS IN HOLLAND

HOTEL KURHAUS, SCHEVENINGEN... Our stay in Belgium was not long. Here we were leaving Brussels on Feb. 19th. and we had arrived from Zurich on the 17th.

At about noon we were at Brussels' Melsbroek airport where we were to board a SABENA Convair for Holland. A fellow traveller was telling Lou Siray, the keen fisherman in our crowd, about the magnificent fishing in Finland. Lou found deploring the fact that it is difficult to fish streams elsewhere in Europe, for big landowners just wouldn't let you on their property that they had by inheritance for years and years.

Soon we were airborne and we flew over Antwerp and Rotterdam on our way to Amsterdam. In 35 minutes we landed at the international Schipol airport. Gray and Negrello, the airmen of the Maple Leafs, were very interested in a squadron of Jets that they saw at Schipol.

We seemed to like Holland immediately. After all, the Canadians knew this country so well in the war. They fought, lived, died in the mud and water where now the most magnificent tulips grow. The countryside pleased us, and as we all seem to be country boys at heart, we spoke well of Holland.

Our bus at Schipol airport took us to The Hague, where we made our headquarters. On the way we saw our first windmill, but Don Quixote wasn't around battling it.

We skirted Haarlem, passed through Leiden. Whitey Rimstad seemed to take on the duties of a guide and provoked us to laughter with, "In Holland there sure are a lot of people that speak Dutch."

Canals and ditches were everywhere. Tom Wood kiddingly asked, "Was Van Dyke the name of that boy that put his finger in the wall to hold back the sea?"

This district that we were passing through is the floral acreage of Holland. In the April-May season they have what is known as Flora's Feast, which is opened by orange and purple crocuses, followed by white and yellow narcissi. Floral splendour however reaches its culmination upon the appearance of red, white and blue hyacinths, then the season closes with the great Dutch tulips that every school boy in the world would recognize.

Even in this winter season we saw some men standing along the road selling tulips. And along the road was another recognizable pleasantry of Holland—a man worked in wooden shoes.

Don Vogan said: "This country is flatter than Saskatchewan."

We arrived at our Hotel Kurhaus at Scheveningen, international sea resort village for The Hague. The hotel was luxurious and only a 100 yards from the beach and the North Sea. There is fine sand on a wide beach and there are glorious breakers. Before the beach is a splendid boulevard that had Tommy Wood remark, "Looks like Atlantic City."

This is our first real rest in Europe. We are here for 3 days and there is only one game. We need that rest for an extensive Swedish tour that is expected to acutely condition us for Paris.

The hotel is so restful and comfortable, the sea so conveniently close and inviting, that the dozen married fellows said: "Sure love to have the wife here."

Here we just feel like an army that has charged across miles of ground in victories, then it rests to store up strength before the great battle that will finally decide things.

THE MAPLE LEAFS REST AT THE HAGUE

HOTEL KURHAUS, SCHEVENINGEN... Feb. 20th. was a complete day of rest at The Hague, city of 550,000.

In the morning there was a shopping excursion down town. We got into —how would you say this—the The Hague, or just the Hague arcade centre where the souvenir shops are.



The hockey team with the Dutch peasants at Volendam.



Shorty Malacko with Dutch peasant in wooden shoes on the North Sea.

Some of us were buying miniature windmills and Hec Negrello photographed Whitey Rimstad trying on a pair of wooden shoes. Rimstad joked, "These are boats that would float." Billy Gibson had a small pair for his daughter. "She'll never wear these out at Diamond City," said Billy. We weren't buying anything special, just things marked Holland, so we could say along with Kilroy that we had been there.

In the afternoon we walked the beach-front outside our Kurhaus hotel. The never-stopping waves brought all sort of crustacean life onto the beach sand and we picked up shells like Huckleberry Finn or the best of crustaceologists. Even in this weather people walked the beach and promenade, some airing their dogs—what Karl Sorokoski called "marmalade" dogs.

We liked being at the sea where there is such a roar of power that no-one has yet found what to do with.

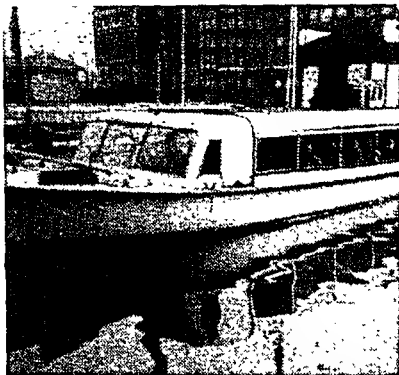
Our rest day was also another of those postcard days when just about everyone in Lethbridge is remembered. I bet the Lethbridge postmaster has never seen so many different foreign stamps, and it is an even bet that a few youngsters are going to turn philatelists.

We also learned that our schedule for the Paris championships has been drawn up. However this year there are two groups, and we do not play the six teams in the minor group, so there won't be any of those basketball scores. In the major group we only play six games, against Finland, Norway, Great Britain, the United States, Switzerland, Sweden—in that order. The Palais des Sports in Paris will have a busy ten days—36 hockey games in that period!

We look forward to what we can look back to some day, either with joy or sorrow.

AMSTERDAM AND THE GAME AT THE HAGUE

HOTEL KURHAUS, SCHEVENINGEN... We had a great day on Wed. Feb. 21st... In the early morning Dr. Bierenbroodspot, president of the Dutch Hockey Association, provided a bus for us on a trip about Holland. And as he says, you can



The hockey team in a canal boat at Amsterdam.

drive two hours one way, three hours the other, and you have seen Holland. Yet in that small space over 10,000,000 people live. In 65 miles you have Amsterdam (850,000), The Hague (550,000), and Rotterdam (650,000), and in between these straight in a line points you have 'small' villages of 50 to 80 thousand. If we could have all those people between Calgary and Lethbridge!

Our bus arrived in Amsterdam and Dr. Bierenbroodspot was our personal guide.

First in the list was the Rijksmuseum, the Lowlands' most famous art gallery. It was filled with a galaxy of Rembrandts, Van Dyckes, Hals, Goyas, Velasquez, Tintoretts, Ruysdaels, and so on. The Rembrandt collection was the greatest in the world. There didn't seem to be an aesthete or a connoisseur in the gang. Shorty Malacko's, "Sure is nice," was about the most expressive sentence used. However it was art that we could understand, not like Dali or Picasso that put you in an utmost state of confusability. Our hockey gang could not believe that the Museum had rejected an offer of \$3,000,000 for Rembrandt's "The Night Watch", one of the most famous pictures in the world, which we saw. They say that 17th. century Amsterdamers thought Rembrandt's asking price of \$400 much too high for it!

Amsterdam is the Venice of the north. There are 85 canals and 385 bridges. The next part of our sight-seeing was a 10 mile ride around the canals and harbour area of Amsterdam. We were in a large motorboat and it was a most interesting way to see the city.

We saw the city's buildings from the canals. They are not very high, for the ground in Holland is not solid. Too bad, for this is a country where they need the skyscraper. First buildings of the Dutch East Empire trade headquarters still exist. The new don't seem to be in any better condition. And it is surprising what you see. On the canal we passed one of those houses where men go, and in the windows on both stories you could see the women in provocative dress sunning themselves. That was one building that the guide did not mention.

Our canal boat took us right into Amsterdam harbour. Tonnages up to 25,000 were loading for all parts of the world, and dis-



The Maple Leafs in native Dutch costume at the Zuider Zee village of Volendam.

charging cargos. The dry-docks were busy. And then we could see the Zuider Zee, so much of which is in the reclamation plans.

They had packed us a picnic lunch and we ate that, while some fooled around with Desmond's "Picnic Song".

After that our bus took us along the dykes to Volendam, quaint fishing village on the Zuider Zee. This was the Holland of the postcards. All the inhabitants wear those baggy clothes, and as we walked along the doorsteps we could see how many of the family were home—this was the place where they leave their wooden shoes outside before entering. It is a Catholic village, and close by on an island on the Zee is a Protestant village, the residents of both seemingly hostile to one another.

We stepped into one of these houses—a big family of course. Everything was spotless, and even though the family was apparently poor they had objects that would be very expensive in America. Wealth in poverty, so to speak.

All of us Leafs stepped into a photography shop, pulled on the costumes of the village, put the wooden shoes on, and had an uproarious picture taken that would even make Mona Lisa smile more. And it wouldn't be an enigmatic smile either...

In a restaurant that overlooked fishing craft 120 years old, we had Dutch pancakes. What pancakes... 15 inches in diameter!

On our return trip the Dr. told us some stories about those terrible Germans that occupied Holland during the war. He himself lost 65 pounds and Dutch people were dropping dead by the thousands, of starvation... From starvation this country has come along to a diet twice as good as the one in England, yet England was a victor, and not an occupied land... In Amsterdam the Dr. showed us where the Germans had ruined Jewish houses to

get wooden fuel for their fires. And one of his stories was about a Dutch boy who was caught listening to the B.B.C. Two days later he was returned with a sign around his neck: "I shall not listen to the B.B.C. again." Of course both his eardrums had been pulled out.

There is something about the canals of Amsterdam. During the occupation they made excellent places to throw Germans in, after they had been strangled by forces that lurked in the dark, and who took their lives in their hands by being on the streets after the 8 o'clock curfew.

Discounting all this, we played ice-hockey in the evening, in The Hague. A packed rink was there to see us. To the Dutch side we gave the Milroy-Siray-Knibbs line and goalie Mallie Hughes. For Mallie they found a pair of pads that Turk Broda had left in Holland, when he had been here during the war. We won that Ijshockey (finally, a Dutch word) game 11-2, for our 26th. victory. Negrello, Gibson, Rimstad and I, had 4 points apiece, with Negrello and Tom Wood scoring the hat-trick. Wood is still up taking Chandler's place, who is still out with his knee. Don Vogan got a couple of stitches in his lip.

The Dutch Federation presented us with ash trays with our individual names engraved on them, and with a picture of the first hockey player in Holland. The picture shows a pole in the ice along with a player in skates, like the ones worn by that Dickensian character, and the date is 1609.

Did someone say that ice-hockey originated in Canada?

THE MAPLE LEAFS FLY TO SWEDEN

HOTEL KRISTINEBERG, STOCKHOLM... This has been a day of terrific travel for us... the 22nd. of Feb. We began at The Hague in Holland. A bus took us to Amsterdam's Schipol international airport. Rain and poor visibility were setting our take-off time back. Dr. Bierenbroodspot was there for a departure farewell from the Dutch Federation. He didn't advertise it but a story went out that during the German occupation he used to buy loaves of bread for 100 gulden each! and give them away to the starving poor. A gulden is now worth about 27 cents. Did you say something about being through a war?

Finally we took off in a KLM Convair and climbed immediately into the clouds. Later the heavy stratus broke and we saw that we were bypassing Bremen, Hamburg and the Kiel Canal. How different from the war when you used to drop bombs over these places, but now you just dropped your eyes for a look.

In an hour and 45 minutes we were landing at Copenhagen, in Denmark, and not as Shorty Malacko asked, "Is this Spain?"

Wherever you are all you have to do is look at Time International and see what money is called in that country. Timber Wood usually carries a Time, so we saw that kroner were in use. Some

of the boys however asked the greeting gal and called her, "Wilhelmena." She must have thought that we were the ones that were crazy in the noggin—that gal from Copenhagen.

Again we took off and in an hour and a half we had crossed the hundreds of lakes in Sweden in the dark, and were landing at Stockholm, 750 miles from Amsterdam.

Stockholm is of an 850,000 size, near the 60th. degree of latitude, so far north of Lethbridge, yet it was warm in that snow.

The boys were just a little uneasy. A low ceiling and the dark made us uncomfortable for that landing.

But down, everything was okay. When danger ends there never was danger. And besides a greeting committee warmed us. Photographers snapped pictures at the Bromma airport... they seemed especially interested in Whitey Rimstad and Don Vogan, the Scandinavians amongst us.

They drove us into Stockholm, and it was on the left, like England. Our hotel was the Kristineberg and they had real coffee for us... anyhow it tasted like Lethbridge coffee... Timber Wood's Time told us that kroner were used here and they were worth about 20 cents apiece... Mail was received, and anytime that happens, a place is wonderful, even if it is behind the Iron Curtain.

In our hotel rooms there is a radio object that plays music, or rather receives it, awakens you in the morning, and you can press another switch to speak to the reception desk.

Such is Sweden so far to us—hospitality, good coffee, mail from home, modernity.

Tell yuh later what else we will discover.

MAPLE LEAFS FIRST GAME IN SWEDEN

HOTELL BALTIC, GAVLE... After getting up early at the Kristineberg hotel in Stockholm on Fredagen 23 Februari, we travelled 182 kilometres for our first game. It was a bus ride to Gavle.

A party of three was in charge of us. One member was Helge Berglund, the president of the Swedish Ice-Hockey Association.

We travelled straight north of Stockholm through rough country well treed that resembles Canada a great deal. There was a stop at Uppsala for coffee, 14th. century university town of 57,000. We noticed men, and women especially, going shopping with their sleighs. It is operated like a kiddy car. There is an arm rest; the woman puts one foot on a runner and pushes with the other foot. The groceries or a child is the load, and it expedites your own movement.

Before Gavle we were told to be very careful of our conduct in Sweden. People are supposed to be watching us constantly. However, we too have eyes and we watch how they behave towards us. I wonder if these countries think of that too.

Gavle is a town of 43,000, almost on the Baltic, and pretty far up north. Karl Sorokoski kidded that we would be playing the Eskimos pretty soon. And someone else, with an equal amount of wit said that one of these days the North Pole is going to be one of our goal-posts.

We stayed at the Hotell Baltic. Our lunch wasn't smorgasbord, but something probably more tasty. There was roast pork and a one inch diameter centre in the meat filled with prunes. Most appetizing...

At the game, in an open air natural ice stadium, they presented us with a Swedish pennant on a silver base. Before the match began, a very unusual thing happened—the entire crowd stood up and gave us three cheers!

Dick Gray and Shorty Malacko played the entire 60 minutes on defence. Don Vogan was out with a festered mouth and Bill Chandler's knee is still troublesome. Hec Negrello and Whitey Rimstad also complained of an ulcer condition from the greasy foods we have eaten in continental Europe. I am not building up an excuse, I am reporting... We won the game 2-1 with Negrello and Gibson scoring the goals.

There were swarms of kids asking for our autographs. In England only girls ask for autographs... This is probably why the game is making such strides in Sweden—the young boys are interested in the game. A girl doesn't get an autograph because she is interested in the game.

Sweden will be a great ice-hockey competitor in future years. The country is a natural for the game and an athlete is a somebody here. And as I said before the kids are crazy about the game. Only war interrupts the development of a game, and isn't Sweden the country that is always neutral?

A DAY OF SWEDISH TRAVEL

FRYKSASGARDEN, FRYKSAS... Early on Feb. 24th. we were up at the Hotell Baltic in Gavle, near the Baltic Sea. Our next game was to be in the interior so we travelled by bus. And they took us to Fryksås, summer and winter resort, for a night's stay and other scheduled entertainment. The Swedish Federation has a magnificent programme laid out for us. They are showing us the utmost of hospitality.

Our bus ride was of seven hours. We went through Sandviken, then stopped at the pleasant village of Falun for lunch, at the Stadshotellet.

That lunch was an epicurean's delight. We began with the Swedish smorgasbord. There were 22 different things that we could choose, fish, meats, vegetables... we tried them all.

Resuming the trip we went by nothing but trees and trees. No wonder Swedish newspapers are the only ones in Europe that can be the size of ours.

There was Lake Siljan, international tourist resort and prettiest lake in Sweden. But you don't see the prettiness in winter—you only imagine it.

After Mora we came to Fryksas. We thought they were joking that we had to stay there. It was really a rough camp. We called it shack town, something like Father Murray's.

But this was part of their programme to entertain us and show us the different things of Sweden. After a buffet dinner they threw a dance for us. As guests it was necessary for all of us to be present. When you dance with a Birgud or an Ingrid, that is all you do—dance. Either of you can't speak the other's language, you can only agree with one another in steps, and to step on a toe is the same awkwardness in any language.

Language is the thing that makes you extremely patriotic, or it makes you intolerant... It is the thing that says: I am different.

THE LEAFS' SECOND SWEDISH VICTORY

HOTELL MORAGARDEN, MORA... Sunday morning Feb. 25th. and we were in the Swedish wilderness at Fryksas.

There were no churches, but there seemed to be another kind of reverence around here, that of the cow, as in India. They don't revere, they rather respect the cow. Each summer from below they bring the cow up here to graze and in the winter the cow is on tourist souvenirs to sell.

Whitey Rimstad also knew it was Sunday morning, said, "I know when it's Sunday... Bells ring in my head."

Instead of a religious morning it was an athletic one for us. There was ski-ing on the programme, and even though we had been in the Swiss ski paradise, this was our first attempt.

What attempts! Billy Gibson said, "I'll guess I'll stick to hockey," as he floundered around and made a one point landing, although you wouldn't describe it as a point.

Karl Sorokoski was climbing a hill and began to go backwards. Someone mentioned that you go the other way—that is why they are turned up at the ends.

Bert Knibbs was running around like a veteran at Revelstoke or Banff.

Hec Negrello was photographing Don MacLean taking a gentle slope. Pretty soon the slope wasn't so gentle and Don had run into standing skis and poles, knocking them down like a bowling ball.

When we were all in someone asked where Mallie Hughes was and Bill Chandler said, "Hughes is liable to come through the wall any minute now."

Do you Canadian girls want to know a substitute for your expensive creams? During our ski-ing we saw some Swedish girls washing their faces with snow. They say it gives them those Ingrid Bergman complexions.

I have never seen such snow laden branches as on those fir trees that we skied by and almost into. White inches of it making each tree droop, but so very beautiful.

Our destination for the afternoon was Mora. A man said 2 miles. However he didn't disclose that that was two Swedish miles, the equivalent of 12 Canadian miles. If a girl says she lives a mile here you must be careful.

Our hotel at Mora was the Moragarden, and unexpectedly there was mail for us, some just 6 days old, and here we thought we were away from it all in interior Sweden.

The hockey game was in the late afternoon. The Sunday crowd liked the game, said we were the best team to appear since the Trail Smoke Eaters. We won 10-2. Gibson, Rimstad and Vogan scored two goals apiece. Gibson and I had 3 points. Bill Chandler was still out of the lineup.

After the game they gave us a banquet in the Gustafvasa, named after a 15th. century Swedish king. The town of Mora presented us with pins and beautiful hunting knives with cases, a product and identification of this hunting district.

It was a splendid effort on the part of Mora. Someone threw around the obvious: we like going to Mora today.

THE SILJAN LAKE DISTRICT OF SWEDEN

TURISTHOTELLET, LEKSAND... These last few days have been in the Dalecarlia district of Sweden, the most beautiful province, and the province that has the most beautiful lake—Lake Siljan.

We were up at the Moragarden in Mora, one of the Lake villages of Siljan.

For 10:30 the magnificent Swedish schedule said the Zorn Museum. At that appointed hour we were there. This Museum has the rare distinction of being devoted to one man—Zorn, Sweden's greatest painter. A great deal of his art, besides that which he collected like Corot, Degas, Velasquez, El Greco, and objects that are a collector's delight, is in the Museum.

Many know Zorn as a fine portrait painter, as he travelled extensively in the U.S.A., England, the Eurasian continents, where he sought commissions, and those to be painted sought him. But he is also a nature lover and he painted many scenes of his province Dalecarlia, and nudes blended amongst that outdoor work.

Our English speaking guide who took us about the gallery said Zorn died in 1920, his wife in 1942. I couldn't help think that this Museum was more the work and achievement of her. Sometimes it happens that way when a husband precedes a wife in death—she uses the rest of her life in dedication to her husband's work, making him a legend and a greater great. Like Eleanor Roosevelt does for Franklin. Or conversely what that Indian prince did for his wife and built the Taj Mahal. Perhaps it is best that it does happen, for to browse in we have the institutions



One of the Leafs' ski-ing instructors in Sweden.



Leafs ski-ing in the Lake Siljan district of Sweden.

of Roosevelt and Zorn, and the Taj Mahal wonder of the world, that otherwise would not be.

I liked well by Zorn the portrait he did of his mother who remained the peasant woman to her death, even though her son was wealthy, famous and moved in the best of society.

We then took a bus to Leksand, another village on Lake Siljan. Our hotel was the Turisthotellet and it overlooked the beautiful Dalälven river.

There on the programme was a sleigh ride. We were taken for a sleigh ride—not in July, but February 26th. There were five sleighs and each had fur robes. The kids of the village trotted at our sides and the adults looked on sort of amused.

We drove 4 kilometres, then stopped off at a fabric factory to see how they make prints.

On the return ride we huddled under our robes, even though it wasn't nearly as cold as it would be at this latitude in Canada, somewhere near Great Slave Lake, on the other side of Alberta's north border!

They gave us lit torches and we held them all the way to the village. Shorty Malačko recited—with help—Rupert Brooke's "In Flanders Fields", for that is where the torch is flung.

"Be it yours to hold it high."

We hope we can do that for Canada... in Paris.

LEAFS' THIRD SWEDISH WIN

TURISTHOTELLET, LEKSAND... On the morning of Feb. 27th. they took us to Tallberg, another pretty village on Lake Siljan. We had lunch at the fine Dalecarlia Turisthotellet, and the view from that top tourist centre downwards toward Lake Siljan was almost as compelling as that Zurich Dolder view that we remember.



The Swedish all purpose sleigh at Falun, Sweden.

We are eating so well in Sweden that Whitey Rimstad who used to say: "I wish my brother was here instead of me," when playing conditions were tough in Germany, now says because of the food, "I'm glad I'm here instead of my brother."

At that Dalecarlia restaurant the team adjourned to a higher room for coffee, and in that room were the photos of the Swedish kings, for instance the Gustafs and Karl XIIIth and Karl XIVth. Karl Sorokoski said, "Here's Karl when he was thirteen and here he is again when he was fourteen."

After that sumptuous lunch we borrowed skis and practised on the gentle slopes leading towards the lakes. Some of the boys even attempted a small jump. There was a competition

and Hec Negrello called himself the Italian champion, Don Vogan the Norwegian, Tom Wood the Canadian, Karl Sorokoski the Polish, Lou Siray the Hungarian, Don McLean the Scottish, Bill Gibson the Irish, Nap Milroy the English, Shorty Malacko the German, Mallie Hughes the American one.

It was an international ski meet—but they were all from Canada.

We came back to Leksand for our game that evening. Some of us stopped to see the marvellous collection that Bert Knibbs has amassed in Europe. Some of us kidded that when he gets back to Bow Island the Knibbs' Museum will most probably be inaugurated.

A packed rink was there to see us play in Leksand. When the God Save the King was played the Canadian flag was hoisted. Then the Swedish flag was raised when that anthem was played.

Before the face-off a little girl presented Hec Negrello with a doll.

We went on to win by the same score that we won our last game, 10-2. Our team is at a peak now, for we have beaten very strong teams by this large score. It is hoped that we do not lose this edge of keenness for Paris... Hec Negrello scored 3 and Bill Chandler 2, to lead us. Chandler was back in the lineup after his knee injury. Don Vogan scored another goal, and he has been scoring with a regularity from the defence position. Gibson, Negrello and I had 3 points.

Leksand and the Dalecarlia district gave us another banquet after the game. The president of this district considered us a



The Maple Leafs go for a sleigh ride in Sweden—in this sleigh were Bert Knibbs and Shorty Malacko...

better team than the Edmonton Mercurys. Dick Gray in his small speech complimented Sweden on the fact they seem to be the only European country getting on in hockey without Canadian aid—a tribute to their game and the progress it has made.

The Dalecarlia citizens here also had a gift for us. They gave us pins and each of us got a small wooden horse, that is steeped in tradition of this province.

Remember the wooden horse of Troy? We hope that by accepting this horse we shall not be the defeated by the Swedes in Paris.

30th. EUROPEAN VICTORY FOR LEAFS

STADSHOTELLET, KARLSKOGA... We are doing Sweden in a small circle we found on the last day of February. The second last part of the circle had been from Leksand to Karlskoga. At the small town of Grangesburg we had tea.

After the day ride we found ourselves at the Stadshotellet in Karlskoga, one of the most modern hotels in Sweden, and certainly an object of pride in this town of 30,000. All the halls of this hotel face a courtyard in the centre. The rooms have everything, even built in radios. Seems the Swedes know how to do everything—even how to remain neutral in wars.

That neutrality business is made more apparent here in Karls-

koga. This town's main industry is the huge Bofors factory, where the ack-ack shells and guns are made. 6,000 people work there and they are very busy on orders from the Argentine, Egypt, Turkey. In the war they made a fortune by supplying England and America. A factory representative said they did **not** sell to Germany, and the statement seems satisfactory to few of us who have had that ack-ack shot at us in such quantities. Which is most despicable: To incite war, to fight war, or to remain neutral of war? Sweden has certainly mastered the neutrality art, and this is the strategy. War kills off any kind of world competition you might have, and at the same time you can grow rich by selling to all competitors to aid them in killing themselves and removing themselves from competition. Admirable is the fact that Sweden seeks peace, but not quite so admirable is the fact that Sweden manufactures what destroys peace.

We were the first Canadian team to appear in Karlskoga. When we skated on the ice many of us said that it was the finest sheet we had ever seen, the smoothest, and Tom Wood was remembering Madison-Square Gardens.

Before the game they presented us with the district pennant. Then we went on to win our 30th. game in Europe. Whitey Rimstad and I scored two apiece to be high in our 7-2 victory. Dick Gray scored another goal from his defensive position. Chandler, Rimstad and I had three points apiece. Our record in Europe is 30 won, 5 lost, 1 tied, and two exhibition games.

At the post game banquet, in which we were eating shrimps and reindeer meat from northern Sweden, the Bofors Factory presented us with shell souvenirs and pins.

The Swedes have amazed us with their generosity. This is the height of sportsmanship, according to every kindness as though they were the victor and we the loser.

LEAFS PLAY IN STOCKHOLM

HOTEL KRISTENBERG... These were our first two days in March... a new month. This is the month when spring days march towards you, and for us the championship days in Paris are marching quickly towards us.

One day was a long bus ride from Karlskoga to Stockholm. In the evening all of us spent it quietly at a Stockholm cinema seeing Doris Day in "Tea for Two". It felt good seeing a North American girl in action again.

On the next day the many morning papers like Dagens Nyheter, Svenska, MT, and Stockholm Tidningen, splashed us all over their pages. We also saw a Reuters news flash that three players were coming from Kitchener-Waterloo to aid us in Paris.

None of us had heard of them before, but on discussion we were all pleased to have the insurance strength. It was brought up that perhaps the C.A.H.A. should have chosen western players, as this

is a western team. Then, one of us—or them—will have to be dropped in Paris, as only 17 are allowed to be registered. But a bigger squad can always help us, for you never know what injuries you may sustain even tomorrow. Our team is playing terrifically, and we have beaten everyone in Europe—and Canada—that we have played. That is we have beaten every country. If these men from Ontario can make us even better, then it is all the better for Canada.

All day the kids pestered us for autographs. They even came to our hotel and rapped on the windows. The little schemers did everything and a group of them kept up a chant for Dick Gray.

In the afternoon we shopped. A tram took us downtown. In Stockholm your street car ticket is good half an hour after you get off.

Stockholm is a beautiful city. It gives you the impression that it is twice as large as it is, everything built on plenty of space, then it is built around those fingers of water that thrust in from the Baltic to give it a Venice appearance. Modern buildings are everywhere. A magnificent apartment area at the water front is done on a style like Rio de Janeiro. There are bridges like Vancouver's Burrard and Narrows'. The shops are filled... At least they were until we got there.

These small steel tools that Sweden makes seemed a good buy. Then all of us got into a department store... PUB...rode the escalators to every floor to buy something. Bert Knibbs was adding to his flag collection. Nap Milroy was buying Stockholm hankies. Bill Gibson was getting his wife a Stockholm sweater. Tom Woods was wondering what on earth he could buy his boss who owns a store. Don Vogan wanted a Swedish shaving set. Machinist Lou Siray was going crazy in the tool department. Mallie Hughes was talking business. If anyone in Lethbridge wants to visit a Museum just visit one of the Leafs' homes after we return.

In the evening we drove to the Stadium for our game. It seemed more important, for the National side was thrown at us. There were more butterflies in our stomachs... a bigger crowd, terrific paper publicity, big city. But we settled down and won 5—1. Shorty Malacko and Bill Gibson scored two goals apiece. Tom Wood got the other when he flew in to get Rimstad's pass. Malacko, Gibson and I had two points apiece.

We found these Swedes tougher than anything we have met, exclusive of England. They had more heart. Usually the Europeans play a first period well, then after a few body checks they melt away, but here there was brave return for everything we gave out.

That rink is built in a Stadium, something like an American football one, that would hold upwards to 75,000 people. But for the hockey only a part is used, the rink being where football posts would be in America. It is the only artificial ice rink in Sweden, but it was the poorest ice we have encountered in this country. Bandy and motor icecycle racing spoil it. Bandy is played 11 to a side with field hockey sticks and skates, and the goals are soccer size. Last Sunday a crowd of 30,000 watched here, cer-

tainly the biggest hockey crowd in the world. For motor icecycle racing they have spikes where the tires should be.

Well, two more games before Paris. According to Elliot Paul things are really supposed to happen in Paris... in the spring.

A DAY IN STOCKHOLM

HOTELL KRISTINEBERG... Saturday was our free day in Stockholm. But the Swedes are so magnificent to us that even a day of rest is one of the best.

The Swedish Hockey Association had everything arranged for us. A guide, Ebbe Sandberg, is always with us. He counts us wherever we go in case someone pulls a Tommy Wood on us.

At noon they took us to the Stadshus—the City Hall. We were guests at an informal tour. Helge Berglund, who is the Hockey President and Stockholm Commissioner of Sports, was there to greet us. Then we were put in charge of an English speaking guide.

It is the most magnificent City Hall we have seen. We can't think of one to compare—New York, Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal, Cologne, Paris, Amsterdam... Lethbridge.

At the beginning of this twentieth century it cost \$5,000,000 to build. The architect was Ragnar Ostberg and he couldn't build one today for three times the cost. For then it took from 1911 to 1923 to build. And what a situation it has! Right on one of those finger lakes that disembugue at the sea. In fact boats can pull right up to the City Hall.

In the Civic Court of old architecture you could play baseball. Step into the Blue Hall and it looks like Grand Central station. Oddly enough the only thing we saw blue was a cord to hold people back.

We walked into the sessions' room. Where the aldermen meet is a statue of St. Eric and at his feet is a dwarfed crushed figure. That is supposed to represent St. Eric driving out and crushing paganism. Now it is said in jest that the crushed figure under St. Eric's feet is the Stockholm taxpayer.

In the council chambers 100 members sit. They say there are five Communists, so even here democracy means: if anyone wants to cut your throat, let them go ahead... it is their democratic right to do so.

After the grand receiving room which commands a superlative view of the water front, we came into the Golden Chamber and were humbled. It is like walking into a golden palace in Siam. There are supposed to be 25,000,000 individual shining pieces of an inch square. And those were placed individually there. Now we know what it feels like to be standing in Fort Knox, but here there are legends in painting and a marble floor where 5,000 guests can sit for a banquet, or on another day, dance.

The Swedes then took us for lunch in to Stockholm's centre. We

went by the King's Palace.

Our lunch was at the Restaurang Gondolen. It was the most spectacular restaurant we have seen. It is virtually in the air. A lift right at a street takes you up 125 feet to it! The restaurant is on giant stilts and it commands the most magnificent view of Stockholm's harbour, the bay and water craft. Tom Woods said, "They should build one of these on the high level bridge at Lethbridge."

After lunch Ebbe, our guide, took us shopping. Most of us now own a Swedish sweater... sweater boys. However we don't fill them nearly as well as Ava Gardner. And some of us bought tools. Shorty Malacko, who has been making the gang laugh with his new command of English, said, "If I was carpenterily inclined I'd get some too."

Then for dinner the Swedes took us to the largest restaurant in Europe, right in the heart of Stockholm. It was the Berns' Salonger and it seats 2,500. The Salonger has Swedish, French and Chinese sections, so no eater can go wrong.

But the Swedish generosity did not stop there. The evening wasn't finished. We have but to express a desire and they are there to make the desire reality... Soon they were phoning and reserving tickets at the Park Theatre for us to see "All About Eve." All of us agreed that the dialogue was superb, but is there a woman who could be as despicable as Eve?

In Sweden each cinema ticket is numbered, and the row. You must sit there. You buy a seat, as you do in the legitimate theatre.

The Swedes even paid our street car fares. All day everything had been on them. We who represent Canada say: I hope those whom we represent will give this country a million dollars worth of business.

40th EUROPEAN GAME

LONDON... Yesterday was Sunday in Stockholm and it was the day of our final Swedish game, the sixth.

Even on this day—and very early too—autograph hunters were around the hotel. The kids were knocking on our windows before we were awake. And when we got outside they chased us down a street. They had books of our pictures that have appeared in the Swedish papers, and they wanted us to sign over our pictures. Some of the boys get more than one autograph; they sell the extras in school for ore, or they trade them for what boys possess to trade.

We were on our way Sunday morning to a bandy game. Two games were in progress, and the flooded surface there was half the size of Henderson Lake. A bandy field is the size of a soccer pitch. Goals at each end are about 12 feet wide and 7 feet high. There are 11 skating players to a side. A curved object like a woman's field hockey stick is used. The players bat and stick-

handle with a ball... Rules are about the same as soccer.

They should introduce the game in Canada. It gives more players a chance to play, and skate. The crowds are huge, up to 30,000.

In the evening we played the Swedish national team. 12,000 came to see this match in Stockholm that was to be the climax of our Swedish tour and the end of our exhibition trail through Scandinavia and continental Europe.

We won 4-2. We swept the six games in Sweden. They say we are the first foreign team to do it, including what they call the English professional ones.

Because it was so important, the summary went like this. Hec Negrello scored our first goal on a pass from Billy Gibson. We ended the first period at 1-1. Then Don Vogan scored on my assist to give us a 2-1 lead. Five minutes to go in the third, Sweden tied it up. Gibson had received the fourth of his penalties. A minute later Dick Gray and I broke away; he scored the winner on my short pass. Hec Negrello clinched it on a marker from Gibson's assist in a fine passing play.

Mr. Stone, the Canadian minister to Sweden, came to congratulate us. Some of his legation staff were also with him.

After the game we left for the Grand Hotel for a wind-up banquet. It is Stockholm's finest hotel. The main dining room has aquatic life, flowers and grass at places in the floor.

We dined in the Spanish room. The food was superb and the dessert was a gastronome's delight... Candy floss on top of nut-fruit icecream that was touched with brandy—but delicately—on top of a 15-inch diameter block of ice 4 inches thick. And there were three of these served! You wanted to admire it, but you wanted to eat it too.

On behalf of the Swedish Hockey setup Helge Berglund presented us with an engraved vase, and each of us got beautiful leather match boxes' containers.

Dick Gray had each of us speak, to personally thank Sweden for their magnificent hospitality and generosity.

Everything we said we meant sincerely. Sweden has treated us the best in every way of all the European countries.

LEAFS FLY STOCKHOLM TO LONDON

MARBLE ARCH... On Monday March the 5th. we left Sweden with regret but it was another stage closer to home, so we were not entirely sorry.

At Bromma airport we got into a BEA Viking and in two hours Copenhagen loomed. In three and a half hours more we had flown over part of Germany and Holland, and had landed at London's Northolt airport.

We feel that our touring is over now. We have beaten every team in Europe; we have played 40 games.

To meet us at the Rose Court Hotel was Frank Sargent, who had come from Port Arthur to represent the C.A.H.A. at Paris. Now we don't know what to call him, corporal or lieutenant; perhaps it will be lieutenant.

Bunny Ahearne brought us mail. Nap Milroy had 16 letters—his wife writes as much as Kathleen Winsor. Tommy Wood's mother sends in letter the entire sport news of Canada... Everyone reads her letter and calls it 'the sport page.'

England. How the same it is to get back after two months. The worst food in Europe is served, but it's good to be in a country that speaks a language that resembles ours. There are so many differences that annoy, but yet the differences seem to give joy. And the humor is kept up. Right now the British newspapers feel indignant that an American admiral will command their navy in the North Atlantic, yet the cartoons joke about it. Then the cartoons give space to the new craze that has swept England—English women swear that each of them is going to reduce. I think this is just propaganda from the food department of Mr. Webb.

But England is rushing to spring. We left Sweden in feet of snow, but in England the first flowers have appeared, the grass has awakened to green, and the Englishman is walking around with his eyes wide open these days—his ears I mean—to see who will hear the first spring cuckoo.

This is the England we have come to in a final rest before Paris. Confidentially: the Swedes generously gave us food like ham and butter to take with us to England. They too sympathized with us.

A DAY IN LONDON

MARCH 7, London... Yesterday was our free day in London. All of us looked a little better after haircuts at the Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch.

Then we amused ourselves.

Some of us took a taxi to Piccadilly Circus and at a downtown cinema saw "Whiplash," with Tyrone Power and Susan Hayward. We were not particularly impressed. Others were at a Marble Arch cinema to see "The 13th Letter," with Charles Boyer and Linda Darnell. Someone said, "My 13th letter to Canada was much better."

In the evening some of us did the legitimate stage. We went to the New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane to see Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." Tom Wood said it was the best play he has seen. It starred John Clements, the man so successful in "Edward, My Son," and Kay Hammond. Shaw shows a terrific mastery of the language and humorous situations. In this play Shaw has some of the identical philosophy Ayn Rand had in her "Fountainhead" to make man the superman. Only in this play Shaw seems to weaken towards the end and disbelieve what he has said in the

first two acts, and strings along with the general public. As in Shaw's other plays this one too is written for the man principle. Beautifully written and spoken are: "With every extra \$3,000 an Englishman gets, he is dependent on another person." "A coquette is one who arouses the passions in men but has no intention of gratifying them."

Some of the other fellows journeyed to the West End to see "Kim", and Whitey Rimstad spoke that it was good.

That is London. The shows and the theatres are like nowhere else in the world. The standards are the highest. People go continually and continually to see how people imitate them... They never tire of it. That is theatre.

LAST GAME BEFORE PARIS

GRAND HOTEL Littré, Paris... Our last game before the Paris championships was in London on March 7th.

On the morning of that game some of us were shopping at Selfridge's and some of us were to see Bob Giddens, editor-publisher of the Ice Hockey World. Giddens sees English ice-hockey on the wane. Producers can fill their stadiums every day of the week with ice-shows. Then the last war set English hockey back. Another war would kill it completely. In Canada a war does not stop hockey, because the young play.

In the afternoon some of us turned down Edgware Road to see "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," and Ava Gardner was so beautiful that the rest of the cast seemed to be just scenery there. We were intrigued with the line: the measure of love is what you would give up for it.

Our game in London was at Harringay. Several Canadians were there to see us. Stubby Mason had joined Dick Gray to come to the rink. The former Dorothy Pink of Lethbridge, and George Standard, were glad to see someone from their home town.

This game in London was important. Previously we had lost every game against the English teams, three of the five games in our loss column. Then, we said we were out of shape and the incontestable differences of English life, plus the flu, had made us ineffective. We said that in Europe we have improved almost beyond recognition.

Against Harringay we began cautiously and were down 2-0. Then we began to roll as we had done in continental Europe. In the end we beat them soundly 8-3, sort of proving all statements in a way. Bill Chandler was shooting well to score three goals. He and I had three points. Rimstad, Gibson and Negrello had two points apiece.

That new Ontario line of Roth, Flick and Flanagan was supposed to play, but their airplane developed trouble at Gander, and they were delayed 9 hours. We rushed into service quickly Milroy, Siray and Knibbs, and Siray came through with a fine goal. If a

transatlantic league ever did develop an entire team would sometimes be 24 hours late, delayed in Iceland or somewhere along the route. It is too bad that Roth, Flick and Flanagan did not arrive, for it would have been a great experiment of being in Montreal one day, and playing a hockey game the same night in London. A league like that is possible.

The Harringay supporters' club make us honorary members and gave us their distinctive badges.

This hockey game was televised by the B.B.C. Timber Wood said, "Who knows, Twentieth Century Fox may take a shine to a couple of us." After the second period Bill Gibson was interviewed personally over TV. Someone of us said, "His face framed for a couple of minutes in many, many homes of England."

It was a great victory. We had gone 34 games without a loss. We showed the British sport writers that we are a good team. If the three replacement forwards from Ontario—supposedly the best line in that province—are as good as they claim, we should be quite powerful in Paris. However, the danger is now that we have gone so long without being beaten—34 games—that sometime we have to be beaten. It must not be in Paris.

MAPLE LEAFS ARRIVE IN PARIS

MONTPARNASSE... In London on March 8th we were up at 6 in the morning for our flight to Paris. A couple hours previous the Ontario line of Flick, Flanagan and Roth had arrived. Now they had to make another flight without any sleep.

We welcomed the three Ontario hockey players to our camp. They seemed a well balanced line, as we sized them up, and as I suppose they sized us up.

That Atlantic crossing had been a dream flight for them. In fact Denny Flanagan was supposed to report to Boston Bruins for a three-game tryout, but he tossed it up temporarily to come to Europe. I suppose they were three of the most envied hockey players in Canada—a flight to Europe for a month of hockey. When Flick, Flanagan and Roth arrived in Montreal for the overseas flight from Dorval, it was the first time they had been in that Canadian city, so you can imagine what London and Paris mean to them.

The citizens of that Ontario district also realized the opportunity that they had received, and the subsequent publicity to Kitchen-Waterloo. Kitcheners and the hockey club gave each of them beautiful leather bags for their European trip. The mayor officially wished them the best. Eastern Canada was joining with the west—Lethbridge—in true Canadian spirit. Bill Flick, Denny Flanagan and Mickey Roth all come from Stratford. Their home town was also proud of them.

But we were now Paris bound. At Northolt we got into a BEA Viking and in 1½ hours we had landed at Le Bourget airport in

Paris.

The Ontario line was seeing Canada, London and Paris within the space of 24 hours. We were pointing out the Arc de Triomphe to them, and such a little while ago the grandest thing they had seen were Montreal's Sun Life Building and the new Laurentian Hotel.

We came to the Grand Hotel Littré, and this week it is a hockey hotel. Here and at the adjoining Victoria Palace Hotel are the Americans, the British, the Swedes and we.

Our afternoon was rather free. Some of us walked around Montparnasse and some of us crossed the Seine to the Louvre.

The Louvre is without a doubt the world's greatest Museum of painting, sculpture and collections of antiquity.

The sculpted to us were as they were—dead, until we came to the Venus de Milo. Close up the decay and cracks are seen, but far away in that magnificent corridor you can see how superb of line is the Venus. Someone of us said: "Venus was never finished, was she—look, her arms are off." But armless or not she is not for sale, no matter what price you would be prepared to give for her.

There was a very pretty girl also inspecting Venus de Milo, and she in her coloured flesh was getting more stares than the priceless Venus!

In the art gallery section—you need a week to get around the Louvre—we went through the Rembrandts, Titians, Goyas, Da Vincis, Raphaels and so on. We saw Mona Lisa and her smile that they have all been singing about lately.

A group of art students was inspecting. Some were copying. What a lot they were! A barber would make thousands of francs if he could get a hold of them. Woolworth's would be richer—and Barbara Hutton—if they could sell them combs. Their clothes just cover their bodies—that is all. The sponge shoes that they wear are Toulouse-Lautrecish. Their expressions... they haven't any; that goes into their art.

The sculpture and paintings are so frank that any child that walks about knows exactly what the human body looks like, all over.

What sort of a world do we live in? That Museum and its priceless works inside, and just as soon as we had stepped outside to the right bank of the Seine, a man was trying to sell us some dirty postcards. Farther on a young boy—couldn't have been more than nine—was interested in making a few francs.

In the evening the American team, the British, and we, went to Pigalle. We saw the Folies Bergère. The building was very impressive, provocative with neon lighting outside, and provocative with photographs and the real Paris air inside.

It cost us 1250 francs to get in—about \$4. The coat check girl politely tells us that the checking price is 20 francs, sans service. An usherette demands a tip. We laughed at her demand so she hurled our tickets on the floor.

The show was a colossal spectacle. Costumes and scenery were beyond belief, but as someone said, there was little talent. It is

more or less a vaudeville show with one or two nudes once in a while reminding you that you are in the Montmartre section. One number was Ave Maria done in a Cathedral setting, but imagine, a prayer to the blessed Virgin at the Folies Bergere!

That is Paris at night. Paris at night is made up of tourists from other lands who make for themselves what they think Paris should be like.

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS BEGIN

PALAIS des Sports... We have been a long time waiting for this day—March 9th. There has been so much behind us, but really it is all in front of us. In our major group there are six games to play; that is all.

During the day we were about Montparnasse. Some of us were at the Au Bon Marche at the Rue Sevres. Already Mickey Roth, Denny Flanagan and Bill Flick are as interested in shopping as we are.

Frank Sargent and Bunny Ahearne came around to our hotel after a meeting of the world body. They said my eligibility in this tournament had been questioned by Denmark. The Danes stated that I had played professionally for Wembley Lions. However that is recognized as amateur hockey, but it was odd that Denmark voiced disapproval, for they do not play in our group. It was thought that the Danes were the mouthpiece for one of the other major countries.

For the opening ceremony at the Palais des Sports every team had to be present, dressed in uniforms. There were 13 teams... about 225 hockey players in all.

The goalkeeper of each team carried the country's flag and we were lined in threes behind him. The nations skated onto the ice in alphabetical order. Someone said to Mallie Hughes: "Hold our flag high Mallie, it's a pretty good flag."

Before a battery of cameramen, newsreel cameras and TV cameras, we skated on—Autrichienne (Austrian), Belge (Belgian), Canadienne (Canadian), Etats-Unis (U.S.A.), Finlandaise (Finland), Grande-Bretagne (Great Britain), Hollandaise (Holland), Italienne (Italian), Norvegienne (Norwegian), Suedoise (Swedish), Suisse (Swiss), Yougoslave (Yugoslav) and last as hosts, Francaise (French).

We skated once around the rink and lined up in that order with the flags flying nobly at the front... The Marsellaise was played and Dr. Kraatz, European hockey head, welcomed the various countries.

It was an inspiring sight.

Because of the lack of uniforms it was too bad that Milroy, Knibbs, Siray and Sorokoski could not be dressed, they who have been with us for 41 games in our great tour of Europe.

The moment was great for Dick Gray. Maple Leafs had come a long way.

In the opening game the Norwegians beat the Americans 3—0. No one had any pity for the Americans, except us, we their North-American neighbors. There seems to be a particular joy in beating the great nation of America. They are so supreme in many other sports; this is one title that shall not fall to them.

Our test comes today.

LEAFS' FIRST VICTORY IN PARIS

PALAIS des Sport... The results on Samedi Mars 10th were as expected. Before our late evening game, Italy beat France 4-1. Sweden conquered Great Britain 5-1. Switzerland ran away with Norway 8—1. Britain seems to be stumbling in every endeavour they attempt these days, whether it be the ground-nuts scheme in Africa or ice-hockey in Paris... They have only 35 sticks; once they practised with a roll of tape for a puck!

While we awaited our 10 o'clock match at the Hotel Littré, cablegrams began to pour in from Canada. We were glad to receive them.

From the players' wives: Best of luck boys, will be pulling for you—Bette, Molly, Colleen, Lucille, Lillian, Ann, Ethel, Maxine, Dot.

That was the telegram the boys really wanted. We couldn't help notice how many of the players' wives' names have double letters.

From MAGRATH: We are watching the results of the Maple Leafs and wishing you the best of luck. Have a good time—Mae and Franks' Snack Shop, Winnie and Laurence Barney, Bayley, Ben Coombs, Lee Carter, Tom Bingham, Elmer Bennett, Lloyd Sabey, Kayo, Yamamota, Slim Wilsoncroft, Norris Blaxall, Alex Poulsen, Ireta and Charlie Burns, Harker, Doug, Billy, Roy Overn, Floyd Toomer, Irvine Harris, Fred Keiver, Dean and Effie, Ziggy, Junior, Turner, Frank Sabey.

From CONSUMERS' HARDWARE: Best luck in hockey championship series.

From LETHBRIDGE NATIVE SONS: Do better than we did. Our sincere good wishes.

From REGINA BREWERIES: Gang at the Regina plant wish you best of luck to take' world title. Might as well pick up Churchill Cup on way home. Regards—Gordon Frisby.

From LETHBRIDGE: Good luck to our team—The brewery, Al, Jack, Grant, Alan, Harriette, Mabel, Mike, Gordon, Roy.

From EDMONTON: We expect confidently you retain championship for Canada. Good Luck—Edmonton Mercurys, Mr. Christian-sen.

From LETHBRIDGE: The mayor and council and the citizens of Lethbridge wish you and the team every success in your quest for the championship—Tom Ferguson City Clerk.

With a barrage of telegrams like that we went out to the Palais des Sport feeling great.

Our game against Finland was the last of the evening. We seem to be the drawing cards and that is our time for most of the matches. However, we pay, for the ice isn't so good after four games during the day.

We stood for the Canadian and Finnish national anthems, then went on to win 11—1.

Billy Gibson scored 3, Hec Negrello, Denny Flanagan and I had 2 apiece, Mickey Roth and Don MacLean scored one apiece. For the evening's work Gibson had 4 points, Negrello and I had three. The line of Roth, Flanagan and Flick played very well, considering that it was the first time in 8 days that they had been on skates.

The Finns have a young club and there are some comers amongst them.

We drew seven penalties to their one. I hope we shall not visit la prison (sans barreaux) so many times in future.

The 10,000 crowd applauded our play. No one plays before a home crowd here. Newsreel cameras took close-ups of us in our box. Tommy Woods suffered a small gash over one eye... Karl Sorokoski played goal... Billy Gibson had the honour of scoring the first goal for us in the world championships.

That was the first game. There are five more to go against all manner of foe.

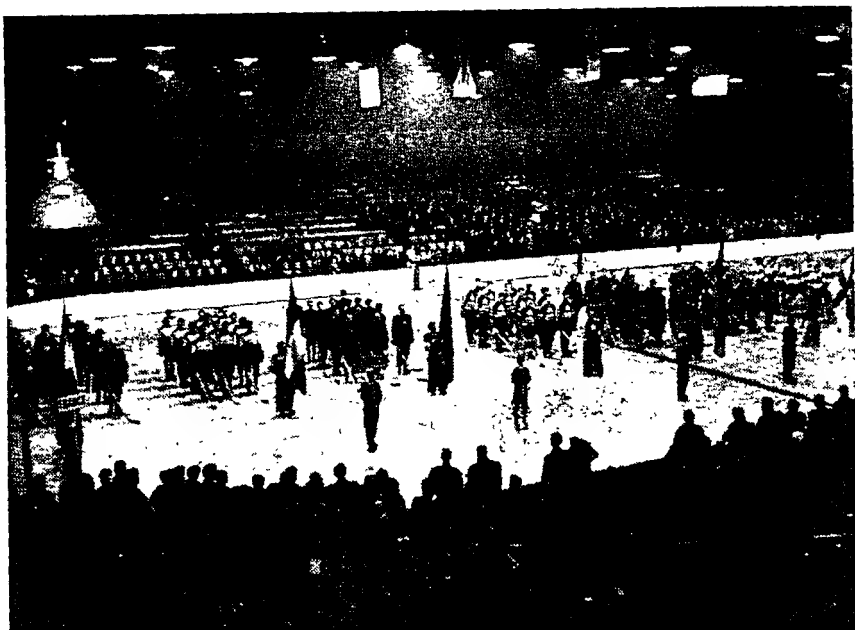
LETHBRIDGE BEATS NORWAY

PALAIS DES SPORTS... On Sunday before our Norwegian game, Jimmy Malacko, who has that German musical beer stein, said to some of the boys, "Come up to my room and listen to a little music."

Flick, Flanagan, Sorokoski and I went to Notre Dame des Champs for Mass. Bill Flick and Denny Flanagan found the church customs so different. Women were there without hats; people stand and kneel as they please; a priest makes the collection and says merci to everyone who deposits, merci bien to anyone a little more generous.

Before our afternoon game there was a lengthy cablegram from Lethbridge.

It read: Good luck boys. We are all pulling for you to win championship—Tom Kirkham, Bob Kirkpatrick, Bob Rutledge, Lorraine Rutledge, Roy Rutledge, Andy Pisko, W. Ramage, J. Alexander, Nick Zack, Bernard Winkler, Ted Turnbull, M. Field, Percy Homulos, C. Pisko, T. Osecki, John Morris, Doug Roadhouse, Gobson family, D. Martin, Ted. Russell, Beattie family, Mae and Ken Fargo, R. Whitfield, Dan and Ann Morrison, Jack McDowall, Gus Asmann, R. Hobberstad, Morris Peterson, George Grisak, W. Towle, Luella Ness, George Won, W. Sanders, Bill Hutton,



The 13 competing hockey nations of the world lined up before the championships at the Palais des Sports in Paris. Canada fourth from left...

Jack Rasmussen, L. Bettger, Steve Suetta, Ed Bruchet, Jean Hurst, J. Martin, F. Basson, Doug Boyer, A. Gardiner, J. Terlesky, George Spence, G. Toccoli, Leslie Thomas, Joe Bovos, A. Tymchuk, J. Sleightholm, B. Sleightholm, Norris Thompson, Goddie Hobert, Porky McLean, Bert Washbrook, Mickey Baceda, M. Seaman, G. Petras, B. Gessinghaus, Mrs. O. Gessinghaus, Al Ries, A. Mannings, Bill Lee, Slim Martin, Lena Luciani, Howard Higbie, Lawrence Bruchet, Pete Slobodian, Art Hughes, Jim English, Don Hansen, M. Kirby, James Freel, J. Stafford, J. Larson, Art McIntosh, H. Carbert, Ken Barnett, Jim Wishart, Helen Gill, Albert Gill, Don Crawford, Isabel Crawford, Jimmy Brown, George Brown, Roy Younger, Mrs. McLeod, R. Doughty, Lethbridge Furriers, George Molnar, Emery Family, Dr. Cowie, F. Sherring, C. Parke, S. McLeo, W. Ottewell, J. McNeely, C. Farrell, R. Vath, O. Vanhorne, B. Ripley, Sumner family, Laura Parke, Al Thomson, Porky Edwards, Jack Walkey, L. Shearer, Earle Cooke, Tom McCready, Bob Shackelford, Tom Earl, B. Jordan, the Kennedys, Lusks and Nivens, C. Campbell, T. McLean, B. Risler, F. Jackson, A. Ramage, J. Lockyer, Frank Sowden, Chris Young, T. Ogrady, F. Galdane, W. Davies, W. Savage, P. Gnam, I. Sparkes, S. Dayton.

We then went out and defeated Norway 8-0. They played an entirely defensive game. Said their big coach Bud MacEachern, formerly of Charlottetown, P.E.I., "We have to play that way. When we get back to Norway, people will only ask us how many goals the Canadians scored against us."

Bill Chandler and I each scored a hat-trick; Denny Flanagan got the other two goals. I had five points, Chandler and Whitey Rimstad had four apiece. For this game Nap Milroy had taken the place of Don McLean on the Negrello-Gibson line. Mallie Hughes registered our first shutout.

After each game is completed both teams line up on the blue lines. They play the national anthem of the winning team and hoist its flag.

Tommy Wood says, "That flag's gotta go up there four more times."

LEAFS REST IN PARIS

HOTEL LITTRÉ... Our Maple Leafs were idle in Paris on March 12th. It was time for watching some hockey and for getting about Paris. At the Palais des Sports someone was labelling the Yugoslavs "Tito's boys" and someone was calling the Finns "Joe's boys". We were also interested in the report that Germany and Japan had been admitted to play in next year's games. Two more former aggressors can turn some of their energy into sport.

From NEW WESTMINSTER a telegram came: Congratulations Dick and to all your boys in grand showing of your two opening games. Keep digging and make six straight. We have heard wonderful reports about the club and are very proud of the team. Shake hands with all the boys for me and say hello to Florence and Frank Sargent. Best of luck—Doug Grimston.

Whitey Rimstad had also received a cable from his wife, and another one from what he laughingly called "his business associates". Bill Gibson had gotten one from Pyramid Motors, so we know that young Ford hasn't given away all his money in that new charitable scheme of his.

In the afternoon we did Paris. By tube, or what they call the Metro here, we went to Place de la Concorde. We walked by the obelisk into the Champs Elysées, that beautiful wide street that points so majestically at the Arc de Triomphe.

There was the Petit Palais and the Grand Palais. Then came the magnificent shops, but you have to be an Aly if you want to buy for your Rita. Prices are terrific.

Just a few blocks away from the Arc de Triomphe we stopped at the Palais de la Parfumerie. P stands for Paris... and perfume; the fellows began buying wildly. Negrello, Malacko, Vogan Roth, Flanagan, Flick, Gibson, Sorokoski, Hughes, Chandler, McLean, know all about enchanting names like Fille de Eve, Magie (the newest on the market, meaning magic), Christian Dior, Schiaparelli, Ever After, Moment Supreme (how about that!), Joy, Le Numéro Cinq (nice name), Amour, Magnificence, Dans la nuit, Tropiques, Jasmin, Noir, Vivre, Fête, Conquête, Flèches. No one will go near Shorty Malacko now... he tried a dash of each behind his ears, on his lapels!

Our smelly outfit then went to the top of the Arc de Triomphe. 14 avenues converge on the Arc, and it was chaos below with traffic coming from each of those 14, but what a wonderful view of the Champs Elysées.

Towards the Eiffel Tower we walked by the Musées d'art moderne and the superb Palais Chaillot, whose architectural style Mallie Hughes liked so much.

We Leafs scampered across the Seine to the Tour Eiffel. There was a lift that we took to the top. Up and up we went. Hughes said: "Someone must have been punchy to build this."

It is a greater sensation than going to the top of the Empire State, for up on the Eiffel Tower you are like on stilts and you are where it really has slimmed down. Bill Flick said he wanted to go up to the very top, 1085 feet, and do a hand stand.

The view was terrific. All Paris was below and towards the horizon. With the powerful telescopes we saw clearly Sacré-Coeur, Église de Madeleine, Notre Dame, the Sorbonne, Panthéon Val-de-Grâce, the Seine and its bridges.

That was the Eiffel Tower that that spider—man—had built.

The cab driver that returned us, said his Jaguar was the car in which Queen Mary had ridden. "And now Mickey Roth has," said the Stratford kid.

Know what Parisian perfume is really good for? Put a little bit on ice-hockey underwear that hasn't been washed since we left Lethbridge.

LEAFS WALLOP GREAT BRITAIN

PALAIS DES SPORTS... We played our third game of the Paris tournament on March 13th. In the morning letters and cables came to make us quite busy with the discussion of home. Jack Sumner and Ken Branch had written letters wishing us well, they who were with us in Europe for such a long time. The cables were:

From CALGARY: To the boys my very best wishes for success in the forthcoming tournament. Am greatly gratified over glowing reports of Lethbridge Maple Leafs. Feel positive you will win world's championship. Kindest regards—Harold Brandreth.

From LETHBRIDGE: Happy birthday Dick. Congratulations so far. Bring back both cups—Lethbridge Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Dick Gray is celebrating his birthday today. On the day the tournament began it was Hec Negrello's birthday, and in the week before that, Bert Knibbs'. The best birthday gift to them all would be a victory in this Paris affair.

In our game against Great Britain we stood for the national anthems, as they played the Canadian one first. By that it seemed that Canada was the greatest nation in the Commonwealth, now.

The British surprised us. They had us down 1-0 at the end of the first period! Then in the second and third we really took command and scored 17 straight goals, to beat them 17-1. With this deluge of goals it was necessary to inquire of the boys themselves; we found that I had scored 3 goals, Chandler 2, Roth 2, Flick 2, Vogan 2, Flanagan 1, Negrello 1, Wood 1, Milroy 1. It was difficult totalling the assists, but it seemed that I had 5 points, Chandler, Milroy, Roth and Flick four points apiece, but everyone figured in the summary. Sorokoski was in the goal... Whitey Rimstad was out of the lineup with a sore back and Nap Milroy went to centre ice between Chandler and me. Tom Wood moved up for the final period on the Gibson-Negrello line.

At the end of the game we watched our victory flag go up. Later Mr. MacDonald, the Canadian minister and representing the Ambassador, came to our dressing room. A Canadian Press representative also brought us some glowing reports of our Lowlands' tour... Frank Sargent, on behalf of the C.A.H.A., gave each of us 3,000 francs for more spending money—probably perfume money. Some of the broadcasts of games are carried short wave to radio Montreal; they may be beamed to Lethbridge.

Promoters say that this Paris tournament is costing them 25,000,000 francs—a lot of dough, but only about 72,000 in the stuff we use at home... dollars.

TOUR OF PARIS

MONTPARNASSE... Both we and the Americans were free on Wednesday March 14. Because America and Canada have such a natural affinity for one another, someone decided that we should tour Paris together. It was all given by the Catholic Sports Association of Paris.

In the autobus they first took us to the Musée de l'armée where Napoleon has been lying in a 78 ton tomb since 1840. The gilt-gold dome building is spectacular and the highest in Paris, excluding of course the Eiffel Tower which the guide said was a freak.

Our guide had a magnificent voice with a trace of intriguing accent that so delights the Anglo-Saxon ear. When we drove by the two million rivet freak—the Tour Eiffel, and across the bridge of the Seine, he said, "This river is absolutely unique in the world... All the fish are mad... They are in Seine."

The Americans and we Canadians then came to the front of the Palais de Chaillot. Two of the Americans had movie cameras with them. They said they had also photographed our game in Paris when we had played them previously. This was for the textile company to use in the East England States, so Lethbridge will be known there too.

We stopped at the Arc de Triomphe, and everyone liked the principle behind this world's biggest arch. It commemorates all the battles in which France fought, whether they were losses

or victories. That is good, for who is to say whether a soldier fights more heroically in defeat or in victory?

Our vehicle took us by small M^{on}ceau Park, by the Cemetery Montmartre where Alexander Dumas, fils, is buried, and also the woman that was his Camille.



Leafs at Sacré Coeur in Paris.

I suppose, because this was a Catholic sponsored tour, we began to visit the churches of Paris, and who is to deny that they are not the finest things to be seen in Paris. Some people think of Paris as a loose town, but with 600 churches, there must be much faith here too... Some of the fellows said they were in more churches this day than they have been in for the last two years.

The first on the list was Sacré-Coeur. It is on the highest bit of ground in Paris, looks like an Istanbul mosque. Church of the Sacred Heart reminded the fellows of St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, up there high on Mount Royal and with steps that go upwards to it. And like Mount Royal this Sacré-Coeur hill commands the best view of the city.

From there we came by St. Vincent de Paul, the Gare du Nord and Republic Square where the fine statue of the République stands, close to the old Bastille that was stormed, and now stones mark where it once stood in its infamy.

To the little island of the Seine we came to visit Saint Chapelle, beautiful stained window glass church where the kings of France worshipped. We walked to close by Notre Dame Cathedral. Karl Sorokoski asked if Charles Laughton were around!

Napoleon and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame. Now you see the hats of the cardinals hanging from the ceiling by chord. It is an old church custom: when the cord breaks and the hat falls, it is burned, the last remains of a dead cardinal.

Once, in this fine Cathedral, the guide had to call to us, "I beg your attention gentlemen," when we and the Americans were looking at three very pretty girls who had walked in. But French girls are distracting; they know how to wear shoes best in the world—they all look like creatures out of Smiling Jack. And you smell them before you ever see them. Their perfume!

We next stopped at the Palais du Louvre, formerly the world's largest palace but now its most famous art showplace. However we did not go in, for the Louvre is someplace to go for a week.

By the Arc du Carrousel we crossed the Seine again to the Palais Bourbon, where French parliament meet, I suppose to find out who on that day is premier...

Close to another church we went, St. Germain-des-Prés, I think the oldest in Paris.

Then we were in the Sorbonne University sector. Students milled around. It was difficult to distinguish them from the art students who swarm around this left bank... Both need haircuts. The girls need to be told that we don't like men without haircuts.

Next was a visit to the Panthéon, constructed to be a church but now a burying place for famous people, at least those who other people thought were great. It appears in Paris that every time the people were frightened by what they thought was an act of violence by God, or somehow felt his wrath, they cowered in fear, quickly wanted to repent, so they built some of these edifices consecrated to Him, while they were still in the good mood of having escaped his entire wrath. The Panthéon seems to be one of these places built with very good intentions at the outset, but later was not completed as the people forgot omnipotent Him. The Panthéon was supposed to have been the church dedicated to the patron saint of Paris—St. Genevieve. St. Genevieve now knows what was to have been hers as where the dead lie, but where the living seldom enter.

Across the rue we entered St. Etienne du Mont, then saw the Palais du Luxembourg. It is no wonder that the revolution drove the kings out with all these palaces around. In those days it seems that the treasury was a place where all the treasure belonged to the king.

That is a tour of Paris during the day. During the night you do not go to quite so many churches...

LEAFS BEAT THE AMERICANS

PALAIS DES SPORTS... We were still associating with the Americans even though we were to play them in the evening.

In the morning of March 15th., day of our game with them, we joined them again for a tour of Versailles, sponsored once more by the Catholic Sports Association.

We passed through the Seine village of St. Cloud in suburban Paris, then through Ville d'Avray, the home of Corot the guide said. In Europe you pass through a village and someone always tells you that it is the home town of such and such a painter or writer. In Canada you pass through a village like Delisle and someone tells you that is is the home of the Bentleys. Or go through Diamond City and it is the home of Billy Gibson.

Soon we came to Versailles and went to visit the Palace. The cobblestone courtyard hurt our feet. "What a parade square," said Mallie Hughes.

It was a fine palace. Louis XIV built it, Louis XV enjoyed it, and Louis XVI lost it in the revolution, when he was there with Marie Antoinette. The most distressing part of the palace is that in many places it is incomplete, or work in some rooms has been

finished off shabbily. It seems that Louis XIV. would start out with grandiose ambitions, then there would be insufficient money left in the treasury to do what he had dreamed of in the first place.

However, every room has paintings by master artists, and they have done a particularly fine job on ceilings.

We saw the Hall of Mirrors and the table on which the Peace Treaty was signed, and really where the second world war was made.

There is a great room where the history of France is presented in paintings. All of the many paintings are famous battles. The pictures are very cruel, with nothing but killing, blood and the brutality of war, and heroic generals standing unmarked. One room was where they signed a peace treaty, and this room is where they glorify war. One makes the other and it makes no difference which you state first.

The gardens of the Palais de Versailles are some of the most remarkable we and the Americans have seen. There are a great many herbages, flowers, trees, ponds, spectacular fountains, dozens of statues, and splendid walks.

In the evening we played these fellows that we had been paly with. But on the ice we showed what the French papers called, "Pas de pitié!" and beat them 16-2.

Rimstad, Flick and Flanagan each had hat-tricks. Gibson, McLean and I, had two goals apiece. Bert Knibbs, who played for Shorty Malacko, out with a bruised knee, scored the other goal. Rimstad and Flick had five points apiece. Bill Flick was very dangerous all the time and showed the form that make the Boston Bruins want him. Roth, Flanagan, Gibson and I, had four points apiece.

Two cablegrams came to further encourage us.

From MOOSE JAW: Lots of luck. Bring championship home. Mr. Vogan, Mrs. Vogan, Phyllis Vogan, Kerns, Aldcrofts, Fairhursts, Doratys, Smiths, Lasbys, Valentines, Ekdahls.

From KAMLOOPS: Win or loose I am with you—Parker 51.

That last cablegram was different. We know that it is possible to lose... We feel good that we also will be accepted in Canada if the championship isn't ours.

LEAFS CONQUER SWITZERLAND

PALAIS DES SPORTS, PARIS... There was much tension for our match against Switzerland. This was supposed to be our first big test. And as it turned out to be, it was sort of a semi-final match.

Even though there was an underground autobus strike in Paris (it is a striking oddity in Paris that it is one of the only cities in the world without street-cars or trams), 15,000 came to the game and roared their approval.

In the first period we were down 1-0; the crowd seemed to take particular delight in that. They began yelling with rabid Swiss supporters the athletic cry of Switzerland: "Hop Suisse, Hop Suisse."

But in the second period Denny Flanagan laid a nice pass over to Bill Gibson, and Bill sank it for our tying marker.

Six minutes later I converted a Rimstad-Chandler pass to put us ahead 2-1.

Then Billy Gibson added another after Hec Negrello had made a fine play.

Don Vogan passed to me for our fourth goal.

"Diamond City" Bill Gibson then scored our fifth goal on a Don McLean pass, to give himself the hat-trick in this hard fought game.

Karl Sorokoski was in the goal.

We were getting a laugh out of Shorty Malacko. He can't seem to remember the names of our new Ontario line... He calls Flanagan, Callaghan, and the name seems to be sticking. We tell Shorty that at least he has the right nationality.

A cable from LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations boys. Keep up the good work—Lethbridge Chamber of Commerce.

WORLD CHAMPIONS

PARIS... World champions! What a wonderful feeling.

We are champions over all the nations of the earth. 18 of us are champions over more than 2 billion.

We were a team that wouldn't be beaten, so we couldn't be beaten.

During the day cablegrams poured in to fortify us.

From STOCKHOLM: Congratulations to your team on the Swiss victory. Bon voyage home—Conny Ankarcrona.

From LETHBRIDGE: Good luck from one bread winner to another. The hockey gang at McGavins—Matt.

From LETHBRIDGE: Good luck fellows. Win that championship—The gang at Western Canada Hardware.

From LETHBRIDGE: Good show. Best of luck to you in final game—Tom Hunt and Ed Hawkes.

And all day we were feeling very tense. We were almost afraid to go to the rink—as a soldier is afraid to go to war—but once we got to the rink we said—as in war—let's go get the bastards. That expression seemed to sum up how determined we were.

17,000 packed the Palais des Sports. The Swedes hung back in their defensive zone all evening. They seemed intent on not letting us score many goals against them, so they could beat the Swiss, on goal average, for the European title. That was their strategy.

Soon Don McLean picked up a Gibson pass and scored the first goal. Hec Negrello added another from Gibson. Mickey Roth

scored our third from Bill Flick to put us three up. Sweden then scored one. McLean scored his second goal on a pass from Negrello, and the crowd seemed to be admiring us more now, and turning their attention away from the underdogs, Sweden. Mickey Roth ended the scoring on a play with Flanagan and Flick.

All of a sudden the game was over... We were world champions. This was our 40th. straight game without defeat. Many had called us the best Canadian team ever to show in Europe.

It was the 13th. time that Canada had won the world title in 17 years. Czechoslovakia had won twice, England once, and the United States once.

We hugged each other like a bunch of school boys. There were movie cameras and a battery of cameramen all about.

Then they played O Canada, and raised our flag for the victory. We all faced it as it rose to the top. Bill Gibson said there was a tear in his eye. Tommy Wood said it was the happiest day of his life.

Hec Negrello, as our captain, came to a pedestal and they presented him with the trophy for the world's title. The Swedes were presented with the European championship trophy and the Italians received a trophy for the victors of the junior division.

We skated in a victory circle about the rink carrying our trophy.

Movie cameras ground... The crowd applauded.

Back in our dressing room we seemed to be in the best city in the world to fill our trophy with champagne and drink from it as champions usually do. Whitey Rimstad said, "I bet our wives will be tieing one on too." Someone else added, "Lethbridge will be another Paris this Saturday night."

Our real celebrating came in our Hôtel Littré. Frank Sargent and his wife came to present us with another trophy that is ours for permanent possession. He also presented each one of us with gold medals for winning, and bronze ones for competing in Paris. Mr. Sargent said that Canada would be very proud of a great hockey team tonight.

Then it was Dick Gray's turn to speak. He had come a long ways with his club. He had overcome many difficulties. Dick said it was the greatest spirit team he had ever played with. He particularly thanked Flanagan, Roth and Flick for their contribution, telling them how well they had fitted into the team. It was a great moment for Dick Gray.

In our 6 tournament games we had scored 62 goals, had 6 scored against us.

The scoring went as follows:

GOALS		GOALS	
Obodiac	12	Rimstad	3
Gibson	8	Gray	2
McLean	5	Vogan	2
Roth	5	Wood	1
Flanagan	8	Knibbs	1
Flick	5	Milroy	1
Chandler	5	Siray	0
Negrello	4	Malacko	0

The Paris sporting paper, L'Equipe, announced that I had been the leading scorer of the tournament. The Flick-Flanagan-Roth line had been very impressive in Paris... Captain Hec Negrello said, "This may not be the best team in Canada, but this is the team with the greatest team-spirit I have ever been with."

So ended one of the greatest days in our lives... world champions, and as General MacArthur once said—there is no substitute for victory.

THE CABLES OF CONGRATULATIONS

LONDON... Sunday morning in Paris hardly any of the Leafs were up, and the ones that were up were just going to bed. It was surprising the relief it was to be finished; all week our stomachs and nerves had behaved in similar disorder.

The cablegrams of congratulations began pouring in.

From REGINA: Congratulations on your victory—Andy Young.

From LETHBRIDGE: Hurray from the bottom of my heart. Hurry—Alex Snowden.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations. Knew you could do it. Love youse—Jack Giesen, Alberta Motor Association.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations gang. You've shown them who's boss. Looking forward your return—Star Taxi and drivers.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations World Champion Lethbridge Maple Leafs—From the staff at Four X Bakery. Well done—Cliff Murphy.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations boys. We're proud of you—Ethel Chandler, Bill Birrell, Ian Scot, Mildred MacFarlane, McKievers, Ev Corbitt, Bill MacFarlane.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations to you and all the boys—Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Evelyn and Allan.

From LETHBRIDGE: Three cheers for champion daddies—Marilyn, Timmy, Barbara, Billy, Sandy, Donna Rae, Dianne, Dixie, Judy, Donnie, Leslie, Terry, Wynn, Mary Lou.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations to you and all the boys—Jim, Irene, Frank, Davina, Edna, Joe.

From LETHBRIDGE: A wonderful victory. We're all very proud of you now. Hurry home—Ann, Molly, Colleen, Betty, Maxine, Lucille, Ethyl, Pat, Lillian, Maxine and Dot.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations boys—Jack Rosser, Johnnie's Sport Shop.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations to you and all the boys on winning championship. We are proud of you. Everybody talking Maple Leafs—Staff Pyramid Motor Sales Ltd.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations in winning world's championship. Wish success Churchill Tournament—Lethbridge Elks.

Of all the cables the boys appreciated best of all that original telegram from all their children, and the fact that their kids were calling them "champion daddies," which every daddy is.

Late in the afternoon we went to Le Bourget airport in Paris carrying our two trophies, and one or two of us carrying hang-overs. We caught a Viking Airliner, and Tommy Wood began the song, "The last time I saw Paris."

Yes, the last time we saw Paris we were world champions.

LEAFS REST IN LONDON

MARBLE ARCH... We are back to England and already we have colds again. There are draughts everywhere; the food doesn't vaccinate you against a cold, it encourages it. If we want some heat in our hotel room we have to slip sixpence into a gas slot. We feel cold, but outside in the closeby Hyde Park spring flowers have come out.

More cablegrams came to warm us inside.

From CALGARY: On behalf of myself and the executive of the A.A.H.A. I wish to extend congratulations upon winning the world's championship. I knew you could and would do it. Best regards to all the boys—Harold Brandreth.

From BOW ISLAND: Combines extend the best to the world's champion hockey club—the baseball club.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations fellows. We are as thrilled as you with your recent victory—Jack Blenner-Hassett.

From NEW WESTMINSTER: Congratulations to all your boys for a grand job well done. The reports of your conduct and playing have far exceeded our expectations. Your club is a credit to Lethbridge and Canada—I hope I have the pleasure of shaking your hand and thanking you and the boys for being perfect ambassadors of Canada throughout your whole trip. Regards—Doug Grimston.

From FORT WILLIAM: Congratulations to your team—Gen and Ed Kohar, Mrs. Kuspira.

There they were, cablegrams from five different Canadian cities. Canada, besides Lethbridge, seemed to be thinking that we had done a pretty good job.

The small town of Bow Island had sent a congratulatory message, and this very day in London we were reading a Swedish magazine (rather, looking at it) and on the cover was their own Bert Knibbs. We now call Bert "Cover Boy." The rest of us were in the inside of the magazine.

We rested in London this day by going to the movies in the afternoon to see "Storm Warning". Our movie critics thought it was a top-notch thriller.

Others of us went to Alberta House, where Mr. Taylor—Horatio Alger man in charge—let us read the Lethbridge Herald... So that's what you people in Lethbridge are doing!

In the evening a few of us took advantage of this greatest theatre town in the world and went to the Casino to see "The Latin Quarter". It was a lavish spectacle of splendor and feminine gender.

This morning the sun shines, and after a night of sleep you say, "London's not such a bad town after all."

ANOTHER DAY IN LONDON

MARBLE ARCH... More cable grams had arrived from Canada. From CALGARY: Cheers. Drinks on us tonight—Don Gray, Marj and Gus.

From LETHBRIDGE: Champagne on me—Addie Donaldson.

From CALGARY: Wishing Leafs best of Luck—Bob Chiswick.

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations to the new world champions. Never had any doubts—Frank Sherring.

We have received many messages from Calgary. I thought Calgary bore Lethbridge a greater rivalry than love, but by that you can see how entire Alberta is behind the sunshine city.

Early in the afternoon 12 of us went to Canada House at Trafalgar Square to read the Canadian dailies. Don Vogan was quite disappointed that there wasn't any Moose Jaw Times about. Bill Flick saw a picture of himself in baseball uniform... The Lethbridge Maple Leafs seemed to be in every paper across the Dominion.

We then walked over to Leicester Square to see a snooker match between world champion Joe Davis and Sidney Smith. Davis had been world champion for 20 years. Once he ran off 110 points after a break. Joked Hec Negrello, "I guess there are a couple guys in the Arcade at Lethbridge that could give him a game." That century that Joe Davis had made was the 416th. time he had done it!

At intermission we talked to Joe, all the Maple Leafs grouped about. He said that once he had made 146, a world's record, and just one short of a perfect score—that is a black after every red.

Davis asked us where we were from. "We're Canadian ice-hockey players. Have just come from Paris. One world champion talking to another world champion."

Said Davis, "Ice-hockey. That's a quiet game." And we all laughed.

In the evening some of us went to see America's new heart throb, Stewart Granger, in "King Solomon's Mines."

A couple of others went to the Daily Express building, the world's greatest newspaper, on the invitation of Vargas Gardner. What a newspaper! The Daily Express almost circulates in a day what the Lethbridge Herald circulates in a year! But we still prefer the Herald...

LEAFS PLAY FOR WINSTON CHURCHILL CUP

HARRINGAY... The feeling in our camp is that we have accomplished what we came over here for—to win the world's championship. We will try to win the Churchill Cup, but we feel that they are just extra games thrown at us, possibly

games that might mar our world championship record. After all Allan Cup holders do not play after they have won the cup. Then again the Churchill Cup seems to be an attempt made to revitalize the English game, and apparently we are the fall guys.

Some of the Churchill Cup publicity has been very humorous. One cartoon shows Winston in bowler, and with his cigar, skating down the ice with hockey stick in hand bowling opposition over. Pretty soon a hockey stick in Churchill's hand will be as famous as a paint brush in his hands. They say Churchill would have made a good hockey player—never were so many goals scored by so few against so many teams...

In the afternoon of this first day of Spring, Red Stappleford, coach of Streatham, and Ontario House Commissioner, came to our hotel and took Flanagan, Roth and Flick with him to dine. Red is an old Stratford man, but he was also interested in the services of the three for the balance of the season... Shorty Malacko has signed a contract with Harringay Racers to play the balance of the season and will not be coming home with us on the Empress... Others of us, throughout Europe, have also received offers, but we must return. Dick Gray even got an offer to coach Sweden. The Lethbridge Maple Leafs are in demand.

Some of us went to see "Pagan Love Song" with Esther Williams and Howard Keel. The usher said, "Are you Americans?"

We answered, "No. Canadians."

And he said, "Oh, some of our Empire lads."

When you are a proud Canadian that 'our Empire lad' sort of rankles.

We went to play our first Winston Churchill match at Harringay against the Americans. The score was 5-0 for us. The Americans played a sort of Swedish game, were determined to keep the score down. Flanagan scored 2 goals, Gray 1, Vogan 1 and Flick 1. Negrello and McLean were not in the lineup, and Rimstad also rested. Knibbs, Milroy and Siray were again playing as a unit for the first time since before the Paris tournament. Sorokoski scored his second shutout in Europe.

The biggest laugh for us was reserved until the end of the day. One of the letters from home said that the Lethbridge radio station was announcing itself now: CJOC Lethbridge... the home of the world hockey champions.

We liked that.

LEAFS WIN CHURCHILL CUP FOR FIRST TIME

WEMBLEY... We came to Wembley on March 22nd. to play the second game of the Winston Churchill Cup. Dick Gray said, "We never wanted these games, we were pushed into them—let's go out and do our best."

Wembley has the greatest centralization of sporting structures

in the world. Just outside the rink is the famous Wembley Stadium where football, greyhound racing, motor cycling, Olympic games, are held. In the rink itself is the finest swimming pool in the world, now used solely for hockey, boxing, tennis, darts and many other indoor sports, and where extravaganzas are produced.

We entered for our game and Mallie Hughes said, "You won't see a better rink anywheres."

They call Wembley the precision rink. It is the rink that preserves best the English habit of discipline, tradition, and it says to the fan socially, "Keep to your place." The boys were amazed to see the restaurant where people dress in evening clothes to watch hockey. It was quite a sight to see the orchestra play in tails. There is figure skating in between every period at Wembley. Even cleaning the ice is an unforgettable sight at Wembley. The cleaners are smartly dressed and march to music. It is rumored that if they are ever out of step, Sir Arthur Elvin would fire them.

There is also a screen at one end on which a very clever artist draws caricatures and writes information, he positioned on the roof and the whole thing operating on the basis of the old cinema slides.

10,000 jammed the rink. The English threw the best they have in this country at us. There were the three top lines from Harlingay, Wembley and Earls Court. It was a powerhouse.

The pace was terrific. It was the best team we met all year. They had us down 3-0 in the second period! Then Hec Negrello scored a goal. I scored another and we skated off at the end of the second down 3-2.

In the third Billy Gibson tied it up from Don McLean and we were roaring. Around the ten minute mark Hec Negrello scored his second goal to put us ahead 4-3. It is chronic for Negrello to score winning goals. Then we slaved to preserve our lead. We shoved out lines after every minute and every man gave all he had. It was agonizing, but then the bell sounded and ended our anguish, and turned anguish into roaring delight.

Tom Wood said, "I am firmly convinced we have a real hockey club."

Someone else said: Let's play for the Allan Cup."

Another someone: "Why stop there? Aren't there a couple others called Alexander and Stanley?"

The game was televised. At the end of the second period Hec Negrello was interviewed over TV.

Today we go to Nottingham. Dick Gray is remaining in London, where he goes to Earls Court to pick up our trophies and medals. They are going to present him with the Winston Churchill Trophy—72 ounces of silver Bunny Ahearne says—and a replica that we keep permanently. We also get badges and bronze medals on which are engraved our names, and on the back are the words: "Presented by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill."

Others will win the Winston Churchill Trophy, but the Lethbridge Maple Leafs are the first to win it... they can never take that away from us. To be first is the greatest thrill for man—

to first discover North America, to first fly, to first reach the moon, to first love woman.' We are first with the Churchill Cup.

Don Pilling:

I guess this is one of the last writeups. (you sigh) There will be a few more games, but our team is sort of disbanding, Malacko going to Harringay and so on.

This is my 91st. copy to you. I hope you have them all, intact. The fellows are keen when I mentioned I would put the whole thing into a book, called "No Substitute for Victory" (title subject to change).

Thank you for what you have presented of me. Lethbridgers have written their appreciation for the columns.

EASTER WITH THE LEAFS

LONDON... We are just putting in time now, waiting for the day that that Empress ship takes us to Canada from Liverpool.

Of course we play a little hockey, but the strain is over, and we don't have to play every game now as though it were the most important thing in the world to win that game.

On Friday we were up to Nottingham for a game, Good Friday. We drew with them—after all teams are trying desperately to beat the world champs now. Miss Ice-Hockey of Nottingham (Pat Orrigan) faced off the puck.

On Saturday we came back to London, by the DeHavilland Aircraft company, and close by Ayot St. Lawrence... It's surprising how many people are already going there to inspect where Bernard Shaw lived. In time it will be a Stratford-on-Avon.

In the afternoon we were at the Oxford B.B.C. studios for an hour where we were interviewed on our impressions of Europe. That 45 minute disc was transmitted to Canada and they say that the Lethbridge people heard most of it. Several times Max Robertson had to cut us short—now the fellows know how much there is to say about Europe.

That evening Shorty Malacko made with Harringay Racers what he calls his "debru". We were sorry to lose a team-mate who has been with us in all our triumphs, but of course we wish him success during his London stay.

Easter Sunday was quiet and rather boring for some of us. However, almost all of went to church in the morning. Billy Gibson and Don McLean found a church at Marble Arch. Dinny Flanagan, Bill Flick, Karl Sorokoski, Lou Siray and I went to Brompton Oratory for Mass.

On our return we passed through Hyde Park and saw part of the Easter Parade. There were thousands in the park, but the cold day... and British austerity... prevented the women from looking like their New York Fifth Avenue rivals. British economists, rather than wear the bonnet would pawn it.

In the afternoon the Americans and we watched the Hyde Park orators. Every creed was represented—and if I wasn't being tritely repetitious—I'd say even the Communists. It seems that about 400 years ago they used to hang people at Hyde Park—those nasty people they did—and the poor convicted was given the freedom to say anything he wished before the axe fell, or the noose was tightened. To this day people can still say whatever they please, only they don't get their heads cut off, but some think they should.

The Americans with us were amused when some Communist was giving them a rough time for their action in Korea. Another man was giving Princess Elizabeth the works for flying so often to her husband in Malta. A clergyman was explaining the trouble in Persia... A small Catholic group was on their knees reciting the rosary for peace, and the conversion of Russia, which they do every Sunday, joined by distinguished men and paupers.

In the evening, to make our Easter a little happy, we went to the West End cinemas. So all Easter long we had been listening, the churches in the morning, the Hyde Park orators, the movie stars of evening.

Know something? Listen, and you learn a great deal.

But best of all for Easter were the newest cablegrams from Canada...

From LETHBRIDGE: Congratulations. Sincerest best wishes. Can't begin to tell you how proud we are of each one of you. Will celebrate in grand style when you arrive. Al Neils.

From WATERLOO: Kitchener-Waterloo Ontario Dutchmen join Hockey Fans everywhere congratulating Canada's Lethbridge Maple Leafs, world and Churchill champions. Happy Easter to Mickey, Bill, Dinny, and Leafs—Bobby and Ray Bauer.

From EDMONTON: On behalf of the government and people of Alberta I extend heartiest congratulations to all members of the Lethbridge Maple Leafs for your outstanding success in winning world amateur hockey championship for Canada. All Albertans proud of your achievement—E. C. Manning, premier.

We also heard that Senator Buchanan had announced our victory in the Senate at Ottawa, as did Mr. Blackmore in the House of Commons.

Albertans seemed to be proud of Albertans because they did something for Canada. And Canadians generally are proud that Albertans did something for Alberta.

Everybody is happy this Easter.

LEAFS TOUR LONDON

MARBLE ARCH... Though we have been in London for some time and on different times, we have never actually toured the city, officially. But yesterday Bunny Ahearne and the British Ice Association sent a guide and a coach to take us on a

day long tour of the city. The American team came too.

We two North American teams began at Marble Arch in the morning. At the Hyde Park Corner. Then we drove down Oxford Street. They say this shopping street is called Oxford Street because it leads in a line direct to Oxford University, that is if you went across English hill and dale.

There was Oxford Circus, then the turn down Regent Street and its shops to Piccadilly Circus, which is the heart of the British Commonwealth, and where Eros stands in aluminium. Eight streets branch out from here, and we chose the one leading into Haymarket... in olden days it was a real haymarket too, but now it is a financial street of real hay.

A drive down Pall Mall took us to St. James Palace where we all got out. Since there isn't a prince regent now the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester occupy the palace. We walked about, saw Clarence House where Princess Elizabeth and Philip live simply—that is if you want to call a place larger than the Lethbridge City Hall simple. And near is Marlborough House where the dowager Queen Mary lives.

Then it was into the Mall, with St. James and Green Park flanking us towards Buckingham Palace. It rained and there was no ceremonial changing of the guards, but we got pictures of the men who stand so rigid that they should be in Madame Toussaud's.

Into our charabanc once more we crossed the Thames. Londoners just call it The River. And we came to the only part of London that is modern and has not centuries of tradition behind it... The site for the British Festival. The buildings seemed to be architected by Orson Welles, but they are incompleated and everyone is wondering whether these Martian constructions that try to resemble those of the New York World's Fair will give Britain any prestige and encourage those dollar tourists. Visitors will find it all quite fantastic.

Our last place for the morning was to be the Tower of London. We went back across the river to Somerset House, the house of records where you can trace your family back to where you wish you had never traced them back to... down the Embankment, down Fleet Street where more newspapers are printed than anywhere else in the world.

We came into real London then, which is a square mile, and where the Lord Mayor lives, and where names like Billingsgate and Algate have remained to remind you of the old gates that admitted you to the old city of London.

Finally the Tower of London loomed. The Lethbridge Maple Leafs crossed the moat, but not by boat. The first Tower we came to was one we could call a Bloody Tower, and by saying it not swear. That is where Raleigh was imprisoned for such a long time until Elizabeth found out that "Raleigh" she didn't want to imprison him at all.

The beheading stone where Henry VIII did such a good job on some of his wives is still surrounded by a few ravens that look like Lethbridge crows that have been well fed on the beet fields.

The beefeaters amused us... And we went to the White Tower



THE 1951 CANADIAN WORLD ICE-HOCKEY CHAMPIONS
 (The Lethbridge Maple Leafs) and the first winners of the
 Winston Churchill ice-hockey tournament.

BACK: Denny Flanagan, Don McLean, Dick Gray, Whitey Rimstad, Bill Gibson,
 Stan Obodiac, Tom Wood, Hec Negrello, Bill Flick.

MIDDLE: Mickey Roth, Shorty Malacko, Mallie Hughes, Bill Chandler,
 Don Vogan.

FRONT: Nap Milroy, Karl Sorokoski, Lou Siray, Bert Knibbs.

and Beauchamp Tower (is this where some of you have been sending mail that never got to us, instead of 31 Beauchamp Place?). That was the Tower.

In the afternoon we began again, drove to Tottenham Court Road and stopped at The Old Curiosity Shop, because we Leafs have a great deal of curiosity, not because Dickens wrote about this place.

Bombed London was next. And of course St. Paul's Cathedral was our stopping place. Everyone remembers how high it is because there are the same number of days in a year. In St. Paul's someone asked, "If Sir Christopher Wren was such a great architect, where is his monument?" The guide had the patterned answer: "To see Sir Christopher's monument, just look about you!"

Some of us went to the whispering gallery, a climb of over 300 steps. "To get in shape," Bill Flick said. In that 112 feet diameter dome you can whisper from the opposite side and you are heard distinctly. Someone said, "It isn't a true test, for hell Mallie, it is nothing unusual for you to be heard at that distance anyhow."

Back again we drove along The River and saw Scott's Discovery anchored there, and on the ground, Cleopatra's Needle anchored... London University.

We went down Whitehall with all its government offices. Everyone wanted to know where No 10 Downing was, but Winston wasn't there. "But he will be," said the Yanks.

Big Ben did not tell us the time, it told us that we had arrived at the Houses of Parliament. This was the Easter recess so we were permitted to go inside. We stepped into the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Everything now was pleasant on the eyes, but later when "those men" return, everything is not so pleasant on the ears.

Close was Westminster Abbey, with its unknown soldier, its cloisters, its poets' corner—its place where the Coronation Stone had been stolen from, and it is the only church you remember that Catholics had built, but Protestants now use.

London had fatigued us, but we still do more. We were at the Palladium to see Hoagy Carmichael sing his Hong Kong Blues, Ole Buttermilk Sky, and play Stardust. Bill Chandler thought it was the best show he has ever seen, and the rest of us thought it was the best we have seen so far in London.

However we all know that the best show of all is going to be at Lethbridge—the day that we return.

MAPLE LEAFS' ILL LUCK IN LONDON

MARBLE ARCH... When you are at the top—like a world champion or like an empire—the only place you can go is down.

We are champions. Hockey champions of the world. First victors of the Churchill Cup... We have gone through 44 games without being beaten, a winning streak that the British press calls unmatched.

But now when we play exhibition games that don't mean anything anyway, the team is depleted and we have had two unfortunate accidents, maybe three if you wish to class it as that.

Shorty Malacko is playing for Harringay. Bill Gibson has gone to visit relatives in Ireland. Lou Siray, Bert Knibbs and Nap Milroy are short of equipment to play exhibition games.

And to culminate it all Tom Wood suffered a four stitch gash over his left eye.

Then the scythe of ill fate made her master stroke last night. In the first minute of play in our exhibition match at Wembley, whom we beat 8-4, Bill Flick crashed into the end boards and broke his wrist.

He was deathly pale as we stood about him, but Flick said not a word. There wasn't a whimper from him, not even a grimace, and he showed terrific courage throughout, making us aware that he has more than just a magnificent physique.

They removed Flick to St. Mary's Hospital at Paddington, where Clem Attlee is being treated for duodenal ulcer.

At first we team-mates thought little of British socialized

medicine when the doctors were slow to work on him because of what they called "hospitalization legality".

But Mr. Bunny Ahearne, British Ice Head, said and demanded: "Get him the best wrist specialist in Harley St."

This morning, Sunday, Bill Flick is to be operated on. He has a very nasty fracture—compound they say, and one bone is bent right back.



Mickey Roth, a Brighton Tiger, Bill Flick, Denny Flanagan at Brighton, England.

I think Lethbridge fans—and Canadians generally for that matter—should "feel" for Bill Flick, for he played great hockey to give you a world's title, and a Churchill Cup victory... And now he has given you a wrist.

Thinking it over: When you play for fun, that is usually when the dirty work is done.

My typewriter keys stopped for a minute, but now I also remember that last week Bill Flick was talking over trans-Atlantic

phone to baseball people in Ontario. By phone he made a contract to play for London during the coming baseball season. In three days time he was supposed to return by TCA, along with Denny Flanagan... Roth is coming home on the Empress of France with us.

A day—or a hockey game—can change the complexion of any young man's life.

LEAFS PLAY LAST GAME

BRIGHTON... Nothing everlasts. Everything must end. Finally our hockey season ended. We went to Brighton-by-the-sea, one of Britain's greatest summer resorts, to play our last game... Out of our 18 men just 10 of us dressed.

The season has been long. We began to play around the first of December in Alberta, finished in England. On both sides of the Atlantic there were 62 games. We won 51, lost 7, tied 4. At one stretch in Europe we went 44 games without being beaten!

I guess we have travelled pretty close to 30,000 miles. Another statistician, Bert Knibbs, says we have played before close to 400,000 people. We have traveled by bus, train, ship, aeroplane, car.

We have been in, over—and when I think of the mountain tunnels of Switzerland—under, 14 countries.

The prettiest country—Switzerland.

The most intelligent country—England.

The best food—toss up between Sweden and Switzerland.

The most hospitable countries to us—Sweden and Italy.

Where we enjoyed playing the most—Sweden.

Where we enjoyed playing the least—Germany. It rained or snowed almost every game.

The best rinks—Wembley or Earl's Court in England, the Hellenstadion in Zurich, the Olympic rink at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany.

The biggest rink—Streatham in England at 110 by 210.

The smallest rink—Brussels, at 47 by 160.

The best team we played—the all-star English club.

The best trains—the electric trains of Switzerland.

The best airline—Trans World Airlines.

The prettiest girls—The Canadians, Swedes, the French.

The prettiest cities—Stockholm and Zurich.

The most cultured—London.

The most exciting—Paris and Milan.

The best hotels we stayed in—Belvedere in Davos, the Dolder in Zurich, the Sonnenbichl in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the Kurhaus in The Hague.

The best shopping—Milan, Paris, Stockholm, London.

The worst food and worst climate—Always England.

The greatest sights—Neuschwanstein Castle in Germany, the Alps of Switzerland, the Milan Cathedral, view from the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Stockholm harbour, the Cologne Cathedral, the Stockholm City Hall, the Houses of Parliament in London, the Versailles Palace.

Entertaining side visits—Gstaad in Switzerland, Volendam in Holland, Fryksas in Sweden, Versailles in France.

However, above all these things, the greatest moment for us was when we won the world's championship in Paris. Almost as great a thrill was the winning of the Churchill Cup for the first time.

The greatest scoring feat was Bill Gibson's 5 goals against Neuchatel. Sorokoski and Hughes each had two shutouts. Don Vogan was the leading scorer of the defencemen with about 25 goals. Hec Negrello, Bill Gibson and I were the three leading scorers of the club. In one game I had picked up ten points. Bill Gibson, Don McLean and Don Vogan were the most penalized players on the club. Dick Gray and Hec Negrello were the inspirational leaders of the club. I had played in all games except one... But because we played as a team, Wood, Malacko, Chandler, Rimstad, Flick, Roth, Flanagan, Siray, Knibbs, Milroy—in that was our greatest strength.

What a season it has been! And what memories... All we look forward to now is the return to Lethbridge.

LEAFS ARE LETHBRIDGE BOUND!

LONDON... These have been our last days in London. Tomorrow we sail from Liverpool for Montreal on the Empress of France.

All the boys are back. Almost everyone has been making last visits to relatives. Dick Gray and Mallie Hughes came back from Wales with great stories. Bill Gibson is practising his Irish speech after his visit there. Nap Milroy and Don McLean have been north of the border—that's Scotland. Lou Siray was visiting Nottingham and thinks the English people are wonderful—they give you so much of their food when they have so little. Bert Knibbs was visiting England's second biggest city—Birmingham.

Though there have been these diversions the entire talk is of home. Home. We have been reading about the reception that Lethbridge is planning for us... and we blush. Is it going to be as big as all that?

Oh yes, we have had news of Lethbridge. All the wives write, you know, but the husbands say that they don't write of sport news... For sport news we have Tommy Wood's mother to thank. Her sport letters we have dubbed "the sport page" and it has been most informative of what Canada is doing. We have also Miss Dorris Faloon to thank. She is a girl in a Saint John, New Brunswick Sanatorium and always she has sent us clippings from Canadian newspapers of our European Tour. Those kind of people like Dorris are magnificent, when you know that you should be doing something for them, but they are doing something for the well you.

Our last days in London have been busy. All of us have shopped at Selfridge's or Harrod's and gotten goods free of export tax. One day at Selfridge's Tom Wood, Hee Negrello and I had Eric Williams autograph copies of his new book "The Tunnel" for us. You'll remember that he is the author of the "Wooden Horse", the book that was translated in 8 languages and has already sold 750,000 copies. Tom Wood had a conversation with the modest author.

We are also hearing reports from Lethbridge that the broadcast we transcribed from the B.B.C. studios went over well at CJOC.

There were several newsreel shots of us in Europe, but we too hear that Paramount has shots of us for Canadian consumption. Many Lethbridge people say they were more interested in the newsreel than in the main feature. Mrs. Wood enjoyed it. And Mrs. Vogan from Moose Jaw says that she has seen the newsreel several times, in letter to her son Don. Mickey Roth has word that Stratford people in Ontario have been crowding the theatre to see it, so much in fact that the newsreel got top billing.

We have incessantly been going to the movies with our last days in London. The theatre got quite a play too. We have seen "Kiss Me Kate", "Carousel", "The Latin Quarter", "Folies Bergere",

and tonight we follow a rigid programme. The entire team goes to the Palladium at 6:15 to catch the first performance of Judy Garland, then we hustle into taxis and go over to the Prince of Wales Theatre for another premiere performance—the opening show of Nellie Lutcher.

Last night we were over to Bunny Ahearne's home for a final party and to watch television. His wife and he were very hospitable. We even picked up an American broadcast of a baseball game to make us say nostalgically, "Let's hasten back home."

This afternoon we were guests at a cocktail party at Canada House. All of us met the entire staff and Mr. Dana Wilgress, the Canadian High Commissioner who replaced Mr. Vincent Massey.

We sail tomorrow. We'll be on the Atlantic approaching our great St. Lawrence when you read this.

Everyone says that the trip has been wonderful. And to return as champions makes the trip more wonderful.

When someone asked a soldier how the war was, he said, "Greatest experience of my life, but I never want to go through it again." That is the way we feel. It has been a wonderful experience but we do not wish to go through it again.

The world is great. There are many people... there are many countries... there are many cities, but right now all we are interested in is the city of Lethbridge—home.

BACK ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

EMPRESS of France... We are returning home. Naturally we are excited about coming back to Lethbridge, but this return crossing of the Atlantic is not as thrilling as our other—because we are champions. To have conquered is not as great a thrill as to still be conquered.

On April 10th. we left London's Euston Station for Liverpool and outside of Liverpool we saw one of the strangest bridges in the world, but how practical. The bridge is only the span of the river. There are no approaches that obstruct views, run over top your houses, supplant the houses themselves. To cross the river you just take your car, or you, up to the bridge crossing height... and there is a lift on the other side.

Liverpool was as usual, sort of dirty, and the river Mersey was the dirtiest in the world, but the dirtiest makes one of the best harbours.

We boarded the Empress of France, one of our own Canadian Pacific ships, of 20,000 tons... Soon we were on our way, into the Irish Sea and by the Isle of Man, in direct route from the Isle of real men.

The Empress of France ran into a severe storm during the first two days. Many were ill. Canadian Pacific was serving little food.

Sea-sickness is something that makes a man very humble. He

is such a strong animal, and then something that he can't explain comes to undermine his strength, and his guts give out and he is as weak as the weakest of men. Then another says, "Hell, he's not so tough; he is just as sick as I am!" And everyone feels secure with the thought that one man is not any better than the other.

But that storm made us ill in another way. The authorities announced to us that we would be about a day late in Montreal. Our ship made so few knots that day: (When you're a real sailor like any of the Lethbridge Maple Leafs you do not say knots per hour.) Yes, we were ill that perhaps our big welcoming ceremony in Lethbridge would have to be postponed. Being a day late we could not possibly make our TCA connection in Montreal.

Then all sort of rumor had it that we would get off at Quebec, fly to Montreal to make our connection. Even though the sun did not shine during this voyage, that was the sun for us.

Thinking of sea-sickness again I feel that a steward becomes your best friend in the world. For that matter anyone is who does things for you without complaint.

Our trip was rather boring because there was the urge to get home quicker than it was possible for the Empress to take us. But the diversions were any of the 700 other passengers, movies, incessant conversations, games, dances, and of course food. On board you eat much and you eat long, for you have plenty of time and there is not much else to do.

The cook was amazed at our appetites. But the steward told him: "We are feeding a team." and the cook said, "What sort of team—a team of horses?"

And then we first saw Canada after such an interminable time. We told the other passengers—many European emigrants—that that was Canada, Cape Grace of Newfoundland, our newest province... but yet so far from Montreal. "Sure we have a great waterway here. Why, Montreal is 1,000 miles inland!" We were all quite proud of Canada.

But Canadians who have won for their country, a world's championship, would be proud of their country.

The islands went by, Magdalen... Anticosti... so much that Western Canada does not know about.

Somewheres in the St. Lawrence Estuary I do not as yet know where we will dock, Quebec or Montreal. I do not know if we will be home in time for Wednesday's celebration in Lethbridge, and that would be so sorry... We think, or thought, that the greatest thrill of our entire tour would be to arrive in Lethbridge Wednesday morning, according to schedule... and to dreams.

AT QUEBEC

EMPRESS OF FRANCE... All day we had been watching the countryside of Quebec. There was still snow on the slopes; we had not known snow for some time...

The pilot was on board taking us up the river. He had gotten



The triumphant Lethbridge Maple Leafs flew home from Montreal, after an Empress of France Atlantic crossing.

on at Father's Point with immigration officials. We were reading a Montreal paper and it was filled with Maurice Richard, calling him the greatest of hockey players.

In the afternoon we got to where Quebec, the city, sprawls all along both sides of the river. The imposing Chateau Frontenac stood for all to point out and recognize at once.

They permitted us to get off the ship. We told the taxi-driver: "Downtown please," and he said, "Uppertown?" That seems to be the way Quebec is labelled—Roger Lemelin wrote about the "Town Below."

What a hockey town Quebec is. There were pictures in the Uppertown stores showing Jean Beliveau being presented with his auto, other pictures of players being presented with beautiful trophies, complete wardrobes from merchants.

This is one thing we thought could not happen in Canada though. The help, waitresses and taxi drivers speak almost no English, and they seem to not even wish to be bilingual.

We were in the Frontenac weighing ourselves. Almost all of us have gained weight—the last month of inactivity and the many coursed meals on this ship contributing to this state. Mallie Hughes was the heaviest at 204. Lou Siray was weighing more than he has ever weighed in his life. Even the flyweight Milroy gained a few pounds, putting him out of the jockey class.

In further tour of the city we went by St. Laurent's home, saw the views of the river, saw the homes of the oldest colonists,



The families of Dick Gray and Whitey Rimstad.

the Heights of Montcalm (one instance where the defeated is more honoured than the victorious), and went up and down those narrow streets that make us think we are back in provincial France.

Back on the ship Tom Wood was pacing the decks more than usual. He had been in telephone conversation with his father and was told that his wife was taken to the hospital that very day. What a home coming he is going to have! Perhaps a baby born to him on the same day of his triumphant arrival...

Then the citizens of Lethbridge sent this wire: Welcome home. Families will meet you at airport in individual cars then rush to parade starting Thursday ten thirty. Civic welcome city hall at noon. Civic provincial banquet Thursday six thirty. Dance at arena Friday nite. Can't help arrangements account delay. Bring both cups. God bless you all—Tom Kirkham.

Tomorrow we will be in Lethbridge for all this.

HOME

LETHBRIDGE... Our Empress of France was the first passenger ship into Montreal, to open the St. Lawrence Navigation season.

Canadian reporters were interviewing us and taking photo-



Tom Wood and Hec Negrello are welcomed by the youngest fan.

graphs... We were saying good-bye to ship friendships made... Custom officials were surrounding us. It was good to be back home in Canada.

Montreal doesn't have to take a back seat to any European metropolis. We were comparing it with the European greats we had been in during the past four months. And the Canadian girls were the smartest dressed of all we had seen. The Montreal restaurants were as good as anything in Europe.

At the Montreal Air Terminal we said good-bye to Mickey Roth, our player who was going to Stratford, and we said hello to Max Bentley and Bill Barilko, who were in town with the Toronto Maple Leafs, the team that eventually won the Stanley Cup. Some said to those Leaf stars: "This has sure been a good year for all Maple Leaf teams."

Our TCA Northstar took us to Toronto and there were newspaper men there from the Telegram... Those Telegram people sure run around all hepped up—you'd think they were getting a Churchill or a MacArthur scoop!

Next stop was Winnipeg. Then Calgary. Mr. Brandreth of the Alberta Hockey Association was there, Mr. Christiansen of last year's world champion Edmonton Mercurys, Bob Mamini of the Calgary Herald, all welcoming us.

But we had to get to Lethbridge—our home. We transferred into another TCA plane.



Cold day—warm welcome.

At Lethbridge a spring blizzard was raging. It was cold... but what a warm welcome we received! Wives and the children ran into their hockey playing husbands' arms. Everybody was shouting: "Welcome home world champs."

Hockey people like Ed Bruchet, Addie Donaldson and Tom Kirkham were there to greet us, and Al Neils and George Vogan.

To Tom Wood it was the greatest homecoming ever. Besides his triumphant return, his wife that very same 24 hours was giving birth to their first child—a son.

Lethbridge really said they were proud of us, and Hec Negrello, our captain, said: "We're proud of Lethbridge."

Later Henry Viney and Bob Lamb tape recorded a special interview for CBC sports roundup that Doug Price of Toronto called, "one of the best sport interviews CBC has had."

The citizens continued to be effusive with praise. The first evening the Maple Leafs were guests at a banquet that was called: "Canadians everywhere paying glowing tributes to Canada's conquering heros." The banquet was sponsored jointly by the city and the province of Alberta.

During speeches Dr. W. G. Hardy of Edmonton, president of the International Ice Hockey Association said, "Lethbridge Maple Leafs' victory of the world's amateur hockey title has been a great community effort. This trip clearly illustrates the very best in amateur hockey. You have really no idea of the achievement the Maple Leafs have performed. Their names will live all over Europe after the Big Four conference has been forgotten."

Mayor L. S. Turcotte of Lethbridge said: "During the past few



The families welcome the Maple Leafs at the airport.

weeks I have received letters and telegrams from Canadian ministers in Switzerland, Sweden, France and other places, and they all tell the same story—Our Maple Leafs played together as a good team, but what is more important, both on and off the ice they conducted themselves as true Canadian gentlemen.”

Hon. Gordon E. Taylor, representing the province of Alberta, said: “It must have been refreshing to see you Canadian boys come over not as ambassadors of war, but as ambassadors of peace and good will.”

Harold Brandreth, Alberta ice-hockey head, said: “You have here in Lethbridge one of the grandest bunch of boys you could meet anywhere in the Dominion.”

Senator Buchanan, representing the Dominion Government, said: “When I announced in the Senate—and it had never been done before—that the Lethbridge Maple Leafs won the world’s hockey championship, the members stood up and cheered and cheered.”

Senator W. A. Buchanan then read a congratulatory telegram from the prime minister of Canada, Mr. St. Laurent, and said: “It is a recognition of the faith you have won for the people of Canada. That you upheld our reputation not only as hockey champions but maintained a high character is probably as creditable as anything else in your visit.”

Dick Gray, coach and manager, replied to all these men: “It is a real honour to stand here, and on behalf of the team and myself, thank you for all you have done.”

THE TRIUMPHANT LETHBRIDGE PARADE



The author
Don Vogan

Nap Milroy
Walter Rimstad

The Trophies

Also attending the banquet were wives and families of the players. Don Vogan's father and mother and sister Phyllis had come from Moose Jaw for the occasion. Members of the Lethbridge City Council, members of the various service clubs, Labour Unions, the Native Sons junior hockey club, city department heads, public and separate school boards and other prominent citizens attended.

Next day a monster dance was held. Walter Lewis was in charge of introducing the Leafs to 2,500 dancers. Whitey Rimstad pulled a Frank Sinatra at the mike front and sang St. Louis Blues.

In the morning, the day after General MacArthur was being received by 7,000,000 New Yorkers, we were having a similar parade, but no ticker tape and no skyscrapers. But the enthusiasm was the same.

Each player rode in a convertible. The parade was a mile long. All Lethbridge lined the route. 5,000 school kids waved school colours. Adults smiled and applauded.

Whitey Rimstad and his charming wife looked terrific from their convertible, he with his great personality and she pleasing everyone there is to please who don't want to look at a man all the time.

The parade ended at the City Hall steps. A huge banner said: WELCOME HOME, CHAMPS. Mayor Turcotte and Senator Buchanan officially welcomed us before a huge crowd and a crowd of microphones.

The day will ever-live for us.

Lethbridge stores had windows decorated for us. There were pictures everywhere.

It is a wonderful feeling to be a champion of the world... Champion over more than 2 billion people. Really, there is no substitute for victory!

But all this is of the past now. After one victory you look around and see what you can do next. There may be another victory, or there may be another defeat—but that's what makes life so exciting.



DEC 2 1958

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Victory.

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